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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

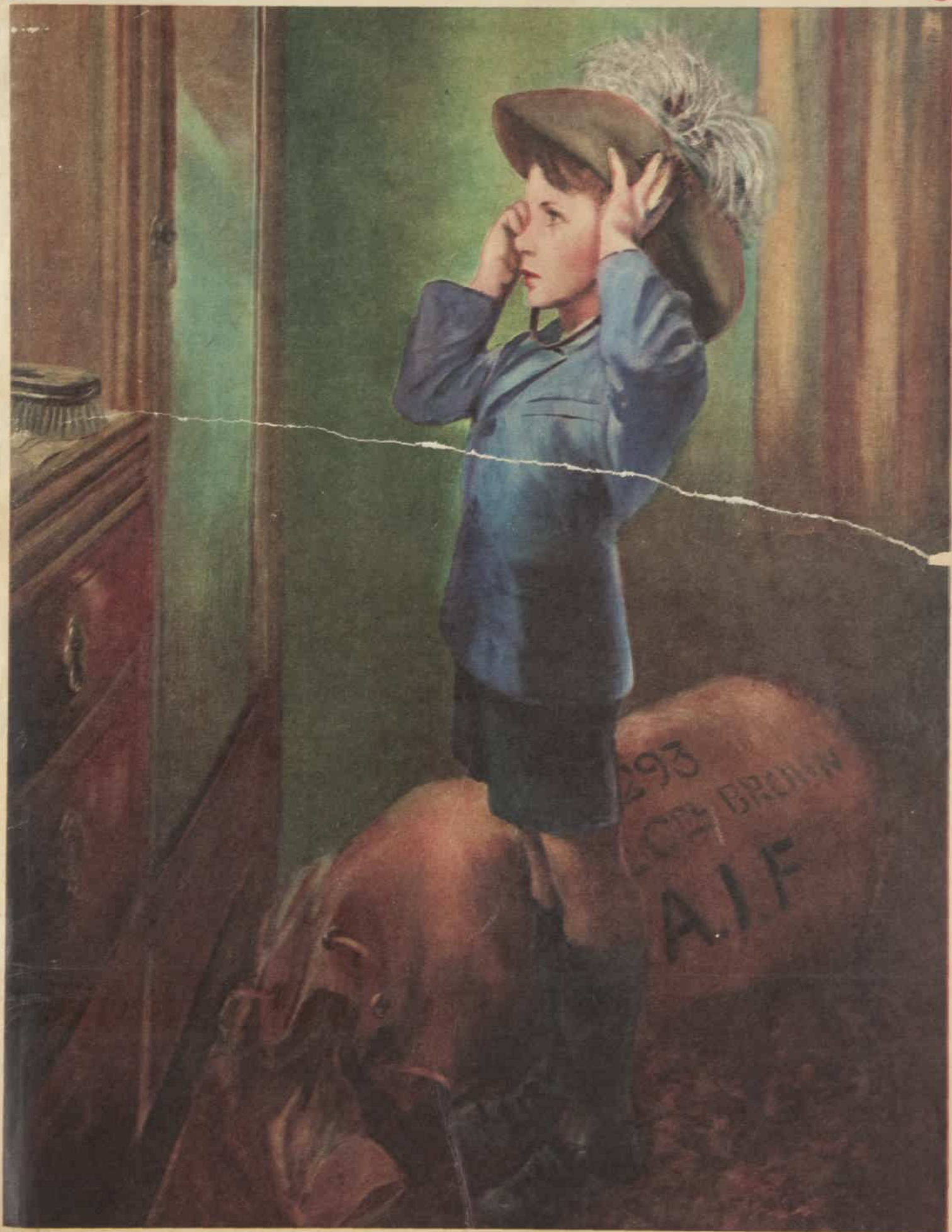
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3d





Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Green Studios.

Practical Geographer

MR. J. C. DEENEY, who has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in recognition of his extensive travels and geographical writings. For 18 years he has been geography master at the Brisbane Boys' Grammar School. He has travelled a quarter of a million miles, has encircled the globe three times, and last year went round the world in 50 days by air and sea.



American Novelist

FAITH BALDWIN, the well-known American novelist, who sailed for Hawaii early this month, will also visit Australia and New Zealand. Her tour will be made under the auspices of the Australian National Travel Association, and she intends to write stories and a book based on her visit.

A prolific writer, Faith Baldwin is well known to Australian readers. She married Hugh Cuthrell, also a novelist, in 1920, and has four children.



—Athol Shutt.

Nineteen-year-old Tutor

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Mr. Zelman Cowen, who has been appointed tutor in Political Philosophy at Melbourne University, is the youngest student ever to receive a tutorship at that University.

After a brilliant school career, Mr. Cowen began an Honors Arts Course in the School of History and Political Science at the University. He has won every exhibition in his course, and is now studying law.

MUCH ADO ABOUT HAIR-DO'S

Charming confusion of our changing coiffures

Hair styles have been on a see-saw for several months.

The verdict of some experts is "Hair must sweep up." Another group says "Hair must come down."

THE battle has been raging in London, Paris, New York, and Hollywood. When Hedy Lamarr was photographed with her hair falling softly to her shoulders, the opposite camp replied with pictures of Danielle Darrieux with her hair swept up in a fetching Edwardian coiffure.

When Greta Garbo arrived back in America with her usual straight mane, the "swept up" supporters were horrified.

There was further confusion when the Duchess of Kent, whose coiffure has an immediate effect on fashion, wore her hair up one day and down the next.

At last a truce has been called. Hairdressers have evolved styles which combine high curls in front and a soft downward line at the back

with different arrangements of soft curls. Other coiffures are "built" so that the hair can be swept upwards at the back with evening dress, or worn softly downwards under hats in the daytime.

The new "truce" coiffures offer endless variety.

Probably your hairdresser has become as bored as you are with the Edwardian or sculptured curl coiffure that has emerged on your head from the drier every week.

Roman Curls

YOU can be statuesque in Roman curls moulded to your head; Diana-like with soft loose waves sweeping back to a loose knot of curls at the back; dignified in an Early Victorian coiffure of close small curls swirling to one side; mysterious with Dubarry or Edwardian curls piled on top of your head; or fetching in a "little girl"

THE numbered pictures on this page tell the story of changing hair fashions.

1 Modern version of the coiffure of ancient Greece.

2 Roman sculptured curls, combining upward and downward line.

3 Modern adaptation of Early Victorian style. Upward.

4 Romantic coiffure of Mme. Dubarry, feathers emphasising the upward sweep of piled-up curls.

5 Classic lines of Greek coiffure carried down into a smooth chignon at the nape of the neck, which invites a Mozart bow.

6 Feathers and flowers heighten the almost perpendicular line of this Edwardian coiffure.

7 For the very young, cascade of flowers falling from a posy on the crown of the head softens the severity of this dragged-up style.

8 Sleekly smooth halo curls end in a wide chignon, with a band of the hair across it, low on the neck.



coiffure with little curls across the neckline.

Raymond, of London, presents the perfect compromise in his Pompadour coiffure. One wide, soft roll across the brow ends in several sculptured curls at the sides.

The hair is brought down smoothly to two short curls at the nape of the neck tied with a small velvet bow, and a loose curl falls down behind the ear when worn with an evening frock, or is tucked up in the daytime.

While the romantic crinoline remains fashionable the high coiffure must be a part of the general picture in the front view of your head, but you can let down your back hair in soft curls at the nape of the neck and still be in the picture.

Feathers and Flowers

FRIVOLOUS decoration adds more variety to the new hair styles.

Feathers or flowers, or feathers and flowers combined, jewelled clips, velvet ribbons, and bunches of berries ornament hair styles that are ornamental in themselves.

Velvet bows perch on twin curls or a soft chignon at the nape of the neck.

Or, if you are very young, you can wear little butterfly bows in your hair above the outer ends of your eyebrows.

Maybe after enduring the agonies of growing your back hair long enough for a swept-up hair-do you are still determined to stay Edwardian at all costs.

If so, you might record under those soft curls the advice of New York experts.

The ultra swept-up style, they say, is best suited to young matrons, not so young matrons, and dignified dowagers. Debutantes and sub-debutantes should keep their youthful curls in simple girlish styles.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER gave her new beauty

then romance...
a brilliant wedding
... happiness!

She might have remained in the background all her life... but she changed to Erasmic Face Powder... and captured the heart of the handsomest and most eligible man in town.

World's greatest
cosmeticians created and
perfected ERASMIC

Years and years ago, Erasmic was the exclusive powder of titled English beauties and glamorous actresses. To-day this rare and lovely powder, containing every beautifying ingredient known to the world, is the chosen powder of beautiful women everywhere. Fluffy and fragrant, exquisitely super-fine, Erasmic gives your skin a flawless smoothness and transparency... flower-like... irresistible.



Erasmic Vanishing Cream—Light, smooth, fragrant, 1/- a tube. Erasmic Cold Cream—for rightly complexion care, 1/- a tube.
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



THE THREE MENZIES CHILDREN, all of whom are at school. From left: Ian, Heather, and Kenneth.



MR. R. G. MENZIES and his wife in the garden of their home in Melbourne.

How Mrs. Menzies helped husband in his career

Induced him to make decision leading to political triumph

Suddenly and, to most people, unexpectedly, a Victorian family has been lifted from the quiet atmosphere of a Melbourne suburb to the highest place Australia has to offer.

The change came when the head of the household, Mr. Robert Gordon Menzies, became Australia's new Prime Minister.

BUT for his wife's influence Mr. Menzies would today probably still be devoting most of his attention to his legal practice in Melbourne.

As one of Australia's most brilliant K.C.'s, that would have brought him an income of nearly £10,000 a year.

Mrs. Menzies believed that her husband's duty was to place his undoubted talents at the service of the Commonwealth, and it was she who finally induced him to make the great decision which turned him to Federal politics and finally led him to his present high post.

Some predict that Mr. Menzies' leadership will not last, that there will be a new election.

However that may be, Australians will want to know more of the family whose name has suddenly become a household word.

"Family Man"

MR. MENZIES, unlike the late Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, has not so far displayed those characteristics which would mark him as a "man of the people."

Yet he is, in many ways, a typical Australian.

Like Mr. Lyons, he is a "family man." He is never happier than when he is with his wife and three children at their home at Kew, Melbourne, or their country house at fashionable Mt. Macedon.

Although Mrs. Menzies confesses that she never helps her husband with his speeches, she follows the political situation closely in keen discussion with her husband.

In an interview with the Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Menzies talked of her family's home life.

"I am never happier than

when I am in my own home, and I supervise all the domestic arrangements myself," she said.

"At the present time, our two sons, Kenneth, who is 17, and Ian, aged 15, are boarders at Geelong College. So we have them at home only for the holidays.

"This has relieved their father from his former arduous task of helping them with their homework!

"Which homework lessons was he best at? He is good at everything," said Mrs. Menzies, with wifely pride.

Sons' Careers

"BOTH our boys have decided on their future careers. Kenneth wants to be a lawyer, like his father; and Ian wants to be a farmer.

"Heather, our only daughter, who is ten, is a pupil at Ruyton Girls' School in Kew.

"At our homes at Kew and Macedon we have what we think are very nice gardens.

"We keep our Macedon home for the school holidays."

When asked if her influence had anything to do with Mr. Menzies' meticulous dressing, Mrs. Menzies admitted that she sometimes helps to choose his clothes, "though he is quite good at it himself," she added.

"As a matter of fact, he is such a good shopper that he frequently helps me to choose the children's and my clothes."

[I]t is not difficult to imagine the great changes which will take place in the life of the Menzies family if Mr. Menzies retains the Prime Ministership.

In place of the quiet home life which she and her husband have always preferred,

Mrs. Menzies will be called upon to shoulder a heavy burden of social engagements.

These responsibilities will be increased enormously following the arrival late this year of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

As wife of the Prime Minister, she will be hostess to the Royal couple at many an important public function.

Meeting Royalty will not be new to her, however, as she was present with her husband at many functions during previous Royal visits to Australia.

In 1935 she accompanied Mr. Menzies on a round-the-world tour when they attended King George V's Jubilee celebrations.

Mrs. Menzies was presented at Court and had a long talk with Queen Mary at a dinner at Buckingham Palace.

In Scotland they met members of the Menzies clan (it is pronounced "Meenies" there!). Mrs. Menzies herself belongs to the McGregor clan in Ayrshire.

Although married to a politician and herself the daughter of a politician—her father is Senator J. W. Leckie, of Melbourne—Mrs. Menzies has had no political ambitions herself.

Her Dresses

ALL her time and energy have been devoted to her family and to charity work.

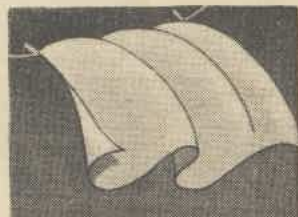
Short and slight, Mrs. Menzies has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, and a good natural coloring. She has an attractive smile and a quiet, rather low-pitched voice.

Always simply dressed, she prefers the plainly-tailored type of frock, with matching accessories.

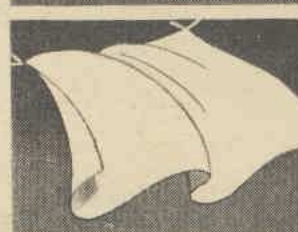
With her dark hair, she looks well in white and, at a recent Vice-Regal reception in Melbourne, she wore a beautiful white-and-silver brocade frock made on slimly-tailored lines.

When she is with her family at their Mt. Macedon home she usually wears the trim suits, plain felt hats and sturdy shoes that are the customary English country wear of smart women.

To stop your clothes turning
YELLOW



To preserve their sparkling fresh
WHITENESS



Give them the last rinse in
BLUE water



Reckitt's BLUE
Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!



MADGE ELLIOTT (Mrs. Cyril Ritchard) says Roosevelt's message may stop wars that are waged on helpless women and children.



DUCHESS OF ATHOLL: "Every mother feels grateful."



VERA BRITTAIN: "Now the cards are on the table."



QUEEN GERALDINE of Albania, victim of war on women. She fled to Greece with her newly-born baby when war came to her kingdom.

"Fresh hope wells in our hearts"

Women hail Roosevelt peace plan

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

President Roosevelt's dramatic eleventh-hour intervention in the cause of peace has filled millions of women's hearts with new hope that war will be averted.

His simple, forthright words to the dictators, coming at such a critical time in the world's history, have brought a happier feeling to London, and women are loud in their praises of his statesmanship.

"IT'S an inspiring message that the humblest of us can understand," declared the Duchess of Atholl, who resigned her seat in the House of Commons recently to re-contest it as a gesture for a stronger peace policy.

"The clarity of President Roosevelt's proposals brings a new and direct plea for peace into international affairs."

The Duchess is chairman of the National League for Peace.

"Nothing can be more uplifting than for us to feel we can look forward to a future unclouded by war, and of this President Roosevelt has given us a glimpse. Even for this, women everywhere must thank him," she said.

Madge Elliott, Australian actress, who is in London awaiting the arrival of her first baby, said: "President Roosevelt has done something for which every mother must feel gratitude."

"If his humanitarian appeal succeeds we will be able to look forward to normal lives and bring up our children to be good citizens and not fodder for cannon and bombs."

War on women

"THE flight of poor Queen Geraldine of Albania has brought home to me that war to-day is waged against everybody, even a sick mother and her day-old babe."

"Every mother must feel gratitude towards this great American, President Roosevelt, who has made a plain common-sense appeal to let us live like good neighbors and civilised folk, and not let the world be turned into a jungle."

Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., said: "The direct way in which Mr. Roosevelt approached the aggressive nations of Europe is something which every woman can understand."

"It has helped us build up new confidence. The women of Britain feel that some definite move has been made for peace."

"Bunny" Austin also visions a new world

H. W. ("Bunny") Austin, famous English tennis star, visions a new world founded on "honesty, faith, and love" in his volume, "Moral Rearmament—the Battle for Peace."

IT is a vigorous delivery by Austin on a new court, and is timely as Australia remembers Anzac Day and reflects upon Roosevelt's memorable declaration last week.

If only Hitler can be induced to play the game as Austin sees it!

"The recent crisis was the turning point in my life," says Austin. "It can never be quite the same again."

"For me life has always been full of fascination . . . I remember the thrill of my first game of tennis . . . later came Wimbledon . . . tours round the world . . . mad excitement in Paris . . . dramatic days in England . . .

"I travelled . . . there was con-

"The President's message offers a badly-needed assurance that while there is yet time we can all work for a world peace that will be lasting."

Vera Brittain, famous author of "Testament of Youth," and the mother of two children, said that she was overjoyed at the President's move for world peace, particularly as an appeal on similar lines, organised by the National Peace Council, had been presented to the Prime Minister (Mr. Chamberlain) in March.

"The petition was signed by 1,250,000 people," she continued. "I was one of the original signatories, so when I say that Mr. Roosevelt's move has brought new hope to the world I speak for every signatory. I'm sure I speak for every mother in Britain on this."

"The President's plan is simple, comprehensive and easily understood by women who do not understand the intricacies of diplomacy."

"We are thankful to him for putting the cards on the table for all to see."

"For twenty years I have worked to improve the conditions of the world, and when my children, now aged eight and eleven, were born I looked forward to their attaining manhood and womanhood under better conditions than in my generation."

"I hope that the interval Mr. Roosevelt has given us will be used by England and America to initiate a policy of reason. We can then go ahead and draw up a plan for the removal of economic grievances and other causes of war."

"I am certain Australian women will join women of the world in giving thanks to Mr. Roosevelt."

"Except for the few on whom war acts as a stimulus, all people must feel that the President's move is one which will help to liberate the world from a terror the end of which is easily and too sadly foreseen."

Mrs. Roosevelt aids husband in peace crusade: See Page 14.



and give your shoes new lasting brilliance

It's "Nugget's" turn to come to the rescue with a more brilliant and lasting shine than your shoes have ever had.

There is a "Nugget" shade for every shoe made.

Strictly No Sentiment

They had done with romance, but romance was so persistent

Complete Short Story

HERE it was, late spring in Kensington Gardens, and here he was with not a soul in London he knew well enough to speak to except the waitress at his hotel. Why, he couldn't even add the reception clerk to the list for it was a very large hotel, and he was always busy. There was, Richard Galbraith decided, no justice in the world. After all, what was the use of all this Outposts of Empire stuff if the young man home on leave couldn't enjoy himself in London? Why, it was traditional. You toiled and sweated in the jungle for years—well, not exactly the jungle perhaps, but that was near enough—then you got eight months' leave and you came to London and had a "good time."

Only the catch was, he wasn't having a good time. Not any more. Certainly for a week he had enjoyed himself. It was an adventure merely to be in London. But the adventure had now lost the keen edge of novelty and he was devastatingly lonely.

He got up and resumed his stroll through the gardens, considering the idea half as a joke, half seriously.

"On trust!" said a laughing voice just beside him, and Richard turned his head sharply. But the words were not addressed to him. At one of the little tables set out under the trees a girl was sitting, having tea. At least the tea was spread out before her, but at the moment her whole attention was centred on the black-and-white terrier who sat up and begged before her chair. She laid a small piece of cake on the black moist nose. "On trust!" He kept his head rigid, only his lurid eyes imploring her. "Paid for!" There was a deft jerk of his head, a snap and the tit-bit vanished. He stayed in his begging position, wagging his stump of a tail vigorously, but the girl refused him any more. "You're getting greedy, Terry!" she admonished him. "Get down, sir, and let me have my tea in peace."

As she turned back to the table she glanced up and Richard found himself looking straight into a pair of startlingly blue eyes in a vivid laughing face framed by an aureole of red-gold hair peeping out from under a pert little hat.

He said impulsively, nodding at the dog, "Jolly little beggar, isn't he?"

She smiled at him. "He is rather a pet. But he's an absolute glutton for tit-bits and I don't want him to get fat. When he sees me eating he becomes a permanent fixture on his hind legs."

Richard stooped and patted the dog and after that there was a little silence. The time had come, he knew, for him to say, "Well, good afternoon," and move on. There was nothing more to say. The incident was closed. But he did not want to move on. He did not want the incident closed, and there was a reason for this. He would have liked to say, for this was such a girl as he would have liked to know—pretty, jolly and with a saucy twinkle in her blue eyes.

He said impulsively and a little anxiously, "I was just going to have some tea. Would you mind if I had it at your table?"

She turned back composedly to her own tea things. "Why not?" she said matter-of-factly. "I can always scream for help if necessary."

"You won't," he assured her, "have a chance. I always chloroform my victims first."

They looked at each other and laughed again. Richard thought he had never met a girl so easy to talk to, so completely natural and unaffected. She would be, he judged,



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

He said impulsively: "Would you mind if I had tea at your table?"

eleven to-morrow morning in the Gardens. I'll tell you then."

about twenty-one or two, just the age at which Deirdre . . . But he wouldn't let himself think about that.

"I like this idea of having tea under the trees," he said. "Especially in this sort of weather. This is the sort of day that makes you feel it's good to be alive."

"Never trust May," she told him. She couldn't frighten him that way, he assured her. "I even enjoy the cold. You see, I come from the tropics, and though you mightn't believe this, it is possible to be tired of weather that's always warmer to hotter."

She helped herself to her last cake. "Are you glad to be home again?"

"London isn't home to me. I'm an Australian. But my job is in Malay, and I thought, when I got my long leave, that I would come to England for it instead of going home. My dad used to tell me about England in the spring until I could just about see it, and I always determined that as soon as I got the chance I'd come. And I have."

"You should get out in the country," she advised him. "It's almost unbearably lovely. Do try to, even if it's only for a week or so." She had finished her tea now, and was putting on her gloves. She bent down and snapped the lead on the dog, then stood up. "Good-bye, and don't forget my good advice."

"I—I say, I—I—that is, would you have time to show me round the gardens? I—I haven't seen them yet, you know."

She looked at him quizzically, her blue eyes summing him up shrewdly. Then she smiled. "I've got a spare half-hour," she conceded. "And

Terry will love an extra walk. Peter Pan's statue and all?"

"Especially Peter Pan's statue." He thought she was the tiniest girl he had ever seen. Now she was standing he saw she came a foot short of his lean six feet.

And she thought, "He's rather nice. And it must be miserable to be lonely in London, especially on a day like this."

"My name is Joan Forrester," she informed him as they started down the path, the impatient terrier tugging at the lead. "Spinster of this parish."

"And mine is Richard Galbraith. Bachelor of no particular parish." They both laughed again then, and after that talking seemed to be easy. At the Round Pond he learned that she lived with her father, who was a Professor of Mathematics, and that she herself had completed an Arts degree at the University the year before. And that she hadn't got a job but meant to do something

He walked towards the gates with her, conscious of a blankness that she was going to leave him; that he would have to return to the dismal task of seeking pleasure single-handed. Then as they reached the gates and she turned to say good-bye he spoke impulsively.

"This having a holiday in London when you don't know anybody is a pretty lonely business, you know. I wonder if you'd help me?"

She looked surprised but not as much as he thought she would. "How could I?"

"Oh, just by going places with me and showing me the things I ought to see. I want to go dancing, too, and I can't dance by myself. And going to shows by yourself is not very amusing." He added quickly, stumbling a little over his words in his eagerness, "You needn't worry that I'd be a—well, a nuisance. Because there's a girl in Australia, at least I mean there was a girl . . . Anyway, what I'm trying to say is

They were dancing together at the Golden Guinea when he finally told her about Deirdre, and the telling seemed to put their friendship on a newer, more permanent basis. The funny thing was he hadn't meant to tell her about Deirdre. He had never told anybody about this thing that had altered the whole course of his life, yet here he was blurted out the whole story to a girl he hardly knew, whom he had met less than a week ago. It had begun by his asking her about her broken engagement.

"This Algernon Percival or William," he said, as they settled themselves down at their table again after dancing, "why did you throw him overboard?"

Joan picked up the menu and studied it minutely. "Impertinent question number one," she murmured. "Anyway, his name was Geoffrey . . . I'd like some oysters, please."

He removed the menu card from her. "Only," he stated firmly, "if you tell me about Geoffrey."

That, Joan told him, was bringing undue pressure to bear. "My loyalty to the one great love of my life against a plate of oysters—and the oysters win every time. Well, here goes. We were both doing the same course at the University and when we took our degrees we got engaged. But unfortunately Geoffrey had to spoil it all by getting a job, because when I found myself really up against hunting for saucapans and the best linen sheeting I discovered I didn't really want to marry him at all. The tragic part about the whole thing was that when I broke it to Geoff that I was jilting him the wretch was actually relieved. He'd made the same discovery and hadn't liked to say anything. So I couldn't even break a heart."

She reached over and got back the menu.

Please turn to Page 34

By EASTER SOILLEUX

about it, one of those days. At Peter Pan's statue he told her about his engineering job in Malay, about his eight months' furlough, and that it was because his parents were both dead and he had no other immediate family that he had chosen to come to London instead of going back home. Over a glorious bed of scarlet tulips she confided that she had been engaged the year before but had broken it off. Which almost inspired him to tell her about Deirdre, but before he embarked on his story she looked at her watch and exclaimed at the time.

"I'll have to fly. Father is bringing some friends home to dinner, and I'll have to help Mary, our maid. She always gets fussed when there are extra to meals."

that if you've just broken an engagement I expect you're not very interested in sentiment and all that and I'm not either, so why can't we be friends and have a good time while I'm here?"

She looked at him thoughtfully. "What you mean is that you want me to act as the solution to the lonely-young-man-on-leave problem on a strictly-no-sentiment basis. Is that it?"

"That's it exactly. Will you?"

She let the impatient dog start to pull her away without answering. Then she looked back over her shoulder with a smile. "It would be no use my telling you now, because I'm booked up for to-night anyway. But I'll be taking Terry for his walk at

Heart-Broken Melody

Continuing our thrilling serial . . . depicting a poignant and human love story

HONOR is racked by conflict when infatuated by Paul, her employer, and gives up Hugh, to whom she is engaged. After an agonising interlude when Paul's wife refuses to divorce him, he and Honor arrange to go away together, but common sense prevails.

Unable to resist seeing him again, Honor is knocked down by a truck when watching Paul with his wife and sons at an aerodrome, and is crippled.

The slow recovery at her uncle's country home is assisted by her desperate effort to write, and small successes lead to larger ones, and a book is published.

Startled by an angry horse one day, she falls and hurts her hip, but later discovers her crippled days over. She and Adeline, now married, go to New York and meet Birge Persons, the publisher's son and partner. A lovely friendship enlivens their increasing respect for each other while she enjoys her visit, and then he explains his earlier widowhood and the loss of his small daughter. Honor then tells part of her story.

Characters outstanding in this story:

HONOR BROWNELL, fiancée of

HUGH BRAINTREE.

ADELIN, Honor's sister,

TOM, brother to Honor and Adeline.

AUNT LUCIE, their guardian.

PAUL CARTWRIGHT, junior member of the firm of which

JUDGE COOPER is Paul's senior, and Honor's employer.

NOW READ ON:

"I WENT into the mountains," said Honor. "You don't know those mountains? They don't compare to the Sierras, or the Rockies, of course, but they're so beautiful! I lived in a stark old ugly ranch-house with no bathroom, but with redwoods and madroñes and bay trees all around, and horses and fruit and chickens! And I got Binna, my Alredale. But of course you don't know Binna either. And slowly—slowly the poetry began to come. The verse. Just magazine verse, but what it meant to me! I'd write something and put it away. And a little later I'd take it out as if it were a jewel, and look at it again. It became a sort of passion—writing rhymes, trying to make them better. And when—when a magazine actually liked them, I began to see the daylight. Then I started this novel."

"And we were lucky!"

"After two other publishers had decided it wasn't suitable material."

"I know. You wrote me that." He laughed on a note of affectionate indulgence. "You didn't have to, you know."

"And from then on it's all been fun!"

"But the hip? What happened to that?"

She laughed as she went into the whole story of the long walk, the terrible fright and desperate run, and of Mustard ramping down the pasture behind her with great teeth stretched out to kill. They talked for a few minutes of this and other similar experiences, and then Birge said abruptly:

"And how long since you've seen him?"

"Not since that dreadful afternoon when he came out to the house and everything was—unpleasant."

"Correspond?"

"Oh, no!"

"Tough," he commented briefly.

"Silly," she said. "I mean the boss-and-the-tyrant situation. But the rest all seems a part now of an ordered chain—leading me to all the delight and fun that this is!"

They had reached their destination now, and her gesture indicated that "this" was the old-fashioned, handsome Persons' home set in its framework of gardens and great trees on the shore, the awnings and terraces and fruit and rose

trees, the old brick stable and brick garage, the light on blue water, the beauty and peace of the autumn afternoon.

"He may be free one of these days," Birge said, walking up the shallow brick steps towards the house.

"I think of it," Honor answered. "and I wonder."

They did not speak of it again. Two men guests, thirsting for a croquet foursome, arose from deep chairs as they arrived, and an instant formation of plans and rush to change clothes resulted. When Birge saw Honor again her whole concern appeared to be the control of the blue ball. But now and then during the game and during the evening that followed she saw his eyes resting on her with an odd expression, and felt her color rise, remembering her sudden mood of confession, wondering what effect it had had on him.

IT had been arranged that she and Adeline should meet in the city on a certain Tuesday, should stay at some quiet little hotel overnight, should rent a car the next day and drive up into New England, at last with their own eyes to see Cape Cod and Gloucester, Boston and the White Mountains, Vermont and New Hampshire and Maine—all the places that had been only so many names for so long.

Birge suggested another plan. Adeline should come to them for a night or two, and when the sisters went away it would be in one of the Persons' cars. They could have a driver, of course.

But no; they did not want a driver, Honor insisted. Half the fun would be that they were alone, to stop at "funny little places," to eat "queer" things.

So it was settled. Adeline came up to spend a night and be duly impressed with the flowered acres of "Persons Ridge," to catch her breath at the grandeur of tennis court and landing pier, at the sight of quiet servants coming and going among the big rooms that were opened in this pleasant autumn weather upon terraces and lawns.

The next day she and Honor drove away, well provided with everything the great house could produce for comfort and safety: bathing suits, rugs, pillows, rain-coats, magazines, a great box of chocolates, another of remedies for poison ivy and sunburn. The day was exquisitely cool and fresh, and both Honor and Adeline were in an excess of high spirits. This long-awaited adventure began under incredibly auspicious circumstances.

"And you'll come back to us for a few days before you start west?"

The senior Persons insisted at the moment of parting. Honor's eyes rose to meet

Birge's look, and her happy color came up. Her blue frock, her narrow-brimmed blue hat made her eyes look

very blue. She and Adeline turned the car northwards and drove away through the big gates, under the towering trees, into a bath of mild sweet autumn light.

"Hon, can life be like this?" Adeline said.

"Seemingly," Honor spoke out of a dream.

For magic days they drove along the shore and over the rolling mountains, and when the sun was hot they found burned little bath-houses, and got into their dried stiff suits, and rushed ecstatically into clean plunging surf. They stopped at big green-and-white hotels with long lines of spacious rockers down the length of endless porches, and at tiny inns; they ate the good New England food, huckleberry biscuits, soft-shelled crabs, wild blackberry pie, steamed corn, bluefish fresh from the bay. And all the beloved names became newly dear: Bunker



ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL

They wheeled about, and looked out to sea; went on, commenting on cottages and gardens.

Hill and Concord, the sleepy Charles, and the Mystic.

"Meeting the ocean tides," said Honor.

They went through the old poem together.

That was all. And yet, through the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night . . .

"Hon, how it all comes true, when you see it!"

The seventh night was spent at Kennebunkport. September was almost gone now, and every turn of

A valet came back with pressed frocks; Adeline's brown crepe with the gold straps; Honor's midnight-blue chiffon with the silver stars. The sisters brushed their hair, creamed their sun-browned faces, chatted together in complete felicity as they prepared themselves for dinner.

At seven o'clock dusk had taken possession of the spreading hotel grounds which ended at the edge of the rippling water. Lights were shining out here and there in timid rivalry with the last light of day; cars, arriving with late parties, sent fans of gold across the gravelled walks and through the dense shadowy bulk of shrubs and trees.

Their windows looked down on the main drive; Honor and Adeline could stand looking down, when they were dressed, watching the porters who came and went with luggage, hearing the slam of car doors and the shouted farewells of departing guests. The season was almost over; they knew that the great place was only a quarter filled.

When they went downstairs it was to find a somewhat contracted accommodation. The big drawing-rooms, the big main dining-rooms, were closed. The great halls were brightly lighted but somewhat bare and chilly. Nobody was in the billiard-room or the card-room.

But in a small dining-room a dozen tables had been prettily set with flowers and candles and a great fire roared upward in a white fireplace.

"This is fun," Honor said contentedly, shaking out a napkin as she sat down. They had said it a hundred times in the last few days, but the enchantment of it did not alter, and the delight remained. "Why," she said thoughtfully, "do we make such a fuss about just one thing? Love, and being in love, and whether this one likes you or that one likes you? Life, with health and a car and not too much money—but enough," Honor stipulated thoughtfully, "can be so wonderful! Why does every woman in her heart feel that life is unfinished until she gets married?"

"It is," the young wife pronounced calmly.

"Well," Honor conceded unwillingly, "perhaps it is. But there are lots of wonderful things in life besides marriage. D'you suppose men feel that way?"

"Bruce says that men don't think about marriage until they're thinking about a special girl," said Bruce's wife, "but that girls do, anyway."

Honor reflected, amused.

"I think that's smart of Bruce," she said approvingly. Adeline flushed with pleasure. Her naval lieutenant husband was away on sea duty; this was their first parting, and she was thinking about him a great deal, and writing him letters to reiterate that everything would have been a million times as nice if only he could have been with them! But she did not tell Honor that, she contented herself with a mere dreamy "He's such a darling!"

Please turn to Page 40

By Kathleen Norris

the roads blazed with the glory of maples but the nights were sharp. It was deliciously restful at five o'clock to find the waterside great hotel warm and hospitable and their own big room at summer temperature.

They lay on beds, and glanced at books, and rubbed cold cream into their air-burned faces, and discussed their trip.

"This is farthest north, Sis. Southward again to-morrow."

"And beauty—beauty—beauty all the way!"

"Shall we have dinner upstairs?"

"Well," said Adeline, considering, "I feel so—now. But after an hour's sleep and a hot bath I'll begin to be afraid of missing something. We could wrap up and walk along the shore after dinner. We'll never be here again, maybe."

"Agreed," said Honor, and changed her history thereby.

LITTLE THINGS

Complete
Short Story

*Small incidents,
in marriage, are
like the stones
that start an
avalanche*

AT seven-fifteen, as usual, the alarm clock went off. It jerked Hugh Lane up from a well of blissful oblivion, and left him for a minute or two floating on the surface, a helpless prey to vague apprehensions. He turned over on his back and winced. For now he could no longer dodge the fact that this was Monday morning. Monday morning in a world he had long suspected was not the best of all possible worlds.

He opened his eyes a cautious slit. Something puzzled him. Apart from the fact that this was Monday morning, what special trouble was it that sat on his spirits so firmly? Could it be the lawn, which he should have mown yesterday instead of playing that second round of golf? Or Peter, who wasn't doing so well at his too-expensive school? Or the fact that yesterday in an unfortunate light he had found a few grey hairs that he'd never noticed before?

All at once he knew why he had awakened just now with a weight on his chest. It all came back to him now. He and Susan had quarrelled last night.

With a truculent gesture he threw back the covers. "My stag," he muttered. "My beautiful stag's head."

Jamming his feet into slippers, he strode across the room and slammed down the window. At the sound the figure in the other bed moved slightly, her voice murmured: "Hugh! Was that Mary coming in?"

He looked back from the bathroom doorway and barked, "I don't know. But don't worry. I can get my own breakfast. I ask for nothing in this house. Nothing at all."

The recumbent figure did not move. It merely sighed. "Heavens!" as Hugh banged the bathroom door shut behind him.

ONCE entrenched in the bathroom, he thought about his stag's head. Yesterday he had been wandering round the house, as one does on Sunday afternoon, aimlessly, when he had happened to open the door of the box-room. There looking up at him from the floor was his stag, its antlers entangled in someone's old coat, dust in the noble nostrils. It had given him a horrible shock.

He had called down the stairs in the voice of an offended sergeant-major: "Susan!" The ensuing scene in the box-room gave him little satisfaction when he thought of it now. Women are so prolific in excuses and their logic is so tricky. For instance, it had not helped matters when Susan pointed out that his stag's head had been down from the wall for three weeks, and if he had not missed it in three whole weeks, why was he making such a fuss about it now?

As if that were the point! The point was that the one object in the house which was his and his alone, the one object he cherished most, had been thrust into a dark room for mice and moths to prey on, without so much as a by-your-leave.

"Nobody cares a bit about me," he thought.

In that first little house where he and Susan had spent their honeymoon, the stag's head had hung proudly in the dining-room. In the next one, slightly larger because of the third child coming, the stag had startled visitors from the darker corner of the front hall. And in the new house there had somehow never



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

*He looked at his
daughter and blustered,
"What are you doing here?"*

seemed to be any proper place for the head of a fine old stag. It had wandered from room to room, until finally it had come to rest in a dark niche of the upper hall, companioned by the vacuum cleaner and occasionally draped with a duster.

He had scarcely noticed these sad vicissitudes of his stag's head. But unconsciously some part of him must have been storing up resentments; for that scene in the box-room yesterday afternoon had been astounding. He hadn't known that he and Susan were capable of it. They had for years jogged along so equably. But had they ever really known each other, deep down? Certainly

Susan had never understood him or she could not have treated his stag's head so slightly.

"Well, that's marriage for you," he thought bitterly.

It was perhaps not strange that at that moment Susan, seated at her dressing-table, was thinking of her own hard day ahead. How very much better, she thought, a week would be without Monday. On Monday morning, Mary, the daily maid, might arrive in the role of an angel, or in a state of cynical collapse. Unless she had to bury a relative and did not come at all.

"Oh, dear, if things were only simple," thought Susan.

She put her finger-tips to her forehead and rubbed. That wrinkle between her eyes was getting deeper every minute. She must remember to ask Hugh about the new battery for the car. . . . By the way, what on earth was the matter with him this morning? She thought about this for a moment while she rubbed cold cream into the wrinkle between her eyes, then suddenly she set down the jar. She had remembered yesterday afternoon. "Well, for goodness sake, that old stag's head," she sighed.

Leaning her aching brow on her

all the rest of my life I'll go on dusting the silly nose and senseless horns of that—that damned stag."

She wanted to laugh wildly or burst into loud sobs. But years ago she had set a certain standard for herself as a wife and mother; never come down to breakfast red-eyed. No matter how badly the rest of the family behaved, mother must always be brightly competent, calm and just. At the moment, she loathed this role, but she set herself to look the part.

Presently, crossing to the bathroom door, she called through it brightly, "Listen, Hugh dear. I've got an idea. You know that new

do so before. "So you think that would be a good idea, do you?" Hugh shouted. "Well, if I catch you giving my stag's head to the Manners, or any club, or the coal man or anybody—anybody, I say—I will pack up and walk out of this house."

She couldn't believe her ears. As a matter of fact, neither could he. But there the words were, hissing through the air. She stared at him for a moment, stricken and pale. Then she wrapped her dressing-gown with dignity about her. "You needn't wait for that excuse, Hugh," she said coldly.

In the bedroom she gazed at herself in the mirror with astounded eyes. This was the way marriage went to pieces. What possessed them? It was as if all along they had a volcano in the cellar and yesterday one of them—or had it been both of them—had given it a poke. But why, why?

"I'm getting old," she decided. "He doesn't love me any more. I only annoy him." Suddenly she put her hands over her face and began to weep. "I'm tired," she sobbed. "I'm tired of being a smoother-down and a good mother and buying food and being a taxi driver and paying for the children's teeth out of my dress allowance. If he thinks I lead a jolly life he ought to follow me round for just one day."

At the breakfast table, fortunately, there were the children, although it was regrettable that Cynthia was in one of her listless moods. Disregarding her orange juice, she merely sat on her supple spine and gazed at the ceiling.

"And who, may I ask, are we this morning?" Hugh inquired of his daughter, grimly. "Joan Crawford or Greta Garbo?"

Please turn to Page 20

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

hand, she reflected that men were unaccountable. She simply could not understand Hugh's attachment to that horrible, dusty object. It wasn't as if he were a real sportsman; he'd shot the beast on his one and only shooting expedition in Scotland. It had been, she supposed, one of those lucky flukes. Very unfortunate for the stag, and simply dreadful for her.

"And now," she thought, "I've got to put it up on the wall again. And

club-house the Manners' are building?"

"Yes, I know. What about it?" "Well, it just occurred to me. About your stag's head, I mean. You could give it to the Manners, Hugh. They'd simply love it."

Silence from the bathroom. A menacing silence. Then the door was thrown open so suddenly that Susan fell back a step or two in surprise.

She had read about faces "darkening," but she had never seen one

WHIPLASH

Complete
Short
Story

He made his dance that night a triumph of love and skill

TEN tiny brandy-glasses, empty, stood on the bench at one end of the terrace of Ramon's penthouse. A whiplash, fifteen feet of lithe and wicked rawhide tipped with copper, raced the length of the terrace, cracked with the sound of a pistol-shot—and one glass precisely in the middle vanished in a puff of crystal. The others stood unmoved.

For two months now, for at least two hours every day, Ramon had been practising with the latigo—an Argentinian cattle-whip which, in practised hands, can strike with the accuracy of a bullet, can snap a stout stick in halves, rip off a man's ear, halt the charge of a maddened bull, coil snakewise about the body of a man and, with one swift jerk, send him spinning.

It was perhaps the last object you would expect to find in the terrace of a penthouse overlooking the East River in New York. But in Ramon's mind an idea had grown, the sort of fresh, unexpected idea that had made Chiquita and Ramon the highest-paid dancers in New York. When the rumba, that charming Cuban revolution—of the hips—first hypnotised the country with its rhythms, the names of Chiquita and Ramon were almost instantly spangled against the night skies of Manhattan. Their rumba was Caribbean moonlight. Presedente cocktails, forbidden kisses through a wrought-iron window lattice, the clamor and color of a fiesta, all mixed and set to music and to motion. Their tango was as a tradewind through the palms, so soft, sensuous and light. Chiquita and Ramon—starred at a mere fifty-five hundred dollars a week at El Encantado, the smartest, newest night-club in town.

"Tango con latigo"—Tango with the whip—Ramon had christened

Lyric of Life

TAPESTRY

It is not finished yet, the pattern that began
In the unfolding story in the dawn of Man,
The design of the ages in Time's skillful hands
Is woven from our living, in variegated strands.

It is not finished yet, but every colored thread
Is weaving in the story that must lie ahead
Tragedy of black and grey, glory of the gold—
I should like to see it when the tale is told.

Time will hang the tapestry in supernal halls,
But none will praise the triumph on the lovely walls,
None will see the artistry, not a word be said—
Man will BE the tapestry, a memory in thread.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

this new dance idea. All through the afternoon he had been alternately practising with the whip and rehearsing with Chiquita; for to-night was the opening night at El Encantado and the first presentation of the dance.

Ramon wound the whip round and round his waist, a sash of rawhide. "Come now, baby," he said, "let's run through the dance just once more." He started the phonograph. Slowly, languidly, the dance began. Gradually it worked up to a crescendo of flame—passion, anger, jealousy. They circled the terrace in a series of whirls. Suddenly they stopped, and began again the slow rhythm that opened the dance. Chiquita circled around Ramon, taunting him, taunting him, all the

while beating time to the music with the click of her little spike heels and clickety-swish of the rumba gourds held in her hands. Cat-footed, he followed her. There she stood, poised and still, at one end of the terrace, and he circled to the other, unwinding the whip from his waist as he travelled. . . . The dance was coming into its spectacular climax when they were interrupted by Ramon's colored valet.

"Gempmun on the phone. Seen your Ramon," he said hastily, fearful of Ramon's anger at being thus interrupted. "Honestly, Ah tried to tell him Ah couldn't stop you all dancin', but he sez he just got to speak to Miss Chiquita this yeah minute. Ah tol' him you was dancin', but he jus' deaksted Ah bust in. . . . Ah tol' him—"

"Who is it?" interrupted Chiquita. "Mistuh Carling Wynent," announced the valet.

"Tell him Miss Chiquita is busy," ordered Ramon.

"No," she countermanded. "I'll talk to him now."

As her honeyed "Hello" trickled from the living-room, Ramon reached for the whip. Furiously he exploded the rest of the brandy-glasses into powder, snapped a broom-handle into matchwood, and then went to work on a dressmaker's dummy also set up for target practice. Nothing else left to attack, he flung the whip to the floor, and in volcanic anger awaited Chiquita's return.

Fifteen minutes slid by, and little by little Ramon's anger burned away, leaving beneath its ash the cold metal of common sense. It seemed absurd, he argued with himself, to become so furiously angry over the mere interruption of a rehearsal. Annoyed, yes; for to-night was the opening and the last rehearsal. But so raging an anger demanded more of a reason. "It makes no sense," he said to himself. But somehow the very name of Carling Wynent had become a hateful sound in his ears. The sight of the man grated upon him, though Wynent was more than ordinarily good to the eyes. For

months now, Wynent had been squiring Chiquita, taking her everywhere, so that Ramon had seen him frequently. He was unfailingly pleasant; yet Ramon seemed to dislike him more each time he saw him.

Chiquita stepped through the door, the aftermath of a smile upon her mouth, in her eyes. Again, unaccountably, a flicker of anger arrowed through Ramon.

"Well, what did he want?" he demanded. "Why does he bother you all the time?"

"He doesn't bother me," she answered. "I like him."

"I don't," he said.

"Well, isn't that just too bad!" she retorted. "I'll tell him all about it; I'm sure he'll be all broken up."

"I'd like to break him up—into small pieces. Chiquita, I just don't like that ape."

By . . . JULIAN FIELD

"I gathered that," she said. "Especially since you describe a six-foot, blonde, blue-eyed, handsomely dressed and very good-looking young man as an ape."

"You sound as though you might be in love with him, or something."

"What if I were?" she said. "A lot you'd care. A lot of difference it would make in your life. I'm not a woman to you; I'm just a dancer. Something with arms and legs and muscles that matches steps with your steps. A machine that makes rhythm, and the rhythm makes money. I'm a dummy that moves when you pull the strings. You want me to work-work-work all the time. I know why you hate Carling Wynent. He treats me like a human being, a woman. He takes me places, gives me a good time. What do you do? Chiquita, it is wise to go out to-night?" she mimicked. "You must get your sleep. Just two glasses of champagne, Chiquita; liquor and dancing don't mix. You treat me

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

like a child. I'm tired of your nagging, your slave-driving, your—"

"Chiquita, stop!" he commanded. "I'm sorry, I was rude." He flicked out a handkerchief, and she dabbed at her tears.

"I don't mean to be a slave-driver. I don't mean to nag. It's just that I'm thinking of your career as well as my own."

"That's all you think of—career," she said. "Don't you ever relax and have one human moment?"

"Listen," he said, "let's skip all of

Ramon. Got mighty nice clothes and grey hair, but he ain't old. An' he kinda looks right through you when he talks."

"Sounds uncomfortable," said Ramon. "Tell him I can't see anybody now. Tell him I've got an opening to-night."

"Yessuh," said the valet.

He returned, however, in a moment. "The gempmun says he's from the insurance company. He said sompin' about yoh cah."

"My car? Tell him I'll see him in a moment." Ramon slipped on a robe of cream-colored corduroy and stepped into the living-room to interview his visitor.

Murray was as tall as Ramon, and built in the same tapering fashion. Wide shoulders slanted down to a thin waist, flat hips, and long, slender legs. His face was young and fresh-colored, but his hair was grey. His eyes were grey, too, frosty and crystalline. His clothes were casual and perfect.

"My man says you're from the insurance company," said Ramon. "My manager usually handles these matters for me. Is there anything special?"

"No, nothing special," replied Murray. "Your car is insured in our company, the Fairmount. I just wanted to see if everything was satisfactory."

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Ramon.

"We always like to check up our customers and see that everything is all right," said Murray. "There's no advertisement like a satisfied customer, you know. Besides, I've admired your dancing so much I took this opportunity of meeting you."

"Very dicty gempmun. Seen your

Please turn to Page 16



The whip leaped high into the air. Ramon spun it back to him, like a black snake looping across the floor.

FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 29, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

WINTER SPORTS ...



● "THERE'S something about a soldier," thinks the young hiker above. She is off for a country ramble in dark blue shorts, with matching military jacket and cap, and an unexpected sliver of red at the waist.



● WHO CARES about the whims of the weather? Certainly not the charming ingenue at the left in her casual, free-swinging camel-hair coat with elfin hood.



● THE LASS at the top left enjoys an exhilarating day's skiing in a trimly-tailored pigskin jacket topping sleek white slacks, with beguiling touches of tan suede.

● CUTTING a fine figure on the skating rink, the girl above selects a gay red-and-white cardigan, moulded to her figure, and offsets it with a whirling blue skirt.

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE

PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . .

Sketched by
PETROV



1 **PARISIENNES** are adopting a new hair style called a semi-shingle. Long hair is swept round the back of the head and gathered into either rolls or ringlets just behind the left ear, thus making the hair on the right side and centre-back look as though it were cut short. More curls are piled on the top of the head.

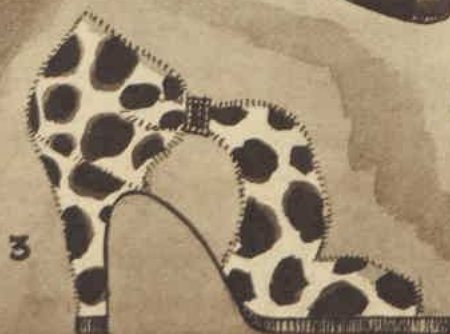
2 **BERETS** made of leaves cut from felt or thick wool cloth and falling over the head from a large central green stalk are the mode of the moment for semi-sporting and country ensembles. Tawny autumn tints and lovely leafy greens are favored.

3 **FUR SHOES** are popular in Paris. In sandal shapes they are made of grey clipped lamb, brown goat, tiger skin, white pony and leopard.

4 **THE NEWEST STOCKINGS** have feet that are dyed to match one's shoes and at about ankle height they gradually merge into the usual burnt-beige tones. Queen Elizabeth has already bought several pairs.

5 **EVERY TOPCOAT** must sport at least four pockets, two above and two below the belt. Many of these are in contrasting material—velvet on tweed, lace on Ottoman silk, taffeta on broadcloth — and they are in the quaintest shapes.

6 **MANY** of the latest hand-bags are fitted with tiny batteries, so that when the bag is opened a light shines in the interior. This is so useful in theatre and cinema and it can be very helpful also as a "pedestrian light" if one happens to be crossing a dark street.



P E T R O V .

Take one . . . BLACK VELVET SKIRT

Add one of these swanky tops, preferably in a brilliant color, and for artful garnish a chunky bolero . . .



• **DRAMATIC** color with a pink blouse and fuchsia cummerbund, topped by a green velvet bolero jacket, fur-edged.

• **CHALK - WHITE*** crepe blouse scattered with red beads. For additional flipp a scarlet satin cummerbund and tailored black velvet bolero.

• A FREE-HANGING BLOUSE in yellow silk jersey. Its velvet neckband tying in a bow at the back.



• **DRESSING FOR DINNER?** Then here's your blouse. Shimmering silver lame with corselette waistline.

• **COMBINING** comfort and charm — an electric-blue blouse in fine wool jersey to defy the winter breezes.



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says
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G3-128



Can't enjoy her food. What she eats does her no good. She does not know you can get weaker and weaker on three good meals a day if the digestion is tired.

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STOP CATCHING COLDS

Germs are everywhere! Colds, 'flu, and worse—you are constantly exposed to infection and your mouth and throat are usually the first points to be attacked. Guard them against disease; make them germ free and germ resistant by gargling Listerine Antiseptic morning and night. Listerine Antiseptic is fatal to germs, yet quite safe to use. Protect yourself this pleasant and effective way. Get a bottle to-day.

Four years of exacting and very costly scientific research on colds and their complications, clearly point out that users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder when, and got rid of them faster than non-garglers.

Tests showed that even two hours after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, the number of germs on throat and mouth surfaces were reduced as much as 75.7%.

Gargle
with

LISTERINE
the SAFE Antiseptic

1/6 3/4
AND
5/9



• ABOVE: Cobalt-blue wool, with panelled skirt flaring out at the hem, and a jacket which curves up over the hips and buttons tightly up the front. Shoulders, collar, and revers are as plain as a man's coat.

Sketched by
ROBB

• RIGHT: A dress made to look like a suit, with slimly moulded jacket top and full, pleated skirt. In flattering honey-beige woollen, with a vivid green bow at the neck.



Paris sponsors INFORMAL SUITS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE from Paris.

TAKE a full short skirt, flared or pleated, wear it with a gay—perhaps flowered—silk blouse, top it with a short, cutaway jacket—and there you have the recipe for the darling, new informal suits.

FLAPPER fashions are coming in again; those swinging skirts and brief jackets that look as if they had just stepped out of an American college film. (Paris has un-

doubtedly been stealing some ideas from New York.)

Skirts seen so far have been all short (round about 17in. from the ground), and all full; their fullness is featured in every sort of way from box pleats back and front to circular flounces and flaring panels.

Jackets are short and neat; some boxy, but most fitting as tight as a page-boy's, and almost as youthful-looking.

Waistlines are natural and generally left to themselves, without any belt or sash to catch attention.

Blouses are still made in last year's fashion of tie-silk and tussore, but this year they are softer, more feminine-looking, with casual V-necks and draped fronts of flyaway bows. A lot of them imitate waistcoats so closely as to have satin backs and narrow strap belts as well as the two points in front.

Colors take their inspiration from the rainbow—especially in the new checks and tartans—or are toned down to pastels, misty-blues and pinks.

Revlon
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SMARTEST
NAIL ENAMEL



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An Editorial Eleanor Roosevelt busiest woman in U.S.A.

APRIL 29, 1939.

THE LESSON OF ANZAC



ANOTHER Anzac Day reminds us that the Digger when he came home from the war beat his sword into a ploughshare and devoted his life to the pursuits of peace.

The Anzac was not a professional soldier. He was a citizen who joined in a crusade, fought in a war he was told would make the world safe for democracy.

To-day, twenty-four years after Anzac, there are people in Europe making the world very unsafe for democracy, and one wonders what the Anzac thinks of it all.

To-day the Anzacs' sons are buckling on the swords their fathers sheathed in 1918 in the war to end wars. There must be disillusionment for them in the thought that they may not be able to hold the peace won so dearly.

The Anzac growing old, his deeds already history while he is still alive, gave us the supreme example of something that was not a war spirit but a citizen spirit.

They answered the call of arms so that their children might live in peace.

After the war and the bitter experiences in the long struggle for victory one thought crystallised in the mind of the returned soldier: "This must not happen again."

The real trust they handed on to us was that the succeeding generations should lay the palm of perpetual peace with the laurel wreath of Anzac.

Circumstances stronger than ourselves may force us into war, but the peace the Anzacs won for us has almost reached its majority, since the days of 1918 when the world war came to an end.

And that love of peace, now passed on to a younger generation, may see us through.

—THE EDITOR.

By our New York Correspondent

Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of President Franklin Roosevelt, the man who spoke sharp words to the dictators, hostess-to-be to the King and Queen when they visit Washington, is more than America's first lady, she is feminine leader No. 1 and busiest woman in U.S.A.

ONE could easily imagine the President's wife nodding vigorous approval of Franklin Roosevelt's masterly efforts for world peace, as she fixes her hat to go off to a committee meeting, to preside at a slum clearance campaign, or give a nation-wide broadcast.

Without doubt Mrs. Roosevelt is the busiest woman in America.

When the Royal visit to America was mooted a friend of Mrs. Roosevelt said: "Everything happens to Eleanor Roosevelt." Of course it was foreordained in the cradle that she should entertain Royalty on the first occasion a British King visits America.

Mrs. Roosevelt says that all these things happen in her life because she is interested in everything.

This is part of her daily life:—

She edits a paper.

She broadcasts.

Writes a syndicate daily column called "My Day."

Turns out copy for film advertising.

Addresses meetings every day.

Is White House hostess at formal dinners.

Cooks scrambled eggs the way the President likes them.

Totally unspoilt

DESPITE her popularity and her huge following and her almost feverish activities, Mrs. Roosevelt is a charming and unspoilt woman.

Although she laughingly refers to herself as the "ugly duckling" of a family noted for its beautiful women she radiates a charm and friendliness that you cannot think of her as such a plain woman.

You are impressed first of all by her height.

She seems not far short of six feet despite the fact that she does not wear high-heeled shoes.

There is grace in her tallness and she moves, stands and sits with a perfect poise.

This is one thing Eleanor Roosevelt has conquered—control of her unusual height for a woman.

She dresses simply and with dignity, but she loves rich colors and weaves.

She manages to get a note of quiet magnificence in her dressing which makes her stand out, yet she never moves one iota from the simplicity



AN INFORMAL study of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of President Roosevelt, who will be hostess to the King and Queen. She earns £15,000 a year—runs White House, entertains extensively, and finds time to knit.

which is the very keynote of her dressing.

She loves hats. "My hat mustn't date me. I buy a new one whenever I have time."

Despite her work she watches over her husband's health, opens his huge personal correspondence, and tries to do for him all the things he has not time to do for himself. "Franklin comes first with me," said Mrs. Roosevelt.

The energy of Mrs. Roosevelt is a byword in America.

1000-mile trip

SHE walks, she drives, she flies to towns throughout the United States. She drops in on all sorts of people. She once flew 1000 miles in a snowstorm to be present at a friend's wedding, and then flew back to Washington the next day to take up the organisation of her pet charity, the care of infantile paralysis cases. (You remember her husband was stricken with the disease but recovered.)

Mrs. Roosevelt earns £15,000 a year and gives it all to charity.

"People are my passion," she says. "I like to get among them, see them in their homes, find out their problems, get to know them."

At the second inauguration of her

husband as President she greeted 800 well-wishers at a buffet luncheon and 3000 more who came to tea after the ceremony.

Mrs. Roosevelt has these rules for women taking on public work:—

Don't bear grudges.

Don't get discouraged.

Women who want to lead must be prepared for unfair criticism—take it and like it.

Don't run for office on the basis of sex. Be the best "man" offering.

Amazing as it seems, she finds time to read. She loves to knit, and spends a lot of time with her children and grandchildren.

Of motherhood Mrs. Roosevelt said: "I have always been a particularly healthy person. I think it was a good thing for me to be perfectly miserable for three months before every one of my six babies arrived."

Happiness for her children is one of the ideals of her life. Her own early life decided her that none of her own children would be unhappy or neglected.

Divorce at White House put the spotlight rather heavily on domestic affairs, but Mrs. Roosevelt approved of it in the case of her son Elliott.

Personal happiness came before politics when she smiled on the marriage of Franklin, Jun., to Ethel Dupont, daughter of the leader of the opposing political camp.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Lower calls "CHECKMATE" to chess champions



Ludo expert discusses chances of our team for Argentina

Strange things occur. I suppose they always will.

For instance, an Australian chess team is sailing for Argentina next month on a tramp steamer. When they get there, they're going to play chess. But don't ask me why!

WHAT'S more, they're going via Cape Horn in the middle of winter, which bears out a theory I have always held.

Chess is a form of madness. You may have noticed how a chess-player will shift one pawn and then go into a trance for three or four hours. They get that way.

And then they'll break into their theme song:

Fifteen men on a dead man's chess. Vo, ho, and a couple of pawns.

I wouldn't care to be captain of that tramp steamer. Or even a member of the crew.

If the captain has any sense he'll break all records for the crossing to Argentina.

Then there'll come the time when they'll actually be in Argentina. They'll find things very different over there.

People are inclined to be a bit temperamental in those parts. Scenes will undoubtedly occur.

"Ha! You castle my bishop! Name

of a dog! Name of two dogs! One thousand curses on you, gringo!"

"Put that gun down!"

"Castle bishop! I hate you to the back of your teeth!"

BANG!

And that will be one visiting chess player who won't be coming home.

Speaking personally, I think the whole scheme is one of the biggest rams I've ever heard of. Just fancy if I started to pack a bag or two and the wife said, "Where do you think you're going?"

"I'm going to Argentina, my dear, to play chess."

"You're going to what?"

"I'm going on a tramp steamer to Argentina to play chess."

"Blime!"

"Really, my dear! Most unlady-like."

"Well, blow me down! Are you sure you're all right in the belfry? This certainly is a new one. I fell for that one about going to the country to see about buying a greyhound, but this one's nutty. You just unpack those bags and get on to the lawn-mower. And make it snappy."

Goodwill mission

THERE is something pathetic and heroic about this chess expeditionary force.

Some of these poor men may finish up like my poor brother, Lemuel. He went to Algiers to defend his title as world champion snakes and ladders player; beat a colonel of the Spahis, was immediately imprisoned and later forced to join the Foreign Legion, where he served with great distinction and was awarded the Cafe Noir with bar, but later died in action covered with Arabs.

I myself am more of a ludo fan, and won the Borneo Gold Bowl in '89. I was much younger then, of course, but the rigors of the climate sapped my health. That and the baboons crawling all over me. Very unnerving.

Still, these games abroad make for a good deal of goodwill and understanding between nations.

I wouldn't be surprised if we signed a non-aggression pact with Argentina after the chess season. As the old adage says, "There is many a true word spoken in chess."

It is a noble game. You can't cheat at chess because everything is spread out for all the world to see. That's why I prefer poker.

There have been some catty remarks about the extraordinarily good luck I have when it's my deal; but what I say is, if you can't do a bit of fancy dealing for yourself, why deal at all?

Nobody has ever invited me to go to Brazil to play poker, but I have been told to go to other places.

Chess, like all games, has a language of its own. Gambits, and all that. You've only got to knock over a chess board when in play and you learn the whole lot.

"Gambit all, sir! You clumsy, lumbering oaf!"

Another good thing about chess is that you can play it by telegram. It's very matey that way.

You have messenger-boys ringing the door-bell and presenting tele-

grams at 3 o'clock in the morning:

"Pawned your castle. Stop. Hope all are well at home. Stop. Rook in top right-hand corner. Stop. Hope hear from you next month."

Then you beam-wireless back: "Wife packed up chessmen. Stop. Said looked untidy. Stop. Better start over again. Stop. Best wishes may best man win. Stop."

You couldn't do that with poker. When it came to a show-down who'd believe a telegram like: "Sorry, old boy, have royal routine flush. Stop. That makes you three bob my way. No good at all."

Backing horses by phone is different. When settling day comes the bookmaker says: "Bad luck, son. You're up for seven pounds ten."

"Who? Me!"

"Yes, you rang me up on Saturday. Remember?"

"Well, what do you know about that? I wonder who that could have been? Said he was me, did he?"

Of course, it's not as easy as all that. But you can usually get away with it once.

When you run out of bookmakers you just give up betting. It's one way of getting out of the gambling habit.

But about this fitting off to Argentina to play chess.

Watch your husband closely and carefully. If you see him poring over a book with the title, "Chess, And How to Play It," knock him down and take the book away.

Or, on the other hand, if you're sick of the sight of him, give him a chess board and a book of the rules and then hope for the best.

Introducing
SAND-GLO
the radiant
new golden
color by
GOSSARD



Gossard Foundations are obtainable at most of the leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

BE glorified by Gossard in this one piece Sand-Glo foundation of Goss-Amour (Gossard's marvellous elastic net) and rayon satin . . . its exquisite new golden tone flatters your skin . . . its streamlined satin panel nips in your waist . . . its lace and satin bra top gives a smart uplift to your bosom. Model 7236. Step-ins and brassieres also obtainable in Sand-Glo.

the **GOSSARD** Line of Beauty

Why ever look or feel your Age

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. Her complexion is flawless—her figure still neat and trim—and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile Beans at bedtime each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and counteract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and healthy.



"I thank Bile Beans for the good they have done me. I used to feel awfully tired and low-spirited. But Bile Beans made me bright and cheerful again, and so improved my general health that I feel years younger. I also find that Bile Beans nightly prevent excess fat forming and keep my figure normal."—Mrs M. S. Sims.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss L. Lockie.

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KEEP YOU HEALTHY & YOUTHFUL

IT'S
THE

SUDS

that give
dazzling
whiteness

Of course you get a whiter,
quicker, easier wash
with the NEW RINSO
because it gives you
**THICKER,
RICHER SUDS**



SUDS TEST PROVES RICHNESS OF NEW RINSO SUDS!

Equal quantities of old and New Rinso shaken up and left standing 10 minutes. Note how much extra suds the New Rinso gives and how much longer they last.



To wash clothes swiftly and safely, you must have plenty of suds, as you well know. And now the New Rinso gives you thicker, richer, longer-lasting suds than you've ever seen before! And they're fine-bubble suds—small and close-packed... with heaps more real washing help than the big-bubble, airy suds that you've always been used to. Fine-bubble suds stay piled up—instead of bursting and dying away—and attack the dirt persistently until not only surface soiling but every trace of ingrained dinginess is gone. So, of course, you get a whiter, brighter wash... of course it's quicker and easier... and of course it's safer. Use the New Rinso by itself for your entire weekly wash.

Safe for Hands

There's positively nothing in the rich, New Rinso suds that could harm the most sensitive skin.



WHITES

washed extra white and sparkling with these extra rich New Rinso suds.



COLOURS

extra bright and fresh after New Rinso washing, because extra suds mean extra speed and safety in the tub.



SILKS & WOOLIES

softer in New Rinso's extra rich suds, because the richer the suds the more gently the dirt is removed.



Whiplash

Continued from Page 8

"WHY, thanks," said Ramon, puzzled. He couldn't reconcile the man's appearance with his errand. "Something odd about this," he thought. He reached for a cigarette-box on the cocktail table beside his chair, and the cabochon ruby he wore on the little finger of his left hand caught the light and revealed its perfect star.

"That's a handsome stone," said Murray. "One of the finest Burmese rubies I've ever seen. Mind if I have a look?"

Ramon extended his hand. "A beauty," said Murray. "Worthy of a ruler's coffers. Probably where it came from. You know the best rubies come from the Burma district in India. The native princes reap a fabulous fortune from the mines."

"Are you a jewel-expert, too?" asked Ramon. "I thought you were an insurance adjuster."

"Well, in this business one must know something of jewels. We insure a lot of them, you know."

"I've had this one insured already," said Ramon.

"Good idea," Murray remarked. His voice was casual. He paused a moment. "You know, there's been an epidemic of jewel-stealing this season in New York. Never known such a lot of thefts."

"Really," said Ramon politely. "Very smooth work," Murray continued. "Always the technique. The jewels just disappear—always at a party, and the guests are always above suspicion. We stand to pay out a young fortune making good the stones we've insured."

"That so?" said Ramon. "Yes, Marcia Everitt's diamonds, a beautiful necklace, were stolen at a party at an exclusive night-club. An emerald-and-diamond bracelet worth a good thirty thousand dollars disappeared at a cocktail party at an hotel. A week later a ruby ring and a pearl necklace, worth together well over one hundred thousand dollars, departed from one lady's person at a dinner dance. All in the last two months."

"Where'd the guests searched?" asked Ramon. "You can't search everybody in a night-club or at a big party," said Murray. "A clever thief would figure on that."

"Well, don't you go around and at least question the guests?" "Certainly," said Murray. "You can go around and ask questions galore. But you can't ransack people's houses just on suspicion. That wouldn't do much good, anyway, because the thief couldn't risk hiding the jewels anywhere. He'd have to keep them on his person night and day. And they're so hot right now that no fence would touch them. And you can't give the guests the third degree. You can't search them without some evidence. Not the kind of people at those parties. New take, for example, one chap who's been a guest at all of these affairs. Carling Wynent."

"Carling Wynent?" interrupted Ramon.

"Yes, do you know him?" asked Murray.

"A little," said Ramon. "Well, then you can see how we just couldn't march up to a man of his social standing and even hint that he might be under suspicion."

"Is he?" asked Ramon.

"Well, everybody in the party, every guest and every servant would be under suspicion. In that sense, he would be a suspect. You seem interested in Wynent. How well do you know him?"

"Not well. He's been taking Chiquita, my dancing-partner, out a good bit lately, that's all."

"Yes, I've seen them around," said Murray. "Handsome couple."

"Ramon leaned forward. "Listen," he said. "Are you sure you came up here to see me about my car?"

"Certainly," said Murray. "What else?"

"Nothing," said Ramon, "except that it seemed odd, that's all. And then the conversation switching around this way to Wynent. That seemed odd too."

"No," laughed Murray. "Just coincidence. Right now Wynent could be walking around with those jewels in his pocket, and I couldn't do a thing about it. Not until someone saw them, or we had some definite evidence to go by. Imagine what a damage suit we'd have on our hands if we falsely accused a man! Why, he might walk right into El Encantado to-night with a fortune in his pocket, and I'd be helpless unless I knew, definitely, that he had the jewels."

"How do you know he'll be at El Encantado to-night?"

"I don't know," replied Murray. "Except that it's an important open-

ing, and a man-about-town like Wynent probably wouldn't miss it. Just as a matter of interest, where do you think a man would carry a wallet of jewels if he were dressed in a tuxedo? Being one of the town's best-dressed men, you ought to have an idea," he laughed.

"Being an expert in jewel-theft, you should know still better," said Ramon.

"I'd imagine in his inside breast pocket," Murray mused. "You know, the curve of the coat would keep the little baize from being noticeable... What do you think?"

"I think this is all very interesting, Mr. Murray," said Ramon, rising to his feet. "I've enjoyed this little chat on society crime, but you must excuse me. I've got an opening to-night. Forgive me, but—"

"Of course," said Murray. "And excuse me for breaking in on you this way. When I start talking about I never know when to quit. Good luck to-night!"

"And good luck to you on your case," said Ramon. "I hope you get your man."

"We will," said Murray. "We always do. Right now we're working on the old French proverb, 'Cherchez le femme.' When you find the woman, you often find the man behind the job. I wouldn't like to be the woman in that man's life when we catch him. She might find herself in a most unpleasant spot, if you know what I mean."

"I imagine so," said Ramon. "Well, good-night."

"GOOD-NIGHT," said Murray. "Perhaps we'll meet again some time. I may even see your performance to-night. I'm thinking of going to the opening. Yes, on second thought I'm sure I'll go. Just to see you dance, of course."

"Splendid," said Ramon. "Au voir."

Ramon stepped through the stage door and tapped on the door of Chiquita's dressing-room. There was no answer. "Chiquita, are you there?" he called. Still no answer. He turned to go and his ear caught a stealthy sound. He turned back to the door. "Chiquita," he called, "are you in there?"

The door swung open. "Hullo," said Carling Wynent. "I'm waiting for her myself." He wet his lips nervously as Ramon entered the room. "I—ah—didn't know who it might be knocking... thought it best, perhaps, not to answer... Lot of silly explanations, you know—ah—"

"Listen, Wynent," said Ramon. "What are you doing here?"

"Why, just waiting for Chiquita, old boy. Want to wish her good luck, and all that. I guess she's late."

"Mr. Wynent," said Ramon. "I'm glad you're here. I've been wanting to talk to you—about Chiquita."

"What about her?" asked Wynent. "Just this," Ramon replied. "Chiquita's a dancer, a fine artist. Her life has to be geared to her career. She can't run around to all the night-clubs and parties with you, and keep her dancing up to par. It doesn't work. If you like her and are really interested in her welfare, you won't see her any more."

"Don't you think that Chiquita is the best judge of that?"

"No, she's not," said Ramon. "She likes a good time, and you just can't have too good a time in this profession. A dancer's like an athlete, you know—has to keep in training. And playboys like you aren't good for working-girls like Chiquita."

"My good fellow," said Wynent. "I resent your interference. You're merely Chiquita's dancing partner, you know; you don't own her. Or do you?"

"I ought to take a sock at you for that," said Ramon.

"Why don't you?" suggested Wynent.

"Only because I'm dancing to-night, and I can't take any chances. However, if you'll meet me later, I'll be delighted." He thrust an emphatic forefinger towards Wynent, an exclamation-point punctuation the challenge. It struck Wynent's breast, on the right side, and stabbed itself against something hard beneath the soft broadcloth. Wynent jumped backward; his hand flashed to the spot Ramon's finger had reached. Quickly then he dropped his hand to his side. He bowed slightly.

"At your service," he said to Ramon.

Please turn to Page 18

Nature's LOVELIEST COLORS



From the Tropics TO YOUR FINGERTIPS!

Glazo brings you flattering new nail polish shades of fascinating beauty... created by fashion experts... inspired by the exquisite colors of lovely tropical flowers!

Your hands take on a new and romantic allure when you wear these subtly enchanting Glazo colors!

TROPIC—A smoky ash-pink tone found in a rare and gorgeous oriental Hibiscus.

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See Glazo's new tropic shades at all chemists and stores. Choose your color to-day!

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GLAZO'S NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking. Contains wax. Is a perfect foundation for polish—makes it last longer. Gives added gloss. Only **2/-**

GLAZO The Smart Manicure

Do You Know?

"You're beautiful, darling," her boy friend exclaimed. "You're the loveliest hair I've seen yet." She smiled in his face. Pressed a wave into place. As she thought "What a pal to DAMPETTE."

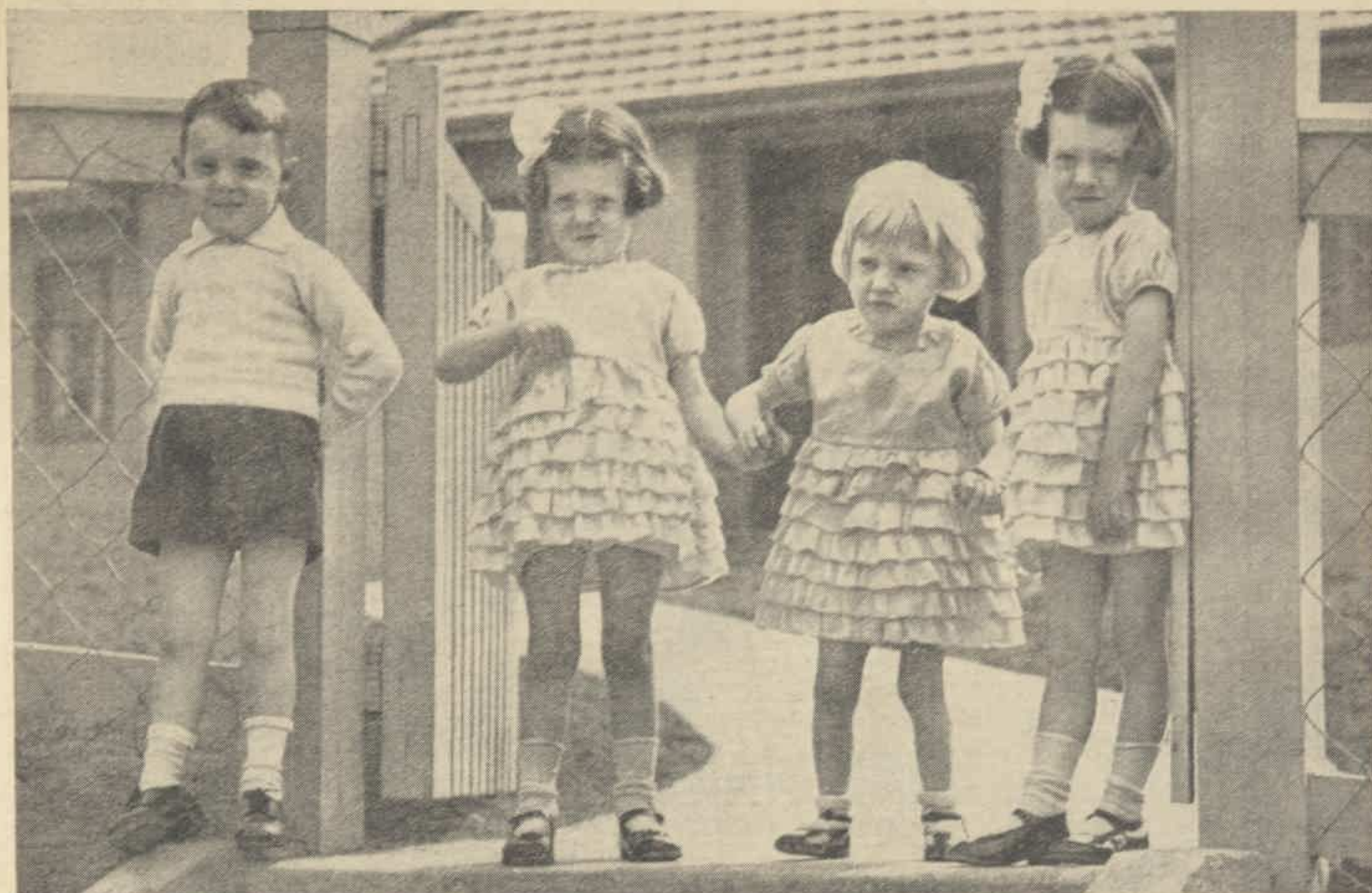
If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, just damp your hair and comb a few drops of Dampette through it; then finger-press waves into position—Chemists and stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

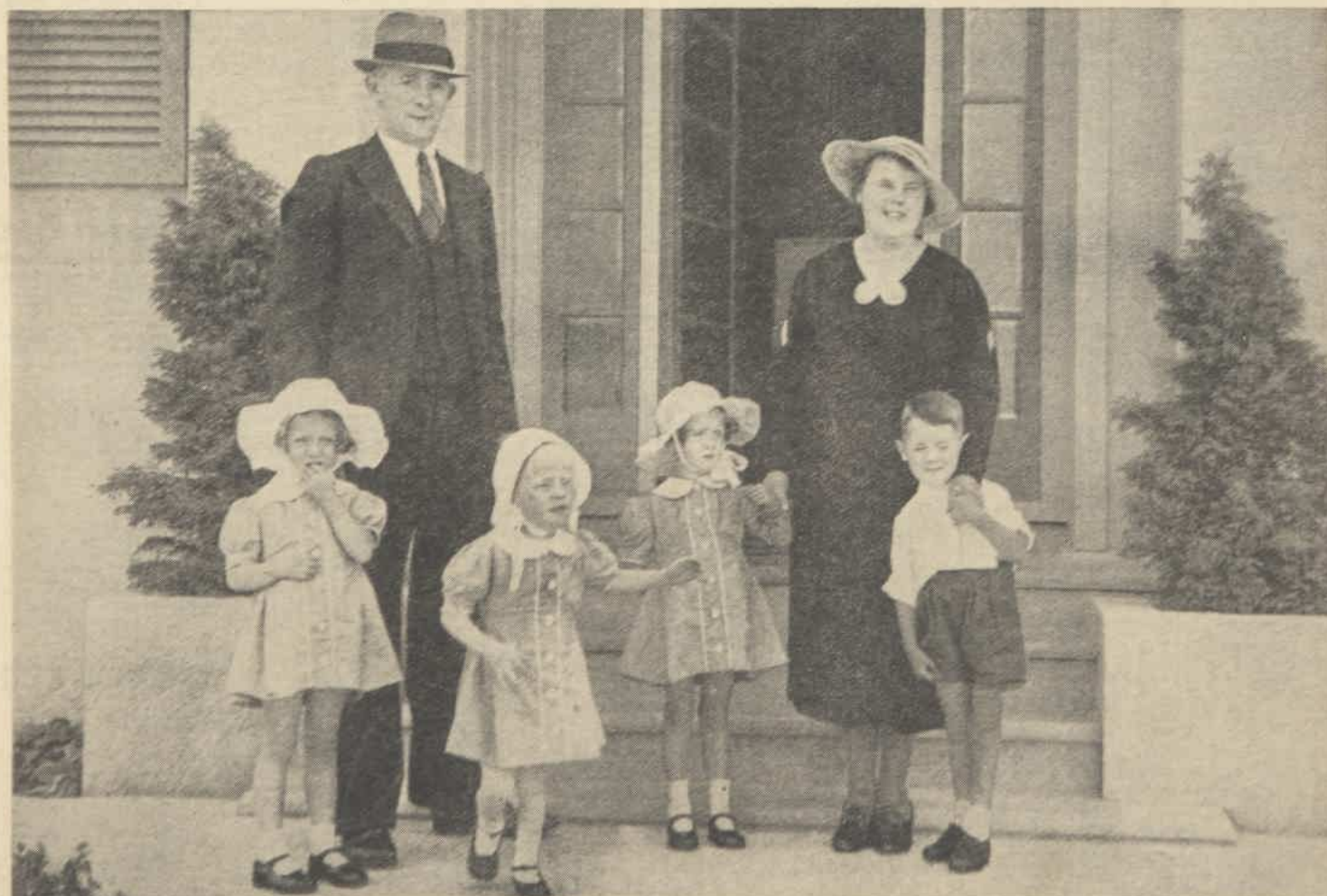
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sore, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

THE "QUADS"... Four world-famous babies



● "MY! HOW THEY HAVE GROWN." Here is a happy picture of the husky New Zealand Johnson "quads," most talked of children in the Southern Hemisphere. From left: Bruce, Kathleen, Vera, Mary, waiting at the garden gate.



● ALL SET TO GO. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and the "quads" all dressed up to go places. Mrs. Johnson says: "I don't spoil them because they are unique. They are perfectly normal children, living a perfectly normal life."

—Photo by K. A. Phillips, Dunedin.

THE Encantado had expected a gala opening, but its expectations were too modest. Ramon and Chiquita had become sensations—like the Astaires, like the Castles in their heyday. And the opening rivalled a Noel Coward first-night, or a picture premiere at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood: Ermine and chinchilla; dowagers, diamonds, debutantes; columnists and courtesans; butter-and-eggs men of all businesses and professions; theatrical agents, radio men, movie talent scouts; the heir to an East Indian throne with the blondest of blondes; social young men who liked to be seen with celebrities who liked to be seen with social young men. Flashlights blinked; cameras clicked; autograph-hunters formed in shabby cots at each side of the bright-striped canopy. Night-club New

York was out for the night—to welcome its newest favorites.

Ramon and Chiquita stood in the wings, taut, expectant. Ramon squeezed her hand. "You'll be a sensation," he whispered encouragingly. "You're beautiful." And she was. Five feet two of ivory, scarlet, and black lace. A painting by El Greco brought to radiant life, to flowing motion. Her blue-black hair was coiffed in the traditional fashion of Latin beauties—parted in the middle and drawn into a lustrous knot low upon her sweetly-shaped neck, and topped with a high comb of filigreed ivory.

Ivory, too, was her skin; liquid and black her eyes; her mouth a scarlet arch. Scarlet-heeled black satin slippers were moulded to her tiny feet, and around each wrist a thong of scarlet ribbon to which were

fastened the gourds she would use in the dance.

Ramon's costume was the theatrical version of Gaucho garb—loose white satin blouse with cuffs of black leather studded in silver, baggy white satin breeches ballooning over the tops of soft black boots, and on his head the stiff-brimmed patent leather hat with its braided leather chin-strap. Round and round his waist the whip was wrapped.

As the lights in the room dimmed, a tom-tom began its low, slow beat—lower, slower, until the room was completely dark. Then the spotlight thrust a crisp, hard bar of radiance through the solid blackness to the centre of the floor. As

though from nowhere, Ramon and Chiquita sprang into the light. Chiquita, head thrown back, a rose in her teeth, hands resting upon the suave curve of her hips. Ramon bowed, circled her waist with one white satin arm—and Tango con latigo began.

Slowly, languidly at first; sultry, smouldering. Gradually it worked up to its crescendo of flame—passion, anger, jealousy. As the tempo of the dance increased so did the intensity of the lights. They lifted from soft mauve to hard scarlet; finally the room was bathed in a rosy brilliance. They circled the room in a series of whirls, incredibly light and swift.

The audience was enchanted. Ramon and Chiquita could feel their interest and fascination almost as though it were a tangible thing. They knew the dance had "clicked"—and now they were at ease, certain and sure. As they whirled by the ringside table where Carling Wynent and his party were sitting, Chiquita flashed him a smile.

Suddenly the music stopped with a crash of cymbals and the drums, and one high piercing note of the clarinet. A breathless split-second of silence—and the orchestra picked up again the smouldering rhythm with which the dance began. Chiquita joined in the beat with the clicking gourds in her hands. Slowly she took a pose, still and statuesque. Ramon circled across the floor, uncoiling the whip from around his waist as he travelled. He faced Chiquita. The whip leaped high into the air, cracked like a pistol-shot. Ramon spun it back to him—like a black snake looping across the floor. It leaped again—cracked to the right of Chiquita—then to her left. She took a rose and tossed it to the floor; the black finger-tip of the whip picked it up precisely and shredded it to scarlet tatters.

Applause crashed through the room, but Ramon signalled for silence. Another pause, a roll of the drums. Slowly Chiquita extended her arms sideways in a straight line from her body—and in each hand a gourd. She stood tense, motionless, as though she were carved in ivory.

RAMON fondled the whiplash. Sent a ripple quivering down its snaky length. Settled himself firmly, carefully sighted the gourd in Chiquita's extended right hand. The lash raced through the air—the tip exploded, shattering the gourd in Chiquita's hand into a dozen pieces. He whirled the lash back to him, and carefully sighted the gourd in Chiquita's left hand. Subconsciously he noticed that Wynent was sitting directly in line of the sight. As he drew back the whip an idea struck white-hot in his mind, and he let the whiplash drop back to the floor.

Again he took deliberate aim, pretending an air of nervousness. Chiquita tensed herself for the coming crack of the whip. There was something strange about this, she thought. Ramon's endless practice had given him a sure, unfailing skill; cracking the gourd had become, in their latest rehearsals, automatic, machine-like.

Finally his arm sent the lash flashing toward her again. As though by accident—and by no more than the tenth part of an inch—it missed the gourd in her hand, raced by it with the speed of a black snake striking—and struck! Struck Carling Wynent's breast—the right side—just where a man's pocket is tailored into his dress coat.

The copper tip of the crackling whiplash caught the cloth of the coat and ripped it to ribbons. It ripped also the leather of the wallet beneath, and a bright glitter spilled over the white linen of the table cloth: Diamonds, emeralds, a ruby and pearls.

Ramon ran across the dance-floor to Wynent's table. "An accident," he cried. "I'm so sorry. I've never missed before. I—"

Wynent had jumped to his feet, his frantic hands attempting to scoop up the jewels. "You idiot," he shouted. "You clumsy fool! I'll—"

"You'll come with me, Mr. Wynent," said a casual voice from behind. "We'd like to talk to you. Better come quietly." Murray withdrew one hand from his pocket, and cupped in his palm was a small gold badge.

GIRLIGAGS



AN apple a day keeps the doctor away, but after all some of us have doctors who are not half bad to look at.

Wynent whirled toward the detective and whipped a fist straight to his chin. As Murray dropped, he dashed for the door. But his rush to the door included a few feet of open dance-floor, clear of the press of people.

Ramon flung the whiplash. It spun through the air—and coiled like a long and slender snake around Carling Wynent's middle. Ramon jerked his wrist ever so slightly, like a fisherman striking his hook in deep, and the lash tightened cruelly. Then with one magnificent sweep of his arm Ramon sent Wynent spinning—like a top, like a dervish gone mad—up the length of the dance-floor, and sent him crashing against the ledge of the orchestra stage, unconscious, limp.

Half an hour later Ramon and Chiquita sat in his dressing-room. The police had left.

"What a night!" said Ramon. "Dreadful," she half-whispered, wearily. "I'm dead."

"Listen," he said; "just to show you I'm not such an old slave-driver, I'll take you on a party. Champagne, all the hot spots—the works. Your dancing was a wow to-night, and you deserve a celebration!"

"Ramon, you're sweet," she said. "And I'm sorry. I apologise for being so nasty when you talked about Carling. Your hunch was right."

"Forget it, Chiquita; but just as a matter of curiosity, just what did you see in him?"

"How can you ask that?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

Chiquita caught her breath. Now—why not come out with it?

She whirled to her feet.

"You blind fool!" she said heatedly. "You precious half-wit. Don't you know?"

"Know what, Chiquita?"

"Listen: for three years, I have been so in love with you I've been walking in a dream. But I realised that I wasn't a woman to you at all, but just a dancing partner. A machine! And every day I've had to see you and touch you. Every day I had to feel your arms around my body, and your hands in mine—every time we danced. I couldn't avoid seeing you; I couldn't just walk out. So I took up Carling Wynent, trying to get you out of my mind by getting interested in another man. But—it didn't work. It wasn't even working a little bit—even before to-night. Ramon, I love you, and God help me! Now you know it, and that's that. And we'll both try to forget it as fast as we can. The show must go on! . . . Darn that saying!"

She turned to the door.

Five minutes later he tapped on the door of her dressing-room. "Come in," she said, her voice colorless, weary. "Chiquita," he called softly. He walked toward her, arms reaching. "I'm not only blind, sweetheart," he said. "I'm dumb."

He gathered her into his arms, and there was silence for a while. "Will you say right now that you'll marry me," he whispered finally, "or must I use the whip on you, too?"

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Lovely
EMPIRE WARE
NINE CHARMING PIECES
IN MYRTLE (Green)
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AND I GOT IT
FREE FOR SIREN
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Not content with bringing you many more free gifts for 1939, Siren, the quality soap, now offers you "Empire" ware in addition to the other new gifts you can get with Siren Crosses. Look at the gifts illustrated above and decide which piece you'll save for first. And start saving your Crosses now.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT
Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY.
If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars, enclose with crosses and stamps to cover postage and address to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, BOX 4367, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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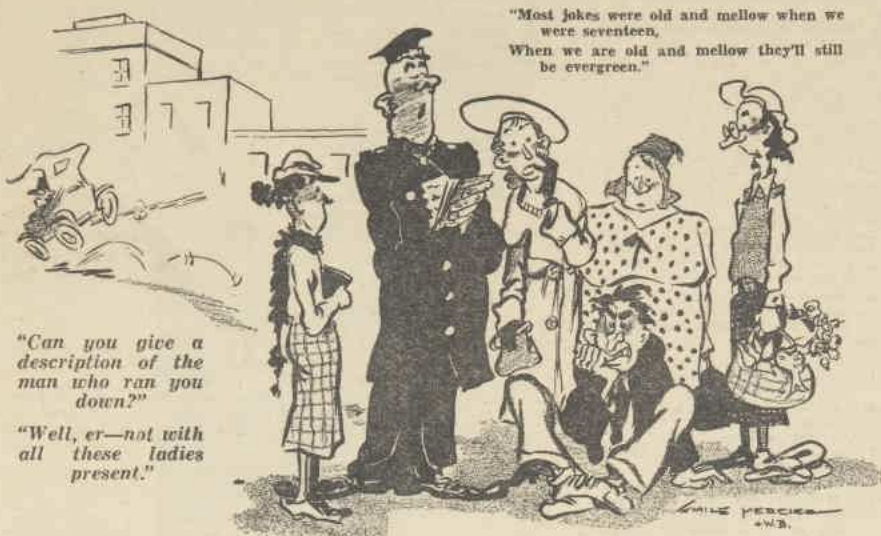
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Some NEW LAUGHS



"How did your wife get on with her slimming diet, Mr. Tweep?"

"Fine — she disappeared completely last week!"

ARTIST: Honestly, you are the first model I have kissed.

MODEL: What other models have you had?

ARTIST: Three apples and an orange.

It isn't
use that
takes the
shine off the kettle...
... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

Harsh cleaning has made many a good kettle unfit to be seen. And harsh scouring methods are the hardest because they leave a scratched surface that holds more and more dirt each time. Smooth cleaning, with Vim, keeps the surface bright and new and easily cleaned. Vim grains are soap-coated—they clean and polish with one quick, light rub. Use Vim and be proud of your kitchen-ware!

**VIM REMOVES THE DIRT...
BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!**



Brainwaves
A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I CAN'T understand why you let your wife's dressmaking bills run up until you are unable to meet them."

"Well, it's easier to arrange with my creditors than with my wife."

"POP, can you help me with this sum, please?"

"I could, Bill, but I don't think it would be right."

"I don't suppose it would, but will you have a shot at it?"

SMALL BOY: How do they catch lunatics, Dad?

Dad (sadly): With face powder, lipstick, and clothes, my boy.

BRENDA: Does your husband help you with the housework?

May: Certainly not! I don't want him to get feminine and try to boss the place.

THE wife arrived home breathless after a day's shopping.

"Look, darling," she said to her husband happily, "I've got one of those new hats without a crown, and a dress without a back, and shoes without toe-caps."

"Well, what about it?" grunted her husband, "look at this suit of mine—it has pockets without money."

Safety First!



**DON'T LET THAT
'HARMLESS' SCRATCH
BECOME SEPTIC**

Cuticura Ointment prevents blood-poisoning—heals ugly skin disease

SAFETY FIRST! Never neglect the slightest scratch. The germs of septic poisoning abound everywhere. You scratch the top of an irritating pimple, prick yourself with a thorn while gardening, graze or scratch yourself at work or play—just smear a little Cuticura Ointment on the spot and you are safe against festering and blood-poisoning. Because Cuticura Ointment kills any germ or poison you may have picked up and keeps

the rest away until the injury is safely and cleanly healed. No home should be without this unfailing healer and protector against septic poison. Cuticura Ointment is the finest, trouble-free antiseptic for skin eruptions and injuries. No mess, no discoloration or stain. Simply smear Cuticura on—it stays on and its germ-killing action heals quickly and surely. For safety's sake, always keep a tin handy.

Relieves and heals
Eczema, Festering Sores,
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Cuts, Burns and all disorders of the Skin and Scalp.

1/3 and 2/6 a tin.



THERE'S HEALING IN EVERY TOUCH

Tone up your skin—bring it radiant.
NEW BEAUTY—



with Peas
Tonic Action

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Peas' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thickness. The softer, mottled, firmer, into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

TRAVEL BUREAU FOR ALL

Little Things

Continued from Page 7

CYNTHIA continued to gaze at the ceiling. "We are not amused," she murmured. "And neither am I. Just as soon have breakfast with a wooden doll. What's the matter with girls nowadays? Are they afraid their faces will crack if they smile? Too many films, that's it."

Cynthia bent forward, patting a yawn. "You're practically obsolete, aren't you, Daddy?"

He was interrupted providentially by the telephone bell. With incredible speed Cynthia came to life and went to answer it.

Dickie came back briefly from his far place. "She's in love," he announced serenely. "With Michael Payne."

Hugh Lane pounced. "What! That Payne fellow with the dimples? That spoiled rich man's son who's likely to end up some day in the police-station, the mad way he drives! Did you know about this?" he demanded of Susan.

Susan hastily gathered up her hat and coat and the little lists she had been making on inadequate scraps of paper. "It's after eight, Hugh. Dickie, eat your porridge, and mind your own business, please."

But Dickie had left them again and was lost in a world of his own. "For heaven's sake, let me get out of this!" cried Hugh. After spearing his last bit of bacon, he hastened into the hall. Cynthia stood with the telephone cupped to her lips. In her face were rapture and fear. She was murmuring, "I don't know—perhaps, this afternoon. I've got to ring off now . . . Good-bye."

From their house to the station it was a twelve-minute drive. But even in this brief interval of semi-privacy he and Susan managed to touch on quite a few controversial points. As for instance, who had left the car lights on and run down the battery?

"Everything seems to cost so much these days," mourned Susan. "Every little thing."

"And there are so many of them," growled Hugh.

The eight-thirty-five was approaching as they reached the station platform. "Well, good-bye," he said. For an instant he hesitated, balanced on the edge of the platform. For an uncountable fraction of time it was still not too late for a hand stretched out, for the softening of a tight lip. A very little thing would have tipped the balance once way or the other; and a very little thing did. Susan gave an exclamation, began to rummage in her handbag.

"Hugh, would you please ring up the dentist—wait, I've got his number here somewhere—and ask him to make another appointment for me on Thursday?"

"Well, I should think you could ring him up yourself."

"But I'm trying to keep the phone bill down. You're in town, and Miss Peters could—"

"All right, all right. Good-bye!" he said, and stuffed Susan's bit of paper into his pocket.

When he finally found a vacant seat it was not in his favorite carriage. What was worse, he had had no time to buy a paper, and here he was stuck for forty-eight minutes with nothing to do but think. A very poor pastime! While anger mounted in him he gloomily gazed out of the window and asked himself whether this was all there was going to be to life? When would the fun begin? It had better be soon, for he was getting old. "And nobody cares," he sighed.

The train pulled into a station. He stared out with bored eyes. Then with a slightly guilty start he drew back from the window. There was that girl again, the one he had successfully avoided two or three times during the past two months.

Doreen, her name was. The first time he saw her she had been selling buttonholes, the week of the Men's Convention. He and two friends, Harry and John, had encountered her when they were buying red carnations for the buttonholes of the speakers at the Men's dinner.

His eyes seemed to look up of their own accord as she entered and she promptly fluttered into the seat beside him.

"Why, it's Mr.—Mr.—Lane!"

He complimented her memory and inquired if she was still doing the same job.

"Oh, no, that was just temporary. You don't know anyone who wants a secretary, do you?" she laughed. "You can see what a good memory I've got. Though it was easy enough to remember you, Mr. Lane," she added.

She was rather ordinary, but with a certain prettiness, and she was bright. And, after all, it wasn't his fault that he had no newspaper.

That morning the ornamental tie business seemed more prone than ever to be difficult. He started when the telephone rang, and was scarcely surprised when Doreen's cheerful voice sounded over the wire.

"WELL, well, so it's you?" he responded cautiously. "Haven't got a job yet? . . . Too bad. Perhaps a spot of lunch would cheer you up? Fine. I'll meet you in ten minutes."

He sprang for his hat and coat, feeling extremely flattered from a combination of fatigue, nervousness, gaiety, and guilt. He scrawled on Miss Jones' pad, "Back at two-fifteen," and felt calmer.

But at two-fifteen Miss Jones expected him in vain. For at that time, in the modest restaurant he had chosen, he was only just beginning to feel himself again. Doreen proved to be a wonderful listener. Sympathetic, too. When he spoke of himself as an old codger, she quickly denied that he was an old codger. "You ought to get about more—not just stick round an old office all day and go to a dull home at night."

By tea-time Doreen had coaxed him on to a dance floor. At five she could scarcely keep him at their table long enough to order the sustenance she required. At five-thirty he was ready to attempt anything. At six his exuberance was greater than hers.

It was a little after this that he remembered, as if he recalled another life, that for twenty years he'd been catching the five-forty-seven home. "Let it go without me," he crowed happily. "Best exercise in the world, dancing. No man can live without exercise."

"Yes, and no girl can live without stockings," retorted Doreen, re-



Blue
Highlights

TO A slender black afternoon coat Mainbocher adds an astonishing shock of color in an upstanding collar and huge bow of vivid blue satin ribbon.

garding a slim leg ruefully. "Look, you did that when you stepped on my foot the last time."

He made a large gesture. "Think no more of it. To-morrow I'll send you a dozen pairs."

Then Doreen said something that set a little bell ringing far back in some remote fastness of his mind. They had dropped into their chairs for a moment. Possibly it seemed to Doreen that the right moment had arrived. She leaned a shoulder pensively towards him and began to talk about the difficulties of her life. "The little things," she sighed.

What regrettable words he might have spoken next he would never know; for even as his heart melted within him the magic of association took charge of a part of his mind. Where had he heard those words before?

In what circumstances, quite different, had a voice spoken mournfully of the cost of little things?

Instinctively he thrust a hand into his pocket. It fetched out a scrap of paper. With an effort he focused his eyes upon a scribbled number. Then he stood up like a man startled by a ghost. He had forgotten to telephone Susan's dentist.

"Excuse me," he muttered, rising

hastily, "got to telephone." It was probably too late now, but at least he could truthfully tell Susan he had tried.

The floor was filling up again with dancers. He started to cut across it and barely missed colliding with a couple drifting slowly, effortlessly past. "Sorry," the boy said. The girl made a faint sound and detached herself. Hugh stared into the face of his daughter, Cynthia.

"Well, daddy," she said in a small clear voice, "stepping out?"

It is said that the first few seconds after a bad shock are mercifully sponged off the slate of memory.

He made a clutch at parenthood, and blustered. "What are you doing here?"

"Everybody comes here, don't they? Daddy, this is Michael Payne—I think you know him?"

It was no moment for stern parenthood. He could only mutter foolishly, "I—I missed the five-forty-seven."

"But there's the seven-ten," Cynthia put in quickly. She looked once more at Doreen. "I think I'll go home with you, daddy."

Please turn to Page 22

Giving children harsh laxatives is unkind . . . and harmful



Here's a Special Child's Preparation—PLEASANT and MILD

When your youngster is out-of-sorts—obviously in need of a thorough intestinal cleansing—and still "fights" taking a laxative, don't get it down as stubbornness. Maybe you are guilty—of thoughtlessness. For when a child objects to such medicine, there's often good cause. The taste may be offensive or the action harsh and unpleasant.

So is it ever fair, or even kind, to force such remedies on your youngster, thus taxing his upset condition still further?

Fortunately, there's no need to resort to such measures. You can get a real child's laxative, "California Syrup of Figs," made primarily for children—and thoroughly pleasant both in taste and action.

In flavour, "California Syrup of Figs"—"Califig"—is as delicious as pure fruit syrup. And, because of its gentle vegetable ingredients, is mild and agreeable in effect. Doctors recommend it. And in thousands of homes where it is used, "California Syrup of Figs" has proved an equally suitable laxative for others in the family—either young or old, especially for women—with whom it is important to avoid the shock of stronger, harsher drugs.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "Califig" and look for "Califig" on the package.

CALIFIG
"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

NATURE'S OWN
LAXATIVE

INDIGESTION

You can Trust this Remedy
to give you

INSTANT RELIEF

Because De Witt's Antacid Powder is made specially for the purpose of correcting and relieving faulty working of the digestive system. This Powder works thoroughly and methodically. **Firstly**, it immediately relieves the pain or discomforts of excess acid; flatulence is eased and heartburn disappears.

Secondly, the colloidal kaolin spreads on the stomach walls, protecting them from the acids which have inflamed them.

Let these Reports Convince You

Unbearable Stomach Pains Relieved.

"I suffered unbearable stomach pains for years. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder and within a week I was looking and feeling better than I have done for years."

Mr. V. E. Willis.

Heartburn, Relief after One Dose.

"I have been suffering for some time from heartburn and sour acid stomach. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder and had relief from the first dose."

Mr. E. J. Erskine.

But the Powder is so fine that the work of digestion goes on perfectly.

Thirdly, one ingredient actually digests a portion of your food.

Fourthly, the digestive organs are toned up and helped back to health, so that excess acid is no longer produced. You then have regained a real healthy digestion, and can eat what you like. Indigestion, acidity, gastritis, dyspepsia, flatulence, heartburn are all rapidly relieved.

Chronic Indigestion, Remedy wonderful.

I suffered from chronic indigestion and sour stomach. Half-a-tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder really worked wonders. I am now able to eat anything."—Mrs. A. E. E. Brabyn.

Don't go in fear of mealtimes another day. Let De Witt's Antacid Powder get to work on your indigestion now. Your digestive system will quickly become healthy and well-regulated. Your stomach will be able to digest your food with ease. Be sure you get—

DEWITT'S
Antacid Powder

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canister, 2/6.

Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of Page 3.



Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers make this rule for themselves by ballot.

SICKNESS AN ASSET

MOST people bemoan sickness, but how few make it an asset! Contrary to the old belief, a sick body does not necessarily make a sick mind. In "the pleasant land of counterpane" one has a chance to rediscover one's self, which the restlessness of health may have made impossible.

With no responsibilities and protected from meeting the world head-on, we can review our past and its failures and build constructively for the future. In illness we have time to think, time to create, time to read widely. And with returning strength we can materialise our fantasies.

That is the positive side of sickness. Too many patients prefer to see only its negative aspect. Illness gives us our big chance to make decisions, if we have the courage not to make it an excuse for sympathy and laziness.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. D. A. Halbert, 9 Alma Rd., Caulfield, Melbourne SE7.

ENGLISH CUSTOMS

IN The Australian Women's Weekly of March 11 an article appeared concerning a Royal Court in Australia during the Duke of Kent's term as Governor-General. As a loyal British subject, I think it an excellent idea for the Duke and Duchess to come to Australia.

But what do we Australians want of English customs that bring traditional rules of precedence? Do we WANT to be more formal or do we want to build our Australian nation to be free and easy?

Miss Betty Rosman, c/o Western Star Office, Roma, Qld.

HOLIDAYS

TO my mind holidays do more harm than good. I think they make one feel dissatisfied and restless.

I have just arrived home from my annual leave, during which I saw new scenery and met new people. All this has made my everyday life seem very ordinary and has given me a feeling of discontent which seems to persist in spite of my efforts to throw it off.

Perhaps other people feel differently. I should like to know.

Miss M. Devine, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne Cl.

BOOK JUDGING

JUDGING books by their ending seems to be a favorite pastime of many readers. They will open a book at the first page, read a few words, then turn to the last pages. If they like the ending, they consider the book worth reading.

Genuine readers would not dream of doing this. They prefer to read and judge as they proceed and not spoil a story by anticipating the final scenes.

Miss Lett Waddy, Glenroy, West Ryde, N.S.W.

LETTER-WRITING

WHY is it that so many people seem to have lost the art of letter-writing?

Seldom, in these days, when time seems to fly by on its proverbial wings, do we read a carefully-composed or correctly-written letter; and little or no time is devoted to this one-time art.

With premeditation and forethought what a lot could be done to revive this art.

Let us bring to light our latent thoughts and give more of our spare moments to letter-writing.

Miss P. Bradlock, Alice St., Sefton Park, S.A.

Marriage ties
bar to
business success?

IN reply to Mrs. J. W. Davis (8/4/39), I agree that marriage is no bar to success.

The married man knows he has to provide for others as well as himself, and this, without anything else, is an incentive to get on and advance.

Mrs. A. Curry, 36 Alexandra Ave., Canterbury, Vic.

More chances

IT is a well-known fact, Mrs. J. W. Davis, that married men are given opportunities never extended to single men simply because they are married. Add to this a wife ever ready to help and encourage her husband.

Why should a married man NOT succeed?

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

Happy home life

NO, a wife is not a handicap to a man's business success.

Rather is she the cause of a man's success.

If a man has a happy home life, has a wife he really loves, he will no doubt seek to make a success of his business so that he can keep his wife in comfort. It is very true that two heads are better than one, and a wife can do much to help her husband to be a success.

Miss E. Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

Lack of interest

MARRIAGE can be a terrible handicap to a man if he has chosen a wife who lacks understanding of his work and aims.

If a woman takes no interest in her husband's means of livelihood, he, in time, becomes discouraged, or loses interest himself.

Mutual understanding is not easily arrived at. If it falls altogether, or even partially, couples drift apart. Tuning in to each other's moods and wishes is the foundation of married friendship.

If this can be achieved, a successful married man is twice blessed, and the happiness of his marriage will act as a spur to greater attainments.

Miss K. Irons, 21 Bond St., Chilling, Geelong, Vic.

Needs motive

MOST men have initiative and women sometimes supply the motive for success. If a man sets out to reach a certain objective in business, he needs his wife's understanding, because success is not always achieved without difficulty and want.

Monetary gain is nothing without a contented mind and the knowledge that one has brought happiness to the partner in married life.

Mr. W. D. Rosler, 995 Heidelberg Rd., Darebin, Melbourne.

Shared success

UNWISE marriage may sometimes be a handicap to a man's success, but how often are advancement and success indirectly due to the wife's influence and advice?

The wise wife makes important social contacts for her husband, and



Keeps wife in comfort.

If he truly loves her, she is the best spur to his ambition. For her sake he aims higher, secures more qualifications and achieves greater successes.

Also, shared success brings infinitely more happiness.

Mrs. D. A. Lancaster, 221 High St., Belmont, Geelong, Vic.

Intensive study
and
future freedom

MISS M. BULL (8/4/39) asks if study is worth while.

Any study and sacrifice that one makes when young to provide for advanced years are well worth the trouble. When people are young, they have the energy to work hard, but when age creeps along they need security.

Sickness, failure of faculties, and general weakening make it very difficult to maintain the battle of life.

Preparation and industry during youth dispel this fear, and ensure a happy old age.

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Keep up studies

IF studying will give security in the future, then stick at it, Miss Bull. It will be well worth while.

How often one hears folk say: "I wish I had kept up my studies when I was young," or "If only I had my time over again I'd not neglect my music as I did."

It is only when we reach mature years that we look back and realize our lost opportunities.

Ivy F. Vaudin, Enoggera NW2, Qld.

Training needed

NO, Miss Bull, your studying is not in vain, as long as it is backed by ambition.

Nowadays it is only the trained person who can successfully fill a position. After all, what are a few

Too Much Talk
About Dogs

MANY women seem to have more devotion for their dogs than for their homes and husbands.

Nowadays, when visiting friends, one often is introduced to Digger or Fido as the most important member of the household. Then there is a long, boring discussion on his cleverness, and one has to suffer his presence all the afternoon.

Anne Farquhar, 7 Meredith St., Elwood, Vic.

years of lost freedom compared with many years of security?

Keep on with your studies. The reward is well worth the effort.

Mrs. A. Young, Morayfield, N.C. Line, Qld.

Unsuitable work

YES, Miss Bull, security in later years is worth all the freedom you lose now.

You have to study and work hard for a few years, but if you don't do so you will probably have to spend years working in some job for which you are entirely unsuited, and which will take far more of your future time and freedom than the better position which your present studies may make possible.

Mrs. J. Haigh, 7 Spring St., Preston, Vic.

Will be contented

I GAVE up many pleasures, devoted all my spare hours to study, to gain a musical diploma which has since been a treasured possession.

As I was earning my own living, I very often had to accept unconventional forms of employment.

I learned, however, that if one can discipline one's self with study one assuredly possesses the power of being contented and happy.

Possessing this power, recreation that some people regard as essential is not missed.

Mrs. M. Graham, Boulderscombe, Rockhampton, Qld.

Are office girls
efficient
in work hours?

AREN'T you a little hard on office girls, L. C. Cross (8/4/39)?

Business men are usually shrewd, and they would not employ girls if they were not efficient.

While a clerk in an office, I always found that the members of the staff who worked overtime were



Has eye on clock.

the girls. At 4.59 p.m. the males had all disappeared. They were the most efficient at clock-watching.

Ivy F. Vaudin, Norman Tee, Enoggera, Qld.

Much in demand

A VERY true saying, L. C. Cross, is "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Likewise, the proof of our girls' efficiency is the fact that they hold their jobs, and are constantly in demand.

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

Some exceptions

MY word, L. Cross, you do feel cross about the modern girl! But they are not all inefficient.

TH admit that some of the young girls of to-day are not so consistent as our mothers were. But then, they did not have permanent waves and lipstick and rouge to use, or have their eyebrows plucked.

Of course, all this takes time, and so you could not expect a girl to look dowdy among the other flappers, could you?

Mrs. E. M. Foote, 4 Bristol St., Eastwood, S.A.

Time-wasters

I AGREE with L. C. Cross' assertion that many office girls are expert time-wasters.

The time wasted by girls in the average office in gossip, facial treatment, handwashing, and tea brewing is amazing. If any group of men indulged in similar time-killing, they would be fired.

Women may be efficient, but only in spurts. The fact that they are paid a smaller wage indicates that men are more efficient.

F. Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

Can bargain well

WHAT about men who smoke under cover when there is no one looking?

I have a number of girl friends in offices, and, believe me, they are the essence of honesty and efficiency, and do not waste time over wondering which horse to back in the next race!

Women are definitely shrewder than men, and can make a better bargain for their employers.

R. Hall, Violet St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Make-up favored

WOMEN are efficient. Consider private secretaries whose employers depend on them for everything—correspondence, banking, appointments, etc. These competent women are trained to a degree both in mind and business personality. They know just what is required of them and they fulfil their duties with efficiency equal to, if not greater than, that of any men.

If they do take a little time in the office over their appearance, what of it? I'm sure their employers would rather see this than employ untidy girls with unkempt hair and shining noses.

Miss A. Willis, 125 Unwin's Bridge Rd., Tempe, N.S.W.

SMALL DICTATORS

MOST Australians express dislike of dictators, yet how many of them exercise a miniature dictatorship in their own lives?

The husband issues orders to his wife, the wife orders her servants, the employer dictates to his employees, and the schoolteacher to the child.

Just as co-operation is essential to the success of a democracy, so it is essential to the success of the individual. It is more pleasant to obtain that co-operation by asking rather than demanding.

The individual with sufficient sense of duty will gladly co-operate without stern orders, and the wise person should remember this and prefix requests with "Please."

Mrs. L. Whitehead, 186 Gipps St., Abbotsford, Vic.

CHOICE OF NAMES

WHO should have first choice in naming the children? I have heard many arguments on this question.

I think the mother should have first choice. She usually consults her husband, in any case, but he should not insist that his selection should be used if it differs from hers.

S. H. Gillan, Jerseyville, Macleay River, N.S.W.

MEN'S CLOTHES

I HAVE read that some men are taking to colors in their choice of clothes. My opinion is that they should hesitate to wear more than one color.

What looks nicer on a man than a plain suit, no matter what color? And how very handsome he looks in evening dress.

Mrs. C. Boest, 14 Livingstone Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

NATIONAL ASSET

WOULD it be asking too much to add still another to the list of compulsory subjects for school-girls—first-aid combined with home nursing?

The advantage of such training for use in after years goes without saying. From a national viewpoint it is of vital importance.

Mrs. S. J. Keane, Box 97, Innisfail, Qld.

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"BUT what about

me?" Michael Payne exclaimed. "I can take you both home . . . if you don't mind the dicky seat, Mr. Lane."

"But he does. Father hates a dicky. Look, Michael, I'm terribly sorry, but you see I—I never have a chance to go home with father in the train."

Even in his misery Hugh knew that his daughter was risking the favor of one whose favor rated high in her world, and that she was doing it for him. Before he could protest, Michael proved himself a man in spite of his dimples.

"That's all right, Cynthia," he nodded quickly. "Come along, I'll get a taxi for you." His eyes met Hugh's levelly. "See you at the door, sir."

Hugh stood for a moment where they had left him. Then he caught the eye of his waiter, put a note in his hand, and told him to tell the young lady at the table that he had a train to catch. He fled without a backward glance.

In the train Cynthia turned her shoulder to him again and stared out of the window. He tried a stern tone. "Cynthia, does your mother know—did she tell you you could go into town this afternoon with—Michael Payne?"

"No."
"Well then, how did you—"
She had the grace to redden. "She thinks I went home from my meeting this afternoon with one of the girls."

"Oh! That was a nice trick to play on your mother."

She jerked round and gave him the full impact of her young scornful face. "You'd better not talk to me about playing a trick on Mother. You—you'd better not talk about my mother at all."

Stunned, Hugh could think of nothing to say. He was aware that he stood on the brink of an irreparable loss. The love of his daughter had been the treasure of his life, and now perhaps he had lost her forever. She resented and scorned

him with all the unshaded fervor of youth.

"This is real trouble," he thought. "Cynthia, don't you think your mother means as much to me as to you?"

Her lips trembled. "I used to think so, but now I don't know. I don't believe you know Mother as well as I do. You don't know how hard she works. She puts in all her time on us or the house, she buys clothes for us before she gets a thing for herself, she's always having to take someone in the car somewhere. She doesn't go dancing in the afternoon with some—some gigolo."

He sighed. "You resent my having a little fun?"

"It was silly, if you want to know. It made me feel like—like— Oh, I don't know what Michael must think of us!"

He wanted to snort, to declare that it did not matter what Michael thought; and a few hours earlier he would have done so. But all the brash insolence had gone out of him now. He had an odd conviction that he and Cynthia were looking at each other for the first time as two human beings. He knew that they must find each other now or never again.

He said gently, "You think a lot of Michael, my dear?"

"I—yes, I did. But I don't suppose there's any use now."

"You know, I think you're wrong about that. Michael seems to have good manners and good sense. I don't think he's going to hold it against you because you have a—silly father."

She looked at him, startled. "Michael Payne had better not say you're silly!"

"I don't think he will. After all, he looked at me from a different angle than you do, remember. I was not a father, but another man, to him."

Cynthia stared again out of the window. After a while she said coldly, "I don't think I like men much."

Little Things

Continued from Page 20

He smiled sadly. "I suppose all women feel like that sometimes. And sometimes men don't like women. Life doesn't turn out to be so simple as it seems in the beginning. We all fumble sometimes and make mistakes. Even you will make a mistake or two before you die, Cynthia."

She considered this, wide-eyed. "Do you think Mother makes mistakes? I mean, really?"

"Your mother," he declared, "is a fine, sweet, and gentle person. Better than I deserve."

She sighed, as if from relief. "I suppose she's better than I deserve, too. It's going to be very hard on her when I get off the train with you. As she thinks that I'm at Amy's."

HE must have made a sound of discomfort, for Cynthia turned towards him and their eyes met. The unhappiness in hers met the hang-dog misery in his.

Cynthia stammered, "Will she—take it hard, Daddy? I mean, it'll be pretty hard to tell about me without explaining about you, won't it?"

He felt ashamed. Not for what he'd done—that had been a mere outburst—but because he didn't know what he might have done. And he suspected that Cynthia, suddenly grown up, was suffering for him from the same uncertainty. Hang it all, this needed more thinking out than there was time for. The train was already coming into their station.

"We're here," he muttered. She quavered, "Daddy, wait. What shall I say?"

He started to get up. "The truth, of course," he told her grimly.

They got off the train and crossed the platform to the place where Susan always waited. She was not there. It was a reprieve, of course, but in the taxi-cab Hugh felt aggrieved. Susan hardly ever failed to meet him with the car. He and Cynthia rode home in silence.

When they reached the house they knew Mrs. Lane was at home, for the car was in the drive. "I'll put it in the garage," Hugh said. "You go on in."

But when he crossed the lawn Cynthia was close behind him. Light streamed out of the dining-room windows. Dickie was finishing his supper. Susan had evidently been reading to him, but now sat silent, smiling at her son. Her hair was ruffled, there was a smudge on one cheek, she looked tired but peaceful.

Unexpectedly in the darkness Cynthia slipped her hand under her father's arm. "Mother's sweet," she sighed. A moment's silence, then she added quickly, faintly, "Daddy, you can tell her about me. But don't—oh, please don't let's tell her about you."

Then she put her cheek against his shoulder and sighed. He knew she was no longer a child. She had caught a glimpse of the weakness of her elders. She had learned the beginning of pity.

He put his arms round her. "Don't worry, dear. Just remember this: I love your mother, your mother loves me. It isn't going to change. It's bigger than all the little things. Come now, wipe your eyes, darling, and let's go in."

Susan smiled from the door of the dining-room. She wanted to know if Hugh was starving. Mary had had to go home early, but there was some dinner keeping hot in the oven. "Are you tired, dear? You must have had to work awfully late."

Before he could reply she caught sight of Cynthia behind him. "Ah, there you are, darling! I was just thinking of coming to fetch you home. I suppose Amy brought you? Did you have a nice time?"

Cynthia pressed her nose into her mother's neck, murmuring, "You all right, Mummy?"

Susan looked slightly surprised. "Of course I'm all right. Why?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it's your wild hair."

"Your hair would be wild if you'd had a day like mine," Susan laughed. "This morning I had to go to the police station because I had forgotten to renew the dog licence, and this afternoon I got the bumpers of the car locked with Mrs. Whiteley's, in front of the baker's, and it took three men to separate us . . . Did you say you had dinner at Amy's, Cynthia?"

HUGH interposed

quickly. "I believe a glass of milk would be marvellous."

"I'll get it for you, Daddy. Sit down, for heaven's sake, Mums," Cynthia disappeared into the kitchen.

Susan relaxed into a chair. "I am a little tired. Dickie, you'd better go to bed. It's after your time."

Dickie's absent-minded eyes cleared. "But I wanted to see how Daddy liked the—you know what, Mother."

Susan laughed, hugged him, and pushed him towards the hall. In the kitchen Cynthia hummed under her breath, clinked dishes, slammed doors. Dickie charged up the stairs with strange stampings and bellowings. He was a herd of buffalo. Hugh Lane heard these familiar sounds, and all at once he knew the meaning of the word home. He leaned over and kissed the top of Susan's head.

Her hand instantly reached up for his. "It's good to have you all home. It's such a dark night. Did you have a hard day, dear? What made you so late?"

"Your milk, Daddy," cried Cynthia from the doorway.

When she had put down the glass, for an instant she hugged his head in the crook of her arm. "If you don't need me, darlings, I think I'll go to bed," she said. "I'll be awake when you come up, if you want to come into my room, Mother."

She got as far as the door, but then she looked back and added, as if she could not quite make it sound so light as she meant it to, "I love you both, children," and ran up the stairs.

Susan locked the kitchen door, began to put out lights. Hugh stood up and drew an unsteady breath. Should he tell her at the foot of the stairs? Should he wait until to-morrow? Should he tell her at all? He went to the hall door and looked at Susan. She had switched on another light, and under it her face was shining and young with amusement. "Surprise!" She swept an arm upwards triumphantly.

He took a step down the hall and gazed up at a haughty nose and branching horns. His head! In a better light, a more honorable position than it had ever occupied. "Well, I'll be darned!" He was so touched that he could think of nothing to say.

"Doesn't he look handsome?" Susan glowed. "The odd-job man and I brushed and combed him, and, my goodness, what a time we had getting him up there! Nothing but an earthquake will ever bring him down again. Do you like him there, Hugh?"

For a moment he couldn't speak.

He muttered, "I got so darned mad, I suppose I had to blow off steam . . . Susan, I went dancing this afternoon with a silly girl."

She looked up, startled and, for a moment, frightened. Then her eyes grew steady, though a little sad. "You did, Hugh? And did it help?"

"No." He caught her in his arms and rested his cheek against her hair. "But it's all right now."

She was silent for a moment. Then she put an arm tightly about him. "I'm glad," she smiled.

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Pale, Nervy Women

Gain New Strength Quick

Don't think that because work and worry have left you weak, nervous, pale and exhausted in mind and body that you must go on feeling weak and nervy. If the least thing tires you out—if you are nervous and fretful—if unhappy thoughts and fears gnaw at your mind and heart; if you can't eat, and sleep is poor—get some Phosphorated Iron from your chemist straight away, and take two tablets with each meal. Phosphorated Iron is the wonderful combination that has restored nerve force, mental vigour and physical energy to tens of thousands of run-down men and women. Its whole goodness is concentrated in easy-to-take tablets, and it is surprising how quickly nervous strain disappears and sleep becomes restful and refreshing. Ask for—Phosphorated Iron.

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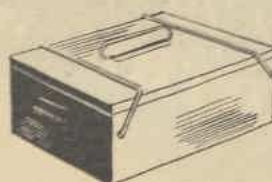


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Autumn into Spring

For modern sub-debs

The crisp air that is Autumn makes young thoughts wander to clothes that are smart and warm, yet suitable when the sun shines hot. Velvet frocks, for instance, in warm shades of Monterey blue, cherry trimmed, or cherry trimmed with navy. Sizes 28, 30, 33, 36, 18/11. Or "Raintex" shower-proof tweed coats, in mist blue and brown. Sizes 28, 30, 33/6. 33, 36, 35/-.

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BLANKET DEPARTMENT, FIRST FLOOR. LAYBY

WE are told by the philosophers that by a knowledge of the history of the past we may gauge the probabilities of the future. Well, why didn't someone tell me that City Tatt's Cup meeting is always a benefit for the books?

I could have gotten me a taxi and gone home. Or I could have minimised loss by reducing my betting. But I plunged on recklessly and was lost.

We were all betting with such success that it looked as if the general rule about City Tatt's meetings would be entirely upset. It was a lovely day, there were 30,000 people at Randwick, the Gold Cup stood in its case as demure as any cup might look which is going to be won by the public favorite, and everything was bright and going with a swing.

I had gotten out of the way of betting on hurdles, but I saw Mrs.

Betty's "racey" narratives

Philosophers fool you, but I've a yen for Binnia Hero

By BETTY GEE

Dol Clayton heading for the double books for a transaction on "this and the next" about an hour before the first race started, and realising she had Tredonner in the Hurdle, I simply waited off until the race, and, disdaining doubles, took £3/10/- to £1 about Tredonner straight out.

My logic was all right. He was so superior he had to go to the front a mile from home to make an easy

win of it, and he simply trotted in. I think he will win everything he starts in over jumps, and I'm going to follow him in everything from now on.

I was thrilled to get £12 to £1 about our big tip, Binnia Hero, for the Youthful Stakes. Evidently the books didn't know how good it was, but just as a safeguard I had £1 on the place tote. Binnia Hero began his run far too late, and came only second, but the place tote gave me back £3/12/- for my £1, and I wish

all place betting would be as generous.

Shrewd heads said Binnia Hero should have walked in. Stewards reported after the race that he swung from the barrier and lost 3 lengths. Even after that he was beaten only 13 lengths.

Well, if that's the case, I'm going to make this two-year-old my hero for the time being, and follow him until he's won two or three races.

That sweet little apprentice, W. Lappin, was on June for the Denman, and, of course, what else could a girl do but venture a pound on him at 3 to 1.

He has such a nice, artistic technique, letting horses go ahead of him and then suddenly swooping down on them like a tornado, and that's what he did this time to gain an easy win, and I am sure the Judge is entirely wrong when he says June won by only half a neck.

And then came the debacle when outsiders won the next two races and a long shot the last. Punters were doomed, but none of us knew it.

Out of the Wreck

Nobody should bet upon Novice races at Randwick, but I had Baveon from Mrs. Caselberg, wife of Dr. E. L. Caselberg, of Wollongong, for a sure thing for the Trial, and took £8 to £1, and then there was my own tip, Silver Joan, which I had to back each way on the tote; another £2. Baveon was left right behind the field and finished fourth, but Silver Joan came third, so I got back £2/15/- from the wreck for my investments.

I thought the books were demerited when they bet me £20 to £1 about Bachelor King for the Cup, because later a rush set in and he shortened to 10's, but, after all, the books knew what they were about.

My cup of bitterness was filled to the brim when Darby Mamro-leapt Heroic Faith out in front in the last race, but another jockey squeezed up the field and almost brought him down, and that was the end of my £8 to £1. But I'm going to issue a warning to keep on following Heroic



Faith, especially if he runs in the mile at Moorfield week after next. But it's bad luck to lose just when he's struck form, simply because jockeys wrestle instead of ride.

All the flower of the Sydney Turf has gone to Brisbane for the Cup meeting, which also commences on Saturday, and I've had the tip to be on Hamurah for the Stradbroke Handicap on Saturday.

Little Willie Lappin is going up to ride Waireka in the same race, and she is worth a place tote bet.

Spear Chief is considered already past the post for the weight-for-age race, the King's Plate.

For Monday, I have L'Aiglon at a sewn-up certainty for the £3000 Brisbane Cup, from the Syndicate.

Now a word about Warwick Farm's meeting next Saturday.

I've had a very strong tip from somebody who knows the stable-boys about Lord Sun for the Hurdle, and he likes the course, so he is confidently expected to win there on Saturday.

A horse called Numeral has been "bottled up" for the Encourage Handicap, the head waiter says, and Aureus, who won at Randwick during Easter Week, will have his next win in the Flying at Warwick Farm, he adds.

Kai Tere is referred to as "a rod in pickle" to cane the bookies in the Sunnybrook Welter—and serves them right.

The florist's girl says Adonis is a certainty for the Farm Novice because she has it from her Adonis, and he gets it straight from Frank McGrath's stable, where he's trained.

In the photograph, 952. Medium Full bust, 34-40. Below, 926, Medium bust, 32-38. The Gothic Arch of Cordtex lifts from beneath, without strain on shoulder straps.

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GOTHIC by Berlei

Wanted—a parking place for baby

Central nurseries where mothers could leave their babies for a short period under the care of a trained nurse for a nominal fee are suggested in a letter from an Australian Women's Weekly reader.

MRS. C. M. SPROULE, of Darcy St., Parramatta, writes:—

"In the city on a busy Friday I saw many women with very young children or babies.

"Tired-looking women were carrying heavy babies, and many were trying to manoeuvre 'strollers' to the inconvenience of themselves and others, through the crowded streets and stores.

"I wonder that, while many of the large stores provide rest-rooms and other services for their patrons, they do not provide a nursery with an attendant for very young children.

"Perhaps some society or the Government could establish a nursery in a central position in the city where a mother could leave her baby, at a nominal fee, with a trained nurse, and thus be able to shop in comfort without anxiety for her baby."

"What can we do with baby?" is a very real problem not only for mothers with shopping to do, but for young parents who may want to visit friends or go to the pictures together in the evenings.

A scheme for "parking stations" for babies would solve the problem for countless parents who cannot afford domestic help.

Several organisations in Australia have tried to solve the problem.

In several cities there are "Universal Aunts" who will come to a home for a few hours in the evening to watch the baby, but this is an individual service which not all young couples could afford.

A few big stores have creches for shoppers' children, but they are available only in the daytime.

One Sydney suburban picture theatre provides a soundproof creche with nurses in attendance. The creche is glass-fronted so that mothers sitting in the audience can keep an eye on their offspring.

A very efficient daytime parking service is provided by the Victorian Railways in their model creche at Flinders St. station, but it is the only one of its kind.

Apart from these, young mothers must call upon relatives or the "little girl from next door" to deputise for them.

The problem could be solved with creches on a large enough scale to make the fee small in central areas in cities and suburbs.

Backache?

Backache, pains in limbs, kidney and bladder weakness, getting up nights are caused by poisons in your arteries and blood stream. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the great medicine for the arteries, cleanses your blood-stream, bringing quick relief from these agonising pains, and a 3 months course will add years to your life.

Refuse poor substitutes. A month's flask is 6/6, 12-day Dr. Mackenzie's flask 3/6. MENTHOIDS your chemist.

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The Movie World

April 29, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 TYRONE POWER, embittered by land-thieves' slaying of Jane Darwell.



2 TURNED BANDIT, Tyrone is guarded by his gang when he marries neighbor Nancy Kelly.



3 NANCY lives a fugitive's life with Tyrone and his brother, Henry Fonda.



4 SENT BACK to her uncle, Henry Hull, Tyrone's wife watches always for his return.



5 GROWN NOTORIOUS throughout America as a bank robber, Tyrone eludes the law for years.



6 JOHN CARRADINE, one of his accomplices, threatens to spoil Tyrone's dream of reformation.

When winter nights are cold and chill,
And winds blow 'round the door,
Wear Kayser—
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Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER,
from New York and Hollywood

Pidgeon pie

FOR a long time one of Walter Pidgeon's favorite pastimes has been chasing fire engines. Emerging from an MGM sound stage the other day, he heard the tantalizing scream of the sirens, saw the studio fire department tearing en masse up a nearby street, and rushed along after them to see the fun. He found the engine parked outside the star dressing-room building, with firemen pouring gallons of water over his brand new roadster which somehow had caught fire.

No fake

IN a scene in "Stanley and Livingstone," Nancy Kelly has to administer a generous dose of quinine to Richard Greene, who, supposedly, is down with a jungle fever. In rehearsal, Dick tried nobly to grimace as he swallowed some chocolatey goo. Then the cameras began to grind. Nancy gave him the medicine. Dick spluttered and spat in surprise and disgust. Director Henry King was delighted. He decided Dick had to get the real thing if he was to look as if he was swallowing quinine.

Mood for chintz

WITH the help of Adrian, who designs clothes for MGM stars, and dabbles in interior decorating in his spare time, Joan Crawford recently redecorated her living-room. The room, formerly a blue-and-white formal affair, was given an entirely new appearance by the addition of ivory chintz slip covers, with an apple-green and blue design to chairs and chesterfields.

Coffee for one

CHARACTER actress Flora Robson is the only member of the all-British "Wuthering Heights" cast who does not join in the four o'clock tea ceremony. This being her first visit to America, she has adopted a "when in Rome" attitude, and downs a cup of good American coffee while her fellow players sip tea.

Deanna's ring

DEANNA DURBIN is proudly displaying her new ring—a gold band set with a zircon, her birthstone, and six tiny diamonds. "It's made from mother's wedding ring," she explained. "Last Christmas Daddy gave her a beautiful platinum ring to take the place of the plain gold one she'd always worn, so mother had her old one remade for me!"

Lucky day

NICE gesture department: Among several hundred extras in a mob scene for "Lucky Night," Myrna Loy spotted a girl who used to be in her class at a dancing school. They staged a grand reunion, and when Myrna learned her old friend's extra job had been none too frequent, she went into action. Now the girl, Marie Weiss, has the studio's promise of jobs in all forthcoming Myrna Loy pictures.

Wholesale trade

ONE of those statistical people has been checking up, and has discovered there are no fewer than 300 Press agents in Hollywood. Considering the town's population, it's probably something of a record.

Now it's Gunman Tyrone

●BASED UPON the exploits of that famous bandit, "Jesse James," who ranged through America after the Civil War, this 20th Century-Fox film has Tyrone Power in the title role. First a farm lad, Tyrone vows vengeance upon the new railroad, when its land-grabbing hielings kill his mother, Jane Darwell. He first holds up the train, then, with his brother, Henry Fonda, drifts into a life of crime. His wife, played by Nancy Kelly, and their small child are at length his reasons for wishing to begin life anew.

Candy and cramp

AN unusual set mishap sent a dozen movie stunt men to the Warners' studio hospital the other day. They'd been working in a flight scene in which several of them were hurled through "breakaway" windows.

These windows are usually made of a boiled candy which looks like glass to the camera, and it's quite customary for stunt men to nibble pieces of the smashed windows when the scenes are completed, which is exactly what they did on this occasion.

But they hadn't been told that the "glass" had been made by a new process in which a special resin takes the place of the candy. After eating the "glass," they doubled up with cramp, caused by the resin, and had to be rushed off to hospital.



• Cesar Romero snapped dining with Ann Sheridan. Romero happened to be growing a beard for his next part.



• Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, with Oren Haglund, a candid shot that reveals lines as well as youth and beauty.

Glamor is menaced

....By the candid camera

REVELATIONS OF SNAPSHOT FIENDS
CAUSE A WAVE OF FORMAL DRESSING
AND FINER MANNERS IN HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD is in a ferment about the candid camera. It's the greatest menace to glamor reputations the stars have faced since the morality drive cleaned up the morals of private and celluloid existence.

One candid camera shot can destroy in a minute the glamor build-up of years. Glamor build-ups cost money, big money, and anyway, if your face is your fortune, it's serious.

The trouble is the camera can lie—and does.

Every screen fan knows that the people whose shadows she adores can't really be as beautiful as all that. The right camera angle, cunning lighting, and perfect make-up give astonishing beauty to a plain face.

A cruel candid camera shot can lie just as loudly in the other direction. If there's a camera addict in your home, you'll understand.

The craze was bad enough when it began and snapshots were swapped with laughter (sometimes chagrined, sometimes pointed) among the film people themselves, but it has now developed into a major racket.

Unscrupulous and often malicious photographers are selling their shots to sensation-seeking editors—and the more unflattering the picture the higher the price.

The climax came recently when a major star joined a yachting party and was photographed by one of these fiends in the act of being rather unprettily sick over the side.

The story got out and an editor offered \$50 for the negative—which makes a dangerously profitable business of the peep-show camera.

Published "candid" have also focused the spotlight on defections in the manners of some Hollywoodites. Mrs. Emily Post, the American authority on etiquette, recently criticised several stars for breaks revealed in the public prints.

Shock for Polite

GALLANT Charles Boyer shocked her by talking to a lady without taking the cigarette from his mouth. Gene Raymond was photographed giving a dutiful kiss to his mother-in-law—with his hat on.

Mrs. Post was horrified at a snapshot showing Dolores del Rio repairing her complexion at the table in a cafe, and she severely criticised Constance Bennett for looking bored while dancing. A little more animation, please!

So while the snooper with the lens remains a pest, film stars need mend their manners.

Already a great change has come over the off-the-set dressing of Hollywood. Formerly, players who spent day in and day out being groomed and glamorised for the camera felt justified in relaxing between times.

That's why Hollywood was such a place for casual clothes, crumpled slacks, and a shirt and undressed coiffures being regarded by most as the right thing for leisure hours.

After all, it's not humanly possible for anyone to have the screen look of impeccable grooming and shining beauty in the stress and strain of daily life.

But now, haunted by the fear of unflattering portraiture, Hollywood has had to take to formality in private dressing.

Two stars who had no need to change their habits are Nelson Eddy and Claudette Colbert. Eddy is noted for the nattiness of his dress. He never wears sports coats and slacks, but always lounge suits.

Claudette is an arch-enemy of slovenliness, and her pet aversion is the use of slacks, pyjamas, or old clothes in leisure hours.

Robert Taylor, on the other hand, doesn't care how he looks; and Errol Flynn's snapshots suggest that he is even worse. When the Basil Rathbones gave a magnificent housewarming at their new home, Hollywood turned up in its most impressive togethery.

Not so the Independent Errol! An ordinary two-piece lounge suit, a shirt with a turned-down sports collar, and a loosely-tied striped tie were formal enough for him, though his wife, Lili Damita, was all dressed up Edwardian-like, with high-piled coiffure topped by roses, decollete formal gown, mittens, black velvet throat-band, and all.

Yes, the candid camera has certainly added another burden to the penalties of film fame. The screen kings and queens have got to be as fine and as fancy as they seem.



• Nelson Eddy, at his hobby of carving wooden figures. Eddy, always carefully dressed, does not fear snapshots.



• Hedy Lamarr with her husband, Gene Markey. If all candid camera pictures retained the charm of their subjects as this one does for Hedy, players would have nothing to fear from photographers.



• Claudette Colbert, another star who never dresses in casual clothes.



• Bob Taylor, caught in an incredibly shabby old coat, helps Barbara Stanwyck into hers. Bob's an actor who doesn't care how he looks.

Meet....

Two young matrons of Hollywood

RED-HAIRED SINGER AND SWEET-SHOP GIRL ENJOY SAME RECIPE FOR LIVING

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, from Hollywood

TWO lovely grey-eyed girls, Shirley Ross and Ellen Drew, are two of Hollywood's happiest young marrieds to-day.

For they are a success in their film careers, and in their private lives, too.

They come from different environments: golden-curved Shirley was a blues singer, and brown-haired Ellen worked in a sweet shop. But they share the same secret.

That secret is their recipe for living—and their recipe for living is hard work.

It is difficult to believe it to-day. Shirley has the furs, jewels and limelight in Paramount's new glamor-film, "Cafe Society." And Ellen has gone straight from Ronald Colman's adventure, "If I Were King," to the role of Preston Foster's leading lady in the same studio's "Great Enemy."

Away from the cameras, Shirley is the radiant wife of actors' agent Ken Dolan. They eloped to Mexico six months ago.



And Ellen, married long before she imagined a screen career, has an adorable three-year-old boy.

Fans are clamoring for more pictures from the pair. But adulation can never turn their heads—since both have their feet firmly on the ground.

"I love to work hard," says Shirley calmly. "I'm used to it; and I believe in it! I've worked hard practically all my life."

At six years of age the future singer was practising the piano five hours a day. She was a trained and tried concert pianist before she entered the University of California.

Band-leader Gus Arnheim heard about the undergraduate who could sing popular songs as well as she could play. Shirley left her books to become an orchestra crooner, was discovered by the screen—and worked in dishearteningly minor roles for over two years—before she was given her real chance in "Big Broadcast of 1937."

"I learned a lot in those two years," says Shirley. "I learned how foolish it is to get conceited over a little success. You may be defeated to-morrow. And from watching other people, I learned the stupidity of frivolling away your time, when you should be working to prepare yourself for that big chance."



● Gardens instead of night-clubs see both these young Hollywood matrons in their leisure hours. Shirley Ross (at the top) pauses from doing some active gardening in order to light a cigarette. Ellen Drew (below) relaxes in a playsuit and a new lounging chair. Both possess enviably full wardrobes of smartly-cut and gaily-colored outfits for sports and casual wear.

Ellen Drew's story is much more that of any young girl in any big city. She worked for her living; and she worked in a shop.

She left school when she was 16, because her family needed her small earnings. Indeed, for years she and her mother lived upon her magnificent salary of £2 a week—and that sum buys much less in Chicago than it does in Australia.

Ellen moved to another town, and to bigger money—a £1 rise. Then Hollywood called. But when she and her young husband arrived in California they both found, like so many other young people, that it was impossible to find studio entry.

"I am trained as a shop girl," declared Ellen stoutly. "Don't worry, I know how to get work." For a year she was behind the counter in a confectionery shop near Grauman's famous Chinese Theatre. From measuring out sweets, Ellen could look up and watch them making preparations for the glittering premieres when the audiences were composed of stars. But Ellen—who was still answering to her christened name of Terry Raye—went on working.

Two years ago agent William Demarest walked into the shop to buy some sweets—and walked out again with a star "discovery" on his mind. He took Ellen to Paramount studio, and she was entered in the dramatic school.

Even more than Shirley, Ellen has to-day a grand excuse for playing the extravagant film star. But she has never changed her manner, her outlook, or her way of living.

Her friends are still the girls in the confectionery shop. Her home is a modest bungalow, which she shares with her family and relatives—and where she likes to do housework over the week-ends.

"I could never fold my hands and lead the life of one of those duchesses," says Ellen, with a twinkle in her large, grey eyes. "And I could go back behind a counter to-morrow. After all, I never really did expect to be more than a sweet-shop girl."

Ellen Drew does not realise that her value to the studio lies in this sane simplicity. Wesley Ruggles, who directed her first picture, "Sing, You Sinners," declares that the actress is "a new and refreshing character."

"Most screen actresses forget how to be normal," enlarges Ruggles. "Even when a costume designer forces them into cotton frocks, they wear them with such aristocratic languor that they make the gingham look like fancy dress."

"But Ellen Drew, no matter what roles she takes, will never lose touch with real life."





● Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper are dragged into dancing rehearsal.



● Instructor Tony Ward shows how it is done.

Your Smile will be brighter the Ipana Way!



"Poor Jane," they whispered. How gay and popular she used to be—but now she seldom smiles. (Nothing makes a person more self-conscious than a dull, dingy, unattractive smile—nothing is so ruinous to charm.)



"You're afraid to smile," said little Bobbie one night! That's the trouble. (And then Bobbie explained what his teacher taught him—that gum massage is so important to sparkling smiles as brushing the teeth.)



Jane's a happy girl now. Parties and dates and romance are again part of Jane's life—for romance can't resist a radiant smile. (Lucky she followed young Bob's advice—lucky she learned what Ipana Tooth Paste and massage can do to help keep gums healthier, teeth brighter—smiles appealing, gay! Jane protects her smile, now!

Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!

HOW MUCH a bright, sparkling smile can mean. How much it adds to a girl's charm. How much it does for a man's popularity. For when a smile is unattractive, others turn away. How foolish, then, to neglect it, to let dull teeth and dingy gums cheat you of fun and success!

Don't gamble with your smile—don't take chances. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist promptly. You may not be headed for serious trouble, but let your dentist, and only your dentist, make that decision. Usually, his verdict will be

"gums that have become the victims of our present-day soft foods—gums that need more vigorous chewing and exercise"—and, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to aid the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant to trouble.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

CHANGE TO



IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE

Shall we dance?

HE-MEN NOWADAYS HAVE TO POSSESS STEPPING TOES

From JOHN B. DAVIES in Hollywood

THAT husky, sixteen-year-old film veteran, Jackie Cooper, blames the whole thing on Clark Gable.

"If that guy had refused to dance the polka in 'Gone With the Wind,'" says Mr. Cooper, glumly, "they wouldn't have cooked up this idea of me and Fred Bartholomew doing fancy stepping."

I had been watching Messrs. Cooper and Bartholomew rehearse a dance for "Man's Heritage," at Universal. A gloomier pair of youngsters I had never seen—but how the studio crew enjoyed it!

The lads appear as students of Culver Military Academy. This school, the most famous of its type in the States, has dancing classes in its curriculum. In default of girl partners, the class members dance with one another.

"Aw, have a heart!" exclaimed Jackie earlier, when he found the dancing-class scene had to be done that day. But Tony Ward, cast as the Culver dancing instructor, dragged him out onto the floor.

"Script writers can certainly think up some screwy things for actors to do!" said Freddie Bartholomew distastefully. Freddie's super-English accent still makes his slang doubly funny.

"You better be the 'lady,' Fred," grinned Cooper, "you're lighter!"

Like a bean

MR. BARTHOLOMEW'S rankiness is a sore point with him. He has outgrown his contemporaries in height—but in width—well, he's just what the Americans call "a string bean!" He grudgingly allowed Tony Ward to show him how it is done.

I have a shrewd suspicion that Freddie, when he wants to, can step quite neatly on a ballroom floor. His first dinner-jacket is the glory of his life; and he really enjoys parties. But the scorn of Mr. Cooper for the whole performance was having its effect. Freddie remained clumsy—with one furious eye on the electricians and soundmen, who were chaffing him from the background.

Then the studio orchestra struck up to help. A fanatic as far as "swing-music" is concerned—he has his own band—Jackie brightened at once.

"If it's gotta be done, well, it's gotta," he said gruffly, and paid some definite attention to Mr. Ward's instructions.

"Shucks, this isn't so bad!" After five minutes at a galloping two-step, the boys decided to do a few fancy steps of their own. They were prancing round the floor with the agility and vim of young elephants. All the careful tuition of Tony Ward had been forgotten.

"Look out, there!" It was too late. Both players were in a heap on the floor. Jackie looked up at me, panting. "So you'd like to work in the movies, huh!"



● Carried away by swing-music, Bartholomew and Cooper introduce some fancy step of their own.



● Tripping over each other's feet, the pair land heavily on the sound-stage floor.

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FREE! Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage and packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Clare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted. LIGHT CREAM (), NATURAL (), DARK BRUNETTE (), LIGHT NATURAL (), ROSE BRUNETTE (), SUNTAN (), DARK BRUNETTE ().

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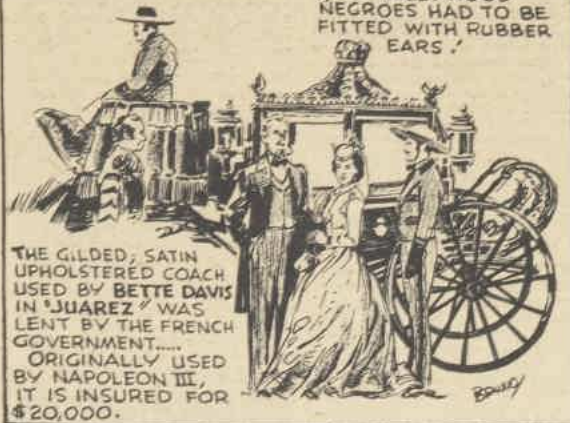
SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



5-YEAR-OLD JOHN SHEFFIELD, WHO PLAYS TINY, WAS SO TINY AT BIRTH HE WAS PUT IN AN INCUBATOR.



TO MATCH AFRICAN SHOTS OF LARGE-EARED MASAI WARRIORS FOR 'STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE', 2000 HOLLYWOOD NEGROES HAD TO BE FITTED WITH RUBBER EARS.



THE GILDED, SATIN UPHOLSTERED COACH USED BY BETTE DAVIS IN 'JUAREZ' WAS LENT BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.... ORIGINALLY USED BY NAPOLEON III, IT IS INSURED FOR \$20,000.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

English comedy queen Gracie Fields has filed suit for divorce against husband Archie Pitt.

Pitt is well known as stage actor, author, and manager, and has been playing comedy roles in English films since 1934.

Gracie has just returned from a triumphant visit to New York and Hollywood, where she scored a tremendous personal success.

WILLIAM POWELL has asked MGM to give him a little more time before starting the filming of

the new "Thin Man" picture. Although well enough, he wants to be perfectly fit before undertaking serious routine.

ON the train speeding from Hollywood to New York, Edgar Bergen was seized with so severe an attack of influenza that a physician had to be summoned to treat him. The doctor telephoned ahead for medical assistance, so that Bergen would be properly taken care of when the train reached New York. When he left Hollywood, Bergen seemed to be in fine health. He and Charlie McCarthy appeared on the train platform and entertained a station full of fans.

WEDDING bells for Tyrone Power and Annabella, who secured their marriage licence last week. Annabella, who is twenty-five, has been married twice before, but it is first marriage for twenty-four-year-old Power.

BIGGEST surprise of the year for movie fans was the announcement last week of the impending marriage of Doug Fairbanks, Jun., and Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford, pretty, divorced wife of an American multi-millionaire.

First hint of the approaching nuptials was their application for a marriage permit three days before their marriage, so that they could marry on Saturday. Doug met his bride at the home of Merle Oberon eighteen months ago, but kept his courtship a secret from all but his closest friends.

EXTRAS, appearing as slave girls in a harem sequence of a current Paramount film complained that the brown body make-up they had to wear was irritating their skins. A doctor advised them to take Turkish baths every night after removing the make-up. The studio is paying.

BRIAN AHERNE, the British actor, who plays the Emperor Maximilian in "Juarez," was a source of worry to actors and workmen while on location. The reason was that Ahern's false whiskers were continually coming off, so the phrase was coined, "Weather and Brian's whiskers permitting."

As many pictures uncomplimentary to Mexico have been made in Hollywood, the Mexican Government is vigilantly watching the production.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

★★ THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP

(Week's Best Release.)

Deanna Durbin, Charles Winninger. (Universal.)

HERE is a light little story, illuminated by the glowing personality of Deanna Durbin to a full-flavored lively comedy, enjoyable entertainment for everybody.

She gives an inspired portrayal of the tumultuous harum-scarum sister of an attractive trio who sets to work to untangle her elder sister's love affairs.

Unfortunately, she is given little opportunity for singing, which is kept entirely incidental in the story. She sings only four or five songs, and only in two ballads, "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Because," does she seem entirely happy.

As the daughter of a superlatively rich man, Deanna, and her two sisters of the story, Nan Grey and Helen Parrish, are given opportunity to wear exciting clothes. These two, together with their admirers, Robert Cummings and William Lundigan, give adequate performances in entirely subsidiary roles.

Charles Winninger, however, as the well-meaning but absent-minded business man, whose urgent office matters leave him no time to watch his domestic affairs, is superb. Together with Deanna he provides a delightfully human picture of an unconventional father and daughter. —State; showing.

★★ STOLEN LIFE

Elisabeth Bergner, Michael Redgrave. (Paramount.)

IN this unusual, interesting drama

Elisabeth Bergner reveals herself again as the sensitive and appealing actress of her earlier films. She is a joy to watch throughout.

To Elisabeth is given a dual role—that of twin sisters, of different characters, temperaments, and alma. Yet she makes them so clearly, completely individual that you are never once confused.

Into the lives of the sisters comes Michael Redgrave—as delightful in drama as he is in comedy. He falls in love with one sister—and that is where I stop telling you about the story.

For "Stolen Life" has so unexpected a theme that it would spoil

Shows Still Running

★★Pygmalion. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 20th week.

★★The Citadel. Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell, in powerful and vivid drama is among finest films of year. St. James, 3rd week.

★★Kentucky. Loretta Young and Richard Greene in technicolor entertainment of horses and horseracing. Regent, 3rd week.

★★Mr. Chedworth Steps Out. Cecil Kellaway in lively entertainment shares credit with Australian production. Lyceum, 3rd week.

★★The Three Musketeers. Ritz Brothers in gay comedy version of Dumas novel. Embassy, 2nd week.

The import of the film to betray it in advance. And, anyhow, I know of nothing more maddening than to have surprises ruined.

An extraordinarily fine supporting performance is given by Wilfred Lawson, as the father of the sisters; and over the whole film is a production bloom which makes it a pleasure to the eye as well as to the mind.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★TOPPER TAKES A TRIP. Constance Bennett, Roland Young. (MGM.)

THIS delightful comedy continues the absurd adventures of Topper and Marion Kirby, friendly, if pookish, spirit from the other world, who uses her spiritual gift of materializing at will random to do Topper earthly service.

Constance Bennett and Roland Young again take these roles, with Billie Burke as Mrs. Topper, but Marion's former partner in spirit adventure, Cary Grant, is not with her in this film. The dog, Asta, from

"The Thin Man," also a member of the spirit world, instead lends his aid.

If you came in late enough to miss the title, you would think you were viewing "Topper" again. This film follows its predecessor faithfully, in spirit, background, and, often, repeats comic situations of the earlier film.

But you will still find rare enjoyment in pencils that write, apparently of their own free will, champagne that miraculously disappears down invisible throats, and, this time, a tail that wags without a dog.

All enact their roles with verve. The only one who disappoints is Asta. A lot more could have been done with him.—Century; showing.

★★ LA KERMESSE HEROIQUE

Francoise Rosay, Jean Murat. (Tobis.)

THIS sly French comedy, with its lovely settings and its flashes of broadly earthy humor, is thoroughly enjoyable fare.

Do not be daunted by its nationality; the English dialogue captions flashed across the picture convey all the meaning—and before long you are following the rollicking story without any thought of the speech. For "La Kermesse Heroique" has expressive actors and gay action.

Story concerns the womenfolk of a Flemish town during the Spanish occupation—back in 1616. A Spanish Ambassador and his soldiers are heralded. The men, from the Mayor down, dissolve in terror. The women, led by the Mayor's wife, embark upon an amusing and audacious method of saving the town from pillage. While their husbands and sweethearts hide, they entertain the enemy.

You will be fascinated by the frankly adult comedy, by the shrewd charm of Francoise Rosay—a mature heroine than Hollywood would ever dream of using; and by the delicate romance, handled by her daughter and her daughter's painter fiancé, which is charming contrast to the robust humor of the theme.—Savoy; showing.

★ PRISON WITHOUT BARS

Corinne Luchaire. (United Artists.)

IF in a girls' reformatory outside Paris, with the love triangle built by the superintendent, the doctor, and the problem girl of the institution.

"Prison Without Bars" is an unusual film, with several fine character studies, and an interesting, sleepy newcomer in blonde, tall, French Corinne Luchaire.

Edna Best does finely in the type of role she had in "South Riding"; and Barry K. Barnes—only man in the cast—is more animated than in previous films.

There is one arresting girl, black-fringed Mary Morris, in the supporting cast who is well worth watching. At times she takes the attention from the luminous Luchaire.

But "Prison Without Bars" is far too slow-moving. The plot halts for long stretches while the characters talk, and talk again. A disappointment; it has the makings of gripping drama. But it could all have been told in half the time.—Mayfair; showing.

★ SOCIETY SMUGGLERS

Preston Foster, Irene Hervey. (Universal.)

THIS lively little comedy drama concerns the efforts of the American Customs to uncover a gang of diamond smugglers.

It provides plenty of thrills, incidental comedy, and, in addition, some unexpectedly good personal drama and human characterizations.

Preston Foster plays the officer in charge of investigations, whose girl friend (Irene Hervey) is a secret service agent in the employ of the government. She is working from the headquarters of the

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

smugglers, who operate under the cover of an apparently innocent travel bureau. An unexpected attachment of the gang leader for Miss Hervey adds dramatic tension.—State; showing.



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

I hate to say "I told you so!"

For weeks now I've been mentioning (modestly, mind you) what a great picture "The Citadel" is.

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, co-starring Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell, supported by Ralph Richardson, Rex Harrison, Emlyn Williams, Penelope Dudley Ward, Francis Sullivan, Mary Clare, Cecil Parker, Felix Aylmer and dozens of other splendid actors, directed by King Vidor, and produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (I can't repeat that too often!), "The Citadel" was, I have maintained right along, bound to be great!

Now it has opened—to capacity audiences, by the way—at the St. James Theatre, Sydney, and the Metro Theatre, Brisbane, and here's what the various critics have to say about "The Citadel":

Smith's Weekly gives it AAA rating and a Gold Cup, saying, "A memorable show that will appeal to all classes, except, perhaps, doctors." (I hasten to add that I've already talked to some doctors who've seen it and can't help liking it!)

The Sydney Morning Herald says, "The Citadel" takes its place as one among the finest pictures of 1939!

Women's Weekly hands it its top acclaim—three stars—and calls it "The Best Release," and adds: "The Citadel" goes among the finest films of the year!

The Daily News, Daily Telegraph and Truth (Sydney) all call it a great film.... and I can only say "I told you so!"

Yours for the best in entertainment,

LEO of MGM.

THEATRE ROYAL

Nights at 8. Matinee, Wed. & Sat. at 2.

Quart Strauss' most delightful Opera.

"A Waltz Dream"

With a magnificent supporting cast of 100 American stars, including Herleen Claire, Jack Arthur, Melton Moore, Maryon Dale.

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YOUNG BLOODS

OF VARIETY

Dancing with the Stars

George Lyons

WALTON MURRAY

TIVOLI 10 FANCY STEPPERS

You Cannot Avoid ACCIDENTS

But you can guard against serious infection by dressing skin breaks with Iodex. In an article on Tetanus, the world-famous Lister Institute advises:—"Use Iodine in the local treatment of the wound, as it has strong destructive action on the Tetanus Toxin."

As Iodex contains 4% Iodine, it is the finest First Aid Remedy which can be kept in your home. Doctors throughout the world use it themselves and highly recommend it to their patients.



Cuts and Scratches. Iodex has no equal in protecting open wounds and abrasions against infection, as it coagulates (smothers) germs and prevents them multiplying. After First Aid, call your doctor.



Burns and Scalds. A nurse says:—"Iodex is the best application for burns I have ever used. One patient described it as 'truly wonderful the way it takes the burn out of it.'"

FREE! Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE
Price 2/- from all Chemists

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KIDNEYS STOP WORK?

The kidneys are amongst the most important organs of the human body. The correct function of the kidneys is the removal from the blood stream of surplus water and impurities which form from the natural decay of the tissues. If the kidneys do not carry out this work properly, these impurities are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream and to become distributed throughout the system, setting up disorders which eventually cause diseases such as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anemia, and many other prevalent ailments.

Sufferers from such complaints will not find relief until the kidneys are restored to health. For over thirty years Warner's Safe Cure has been the accepted remedy for all kidney disorders—it is quick, effective and definitely non-habit forming.

One happy correspondent from North Fitzroy writes: "I suffered with kidney and liver trouble for a number of years and tried practically every medicine on the market without result. I then tried Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking a few bottles I began to feel a different man. I continued with the medicine and am now my old self again, thanks to Warner's Safe Cure."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 330 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

What Women are Doing

Clever girl artist designs stained glass windows

DESIGNING stained glass windows is a fascinating occupation, according to Miss Nora Burden, a young Adelaide artist. In the last seven years she has designed a vast number of them, mostly for churches.

The work needs a very special kind of skill, as it embraces not only figure drawing, but also an understanding of types of glass and of leading and coloring processes.

Miss Burden has designed some of the well-known memorial windows in Adelaide, including one commemorating the Calvert scientific expedition of 1896-97, when Charles Wells and George Lind-say Jones lost their lives.

The first step in designing a window is to prepare a watercolor of the proposed design. If the window is to contain a figure panel, it is then drawn full-size in pencil, sometimes from living models, although many of the biblical figures are traditional.

After this, Miss Burden traces a "cut-line" of the sketch, showing all outlines of the pieces of glass to be used, and marking the color they are to be in the completed window.

Then a visit to a glass factory becomes necessary to choose the glass for its colors and texture. The glass is laid over the cut-line of the window, and it is then cut into the hundreds of pieces necessary for the design. These have to be put together, much in the manner one works out a jig-saw puzzle.



MISS NORA BURDEN at work on one of her latest designs for a church stained glass window.

Australian singer returning for radio tour

MISS NANCE OSBORNE, the Melbourne coloratura soprano who has been studying abroad for the last two years, is on her way back to Australia under engagement to the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Her tour will begin on her arrival at Perth early in May.

While overseas, Miss Osborne has been studying singing with various famous teachers. She gave a number of recitals for the British Broadcasting Corporation and sang in concerts and oratorios.

In the great three days' choral festival at Colchester, she was the soprano soloist in the oratorio "Elijah."

Letters received by the committee which arranged for her studies abroad from the conductor of the London Choral Society and others contain warm tributes to the quality of Miss Osborne's voice.

Says rowing is good exercise for girls

ACCORDING to Mrs. W. Cairns, of Brisbane, honorary secretary of the Queensland Ladies' Rowing Association, more girls should take up rowing.

"There seems to be opposition from their families," she says. "Some parents think that the training is too severe. But if girls are trained properly rowing is not unduly strenuous. Another thing, the season is short, and the girls get plenty of rest."

Before her marriage, Mrs. Cairns rowed in many events over a period of five years. She represented Queensland three times in interstate fours.

She hopes that her two young sons will be keen oarsmen. Her brother, Mr. Alex. Petrie, has represented Queensland in several rowing contests and is a foundation member of the Toowong Rowing Club.



Mrs. W. Cairns

Helps patients to learn curative occupations

HELPING to cure hospital patients by giving them tasks which will limber-up injured bones and joints is the work of Miss Ethel Francis, of Sydney, who is the only occupational therapist in N.S.W. She does this work in an honorary capacity for the Rachael Forster Hospital, and as a member of the staff of the Royal Alexandra Hospital.

Miss Francis spent three years at the Philadelphia (U.S.A.) School of Occupational Therapy, from which she graduated in 1931. The course there embraced sociology, biology, social services, first aid, and public speaking, as well as such occupations as woodwork, bookbinding, carving, spinning, weaving, and rug-making. Thus she understands the patients' needs, and is able to prescribe and teach suitable occupations.

Before she returned to Australia after graduating, she joined the staff of Dorset House, England, a training school for students of occupational therapy.

"Flying salesgirl" to make women airminded

MISS CYNTHIA PARSONS, who has just been appointed Australia's first flying salesgirl, will concentrate on making Australian women more airminded.

She is spending the first few weeks at Essendon aerodrome (Vic.) becoming acquainted with the flow of traffic, and learning sufficient of the technicalities of running an interstate air service to enable her to answer all questions put to her. She will next make a tour of all air routes.

Miss Parsons will visit all the States, and she hopes to give talks on aviation to members of leading women's clubs. By mingling with members and conversing with them she will try to dispel any doubts that they may have about the safety and advantages of flying.

Keenly interested in planes since she took her first trip over Adelaide in a Gipsy Moth, Miss Parsons, who is a daughter of Mr. W. J. Parsons, former M.H.R. of South Australia, has made a close study of aviation. She has frequently been heard over the air on the subject.

New headmistress of girls' school

MISS E. M. COLEBROOK, headmistress of Tintern Girls' Grammar School, Melbourne, has accepted the position of headmistress of the New England Girls' School, Armidale, N.S.W.

Born in Ballarat (Vic.), Miss Colebrook was educated at the Ballarat Grammar School, and later took her B.A. degree at the Melbourne University. After teaching at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Pymble (N.S.W.), she became headmistress of Camperdown Grammar School.

For twelve years she was on the staff of the Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, and she then went to Tintern, where she introduced into the curriculum the "craft house," where the girls are taught special handicraft. A three-roomed cottage was used solely for the craft classes.

Miss Colebrook believes that school girls should be encouraged to take a close interest in public affairs, and to learn public speaking.

While she was abroad some years ago, she undertook special educational work at the London University. While there she attended an education conference, where she met some of the most brilliant scholars in the world.

Teaching Grecian culture to Australian girls

TO widen the interests of business girls and to give them a broad, cultural background, Miss C. R. Ashton, who has been for three years attached to the staff of the Y.W.C.A. in Adelaide, is at present organising a Business Girls' Group, to be known as the Business Girls' Lyceum.

This club is modelled on the lines of the ancient Greek lyceum, or meeting place. As a small, self-contained community, girls will study together various arts and crafts, and attend lectures and discussion groups on various phases of cultural life.

Meetings will begin with a period of "fellowship," to be followed by study of Grecian and folk dancing. Lectures on charm, etiquette, public speaking, dramatic art, psychology, and arts and handicrafts will be given by various speakers. Miss Ashton will herself teach members how to model clay pottery.

Blind girl's achievement at University

AFTER a brilliant scholastic career, Miss Phyllis Lawson, a blind girl, recently took her B.A. degree at the Melbourne University.

Born with normal sight, she became blind when she was eight years old, but she made up her mind to concentrate on a scholastic career. She attended the school for the blind to learn Braille, and when twelve years old she was dux of the school, an honor which she won for the next two years.

Her fine work attracted the notice of the Education Department, which awarded her the Fairhall Scholarship. This took her to a business college to learn typing and to be coached for the intermediate, leaving and leaving honors examinations.

She secured these certificates and was awarded free entrance to the University, where she obtained the Bachelor of Arts degree in the minimum allotted time of three years.

Miss Lawson is now at the University, and is studying French and Italian there, and also German at a coaching college. She is also studying voice production and elocution, and will sit for her A.L.C.M. elocution degree in June.

During her studies many of the books she required had to be brought from England. Most of them were specially turned into Braille by the Victorian Association of Braille Writers and an Adelaide writer, while many of her fellow-students helped her by reading the lessons to her.

For the writing of essays and examination papers Miss Lawson uses an ordinary typewriter.



Miss P. Lawson



An awful thing to happen to any woman! Perhaps the worst of all! Just starting to live, yet showing signs of old age! Hopes, ambition, everything seems crushed by the ever present thought of grey hair!

It is awful . . . but a very common thing in modern times when the hair is subjected to the effects of artificial waving and curling as well as outdoor life. The result is a dry scalp with its inevitable effect on the glands provided by nature to lubricate the hair and preserve its colour.

How to avoid this condition and its disastrous consequences? It is very simple . . . by massaging the scalp regularly with Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stimulate the action of the roots, and by being careful to use it every time you curl your hair.

This is how a sensible woman protects and improves the beauty of her hair.

Be sensible too . . . A little care today will save you many a headache tomorrow.

Do not wait for tomorrow! Start today using

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 2/- per bottle.



For CONSTIPATION

Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—for children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Sive STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walthamstow, London, Eng.

PILES

How to relieve them.

You can't mistake piles. You feel uneasy and fidgety, wondering how on earth to stop that irritation or bleeding.

Day and night piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary.

Let DOAN'S Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itching skin complaints. But be sure you get DOAN'S

DOAN'S OINTMENT

The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

TEAPOT POURS MONEY

HAVING a beach shack to furnish, I went to a dealer's and bought a huge earthenware teapot.

On giving it a preliminary wash next day, I found it would not pour, and was about to scrap it when I caught a glimpse of paper in the spout.

With the aid of tweezers I finally extracted four £5 notes.

The dealer knew nothing of the notes. The teapot had been in the back of his shop for years, and had been dusted and put in the window only a few hours before I bought it.

10/6 to Miss A. Allen, George St., St. Peters, S.A.

UNFORTUNATE ERROR

IT was a winter morning, and I was walking to the woodshed when I received a blow on the head that rendered me unconscious.

When I came to my senses, I learnt that a neighbor had seen a man stealing his wood and had chased him across our yard. Losing sight of him, he lay in wait in our woodshed, and, thinking in the darkness that I was the marauder, had struck me with a log of wood.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Munro, Peel St. Stb., Ballarat E., Vic.

FORGOT HUSBAND

WHILE my husband was digging a well at Darwin, I helped him by bringing up the bucket with the aid of a windlass.

One day I was turning the windlass when I saw my baby boy approaching the well from the opposite direction.

All thought of my husband down below disappeared, and I let the bucket drop. Fortunately he moved away quickly, but he was very angry until he heard my explanation.

2/6 to Mrs. T. J. Garcia, Innisfail, Qld.

MISTOOK MIRROR

TRAVELLING by train, a friend became ill, and, being alone, stood up and looked at his tongue in what he thought was a mirror.

He then discovered that it was a panel of clear glass through which a woman in the next compartment was regarding him with alarm, evidently thinking him a lunatic.

She left the train at the next station.

2/6 to Ellen Orr, Donvale, Vic.

EMBARRASSING MOMENT

IT rained on my wedding morning, but when it cleared up in the afternoon I decided not to take an umbrella with me on my honeymoon.

A week later a friend of mine, caught in heavy rain, borrowed the umbrella, and when she opened it in the main street she was immediately showered with confetti.

My family had put the confetti there just before I left on my honeymoon.

2/6 to Mrs. Andrew, Beconve Flats, Stanley St., Sydney.

SHARED THEIR MEAL

I WAS in a city cafeteria when a well-dressed couple sat down opposite me. On their tray was a plate of cold meat, bread, butter, and a cup of tea. While the man had a slice of bread, the woman ate half the meat and drank half the tea, then passed the remainder of each to the man. He, in turn, passed her the remaining pieces of bread and butter.

2/6 to J. F. Stickland, Brunswick St., Fitzroy, Vic.

STRANGE ENTANGLEMENT

THE lights in the picture theatre had just been lowered when a man, coming in late and feeling his way to a seat, got a button of his coat caught in a knob of his hair.

The more he tried to get it off the more he tangled it. People began to call out "Sit down in front." Presently the usher came along to see what the trouble was and, with the aid of the torch and a pair of scissors, we were parted.

2/6 to Miss H. Moore, Ashford St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

Wild blacks driven off by women

Epic of the outback

A MARRIED couple on a station in the far north-west of Queensland—that was the position my husband and I accepted when we were young.

While my duties were at the homestead, my husband was engaged as a stockman.

One night, while the men were away in the ranges after cattle, wild Myall blacks appeared in the home paddock and lit a corroboree fire. They pranced and shook their spears, gradually working themselves into a frenzy.

Handing me a .45 revolver, my mistress told me to shoot at the first black who came to the door.

I put the weapon under my apron and we waited, tense and fearful. After a while a blackfellow approached and brazenly demanded "baccy" in pidgin English.

Pulling out the revolver, I pointed it at him. He retreated to his companions, and with a view to raising an alarm I coo-ee'd into the night, the calls echoing in the nearby ranges.

The blacks then gathered together and appeared to decide on rushing the building. In desperation I pulled the trigger of the revolver.

The noise and the "kick" frightened me terribly. But the shot "did the trick." The blacks fled.

In the meantime, my husband had noticed ashes that suggested a



"PULLING out the revolver, I pointed it at him."

blackfellow's fire. He dismounted and, finding them still warm, he and the other men returned at once to the homestead.

We didn't stay long on that station

as we learned later that the man my husband succeeded had been speared by the Myalls.

21/1/- to Mrs. C. Manning, sen., James St., Mackay, Qld.

Nearly buried alive

WHEN a small child, living at Alberton, S.A., I had been given definite orders not to play in the sand hills as pits had been dug out by the carters, and the loose sand was dangerous.

Despite this my small brother and I wandered over to the forbidden spot and found what appeared to be an ideal place to play in—a cavelike hollow in a high sandbank.

Entering the cave, I had a look round and was almost outside again when down came the roof of the cave, burying me up to my eyes in the fine closely-packed sand.

Instinctively I threw out a hand, and in doing so grasped the leg of my brother, and hung on.

The alarm was raised immediately and men working nearby dug me out before it was too late.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Beck, Semaphore Rd., Semaphore, S.A.

Truck bolted

TO save time and energy in the morning my husband made a practice of parking his old truck on a downhill track overnight.

One morning he attempted to start the engine in his usual manner—by pushing the truck at the side and keeping one hand on the steering wheel—when suddenly it leapt forward.

My husband tried to get into the seat and take control, but a few seconds later there was a terrific crash. I screamed and ran down the hill, but before I reached the corner I heard a flow of language that sounded like music to me. He was safe!

I found him scrambling out of the bushes at the side of the track; the truck had crashed head-on into a tree-stump on the opposite side.

2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Maidment, Yandaran, Nth. Coast Line, Qld.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

"Flying fox" broke

OUR home is situated on a hill overlooking the river and, as this may only be crossed on logs, there is a cable for transporting goods and, when the river is in flood, the family as well.

One morning when the river was in flood my husband decided to cross on the "flying fox," and was about half-way over when the wire snapped and he fell about twelve feet into the raging torrent, amid large stones and rocklike boulders.

He managed to kick off his rubber boots but could not free himself of his heavy coat, and it looked as if he would be smashed to pieces in some falls farther down the river.

Within four or five yards of the falls, however, he seized a small bush growing from a rock, and held on till my two sons came to the rescue.

That was the last time we used the cable.

2/6 to Mrs. Levey, Terragon, Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

Human milk can

ONE Sunday some of my friends suggested that we go to the butter factory and try our weight on the factory scales.

After this, we argued whether a human being could fit into the space in the washing machine where the milk cans were placed to be scalded.

I climbed on to the rack, and one of my companions unthinkingly pulled the lever which set the machine in operation.

This type of machine has no reverse lever, and when once started the can goes through four different chambers, to be alternately steamed and scalded.

Imagine my horror when I was suddenly taken into the steam chamber. I knew that boiling water awaited me in the next receptacle and even in the "steamer" the heat was suffocating.

Meanwhile the cries of my companions had attracted the foreman. He grabbed a stick and pulled off the revolving belt and thus saved my life.

When I was dragged out I had only minor scalds, but my three friends were in a state of collapse from shock.

2/6 to C. H. Scanlan, Wride St., Woolloowin, Qld.

MY SAMMY A 'Sissy!'

Sam's mother was worried over him. He was "nervy," pale and highly strung. The other boys called him a sissy until...

SAMMY'S A SISSY!

HOW AWFUL! THEY'RE CALLING SAMMY A SISSY

FRED, WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT SAM. HE'S LOOKING SO PALE AND NERVOUS... WON'T EAT!

YES, I NOTICED HIM TONIGHT. BETTER TAKE HIM TO SEE DR. PHILLIPS

ALL THESE TROUBLES OF SAM'S CAN BE TRACED BACK TO NIGHT STARVATION. WAS STONE, YOU SEE CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP—

IT'S BECAUSE HE'S SO HIGHLY STRUNG HAZEL

DR. PHILLIPS GAVE SAM A THOROUGH EXAMINATION

—HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY. IF ENERGY IS NOT REPLACED DURING SLEEP, NO WONDER SAM GETS 'NERVY,' FAOZY, AND PALE. HE NEEDS HORLICKS

SIX WEEKS LATER

COME ON! FOLLOW YOUR LEADER

LOOK AT SAM! NO DOUBT ABOUT HORLICKS!

IF your child picks at her food, looks pale and gets nervy, then it's time you started her on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks—especially when it's made with a Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Economy Size from 2/9. Special offer including 1/6 tin, 1/- Mixer and measuring spoon all for 2/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime guards children against "Night-Starvation".

Grace Bros

SET the PACE for
STYLE & VALUE with these

4 PRICE

Frock Shop SPECIALS

ME134.—Suitably made for sizes quoted. Made of **PLAIN DELUSTRED CREPE**, with neckline finish of scallops, shoulder yoke, uplift bodice, tie belt. In shades of Wine, Bottle Green, Black, and Navy. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. **10/- SPECIAL**

ME135.—**SMART TAILORED DRESS** of ALL WOOL-DE-CHINE. High neckline, with button finish on bodice, inverted pleat in skirt. Unheard of value in an all wool garment. Newest season's tones of Copper Rust, Lustre Blue, Almond Green, Black, and Navy. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W. **15/- SPECIAL**

ME136.—The indispensable, well-cut frock of Heavy **Satin-back "MANTONA" CREPE**. Neat welted seams forming tucks on bodice, shaped shoulder yoke, scalloped sleeve treatment, 6 gored skirt. In Purple Plum, Winstone, Teale and Black. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, and XXXOS. **20/- SPECIAL**

ME137.—Outstanding both in price and style. Well made **DRESSMAKER SUIT** of WOOL ANGORA. Fully lined with Art. Satin. New season's notes of high revers front, shoulder yoke, fancy pockets, button and buttonhole finish. Tones of Amber Gold, Vintage Wine, and Bottle Green. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W. **25/- SPECIAL**

GRACE BROS., PTY. LTD.

**BROADWAY
SYDNEY**

**PHONE
M6506**

CAN YOU SAY THESE?

**Midst thick twigs . . .
thicker twigs twisted**

Tongue-twisting at 2GB

Red leather . . . Yellow leather.

Pug pups.

Rubber buggy bumpers.

If you can articulate those tricky phrases six times quickly you will be a success in Sydney's latest radio game—"Tongue Twisters"—introduced by station 2GB.

THIS new-old game of tongue twisters has found tremendous popularity both on the air and in everyday life.

It is the new craze at parties, it is the favorite sport of the luncheon hour, and in every line there is a laugh.

It looks so simple; it looks so silly; but try it for yourself.

Jack Davey, who conducts the new session over 2GB, says he gets as much fun out of it as do the competitors in the studio, and the listeners.

Here are some other examples of Davey's, on which you can test your skill. But don't slow up in your attempt—that's cheating.

Chew, chew, chew, till your jaws drop.

Three kegs of treacle, and three treacle kegs.

Quist cross-cut Crawford.

A cup of coffee hot, in a copper coffee pot.

Plain buns, plum buns, and buns without plums.

Where grass grows green graze three grey geese.

Why real wheels really wheel?

If you can master those few, then



JACK DAVEY registers annoyance at his 23rd attempt to say "Red leather, yellow leather" six times quickly in the 2GB Tongue Twister session.

you should win quite big fees if you can secure a place in the session.

Competitors are of all types, all ages, and all occupations. They have only one common bond—to enjoy the fun, and, if possible, to win the prizes. At least they are all triers.

"Tongue Twisters" is the latest addition to the 2GB Jackpot Family of three—spelling and mathematical sessions are the other two.

Listeners who make application are invited to the studio to compete in each session; prizes are allotted for each question, and prizes not won each week go forward in jackpot fashion to the following week.

Miss B. Kilgour, of Rose Bay, a week or two ago, won a £10 prize in "Spelling Jackpots"—she successfully solved the puzzle of "trychlor-ethylene"; and there have been one or two four-guinea prizes in the mathematical session—the questions there are problems in mental arithmetic.

"Tongue Twisters," however, has leaped so high into favor that it threatens to exceed even the popularity of the other two jackpots, for which there has accumulated an application mail of nearly 2000 letters.

"Spelling Jackpots" goes on the air on Tuesdays at 9.30 p.m.; "Tongue Twisters" on Thursdays at 9.30 p.m.; and "Mathematical Jackpots" on Fridays at 9.30 p.m.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, April 26.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her beauty talk with "Janette."

THURSDAY, April 27.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, April 28.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Tea Party with Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, April 29.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

SUNDAY, April 30.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

MONDAY, May 1.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her fashion talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, May 2.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

Famous surgeon discusses case of worry-ridden wives

From Our London Office—by Air Mail

Mr. Aleck Bourne, the famous Wimpole Street gynaecologist, believes that many women worry themselves into chronic ill-health—and that most of the worries are little things rising out of family life which their husbands don't notice.

WRITING in the "Medical World," Mr. Bourne says: "Many of a woman's troubles taken singly are trivial, but a woman, as opposed to the average man, is condemned to live with them, and is seldom able to escape.

"The fact that the irritations of her life are often not noticed by her husband also does not help, for she misses the support obtained by a sympathetic sharing of her troubles and difficulties.

Special Troubles

"THERE is no doubt that for the majority the first five years of marriage are the happiest of a woman's life.

"For most young women marriage presents an economic solution of life

and an emancipation from immediate business slavery, with the prospect of security in old age.

"There is a satisfaction in being one's own mistress, especially if previous years have been spent in the petty restraints and intolerances of a parental household or the hard discipline of a business life.

"Here and there we may see special troubles which exert their malign and insidious influence.

"The babies so ardently desired may fail to appear as the years pass. A clash between the temperaments of herself and her husband may gradually develop.

"A gnawing fear of her husband's constancy may take shape as the green-eyed monster, which will destroy sleep, appetite, and all the joy of living, while, quite rarely I believe, a woman's affections may fasten, if hopelessly, on some secret lover."

£1000 recipe contest...



THREE STAGES of testing a recipe in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchens.
1. Preparing the ingredients. 2. Seeing if it is done yet. 3. O-O-H! it looks good; let's show it to the judges.

Winners will be announced as soon as entries are tested and judged

Sorting and judging of the thousands of entries sent in for The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe competition are now well under way.

Recipes selected in the preliminary judging are being tested by experts daily in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchens.

ALL the prize-winning entries will be tested before the names of the prizewinners are announced in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The judging will take some time, because of the enormous number of entries received.

Recipes old and new have been sent in for the competition.

Many of them are fifty or a hundred years old and are family favorites that have been handed down from mothers to daughters and daughters-in-law for generations.

A Melbourne woman sent a recipe for birthday or wedding cake from a book called "A New System of Domestic Economy," written by "A Lady," for the benefit of her daughters," published in 1821.

Another entry is a recipe for a Russian sandwich cake which was the late Czar of Russia's favorite. It was sent in by a Sydney woman whose mother was given it by a German woman in 1897. It had been given to her by a member of the Russian Royal Household.

A NEW SOUTH WALES country woman has sent in the original of a 50-year-old recipe for citron marmalade, written in spidery writing. The ink is faded and the paper yellowed with age.

A West Australian entry is a recipe for seaweed jelly 40 years old.

Entries came from Wales, England, and from Kobe, Japan, including a recipe for pomelo marmalade. The pomelo is a type of grapefruit grown in Japan.

Some of our readers have sent in humorous entries which are not, of course, eligible for any of the sections but which are an entertaining sidelight on the competition.

For instance, a New South Wales reader sends this recipe for a "Lovers' Wedding Cake."

"Four pounds of love, half a pound of buttered youth, half a pound of sweet temper, half a pound of sweet forgetfulness..."

Big money prizes

THERE were three sections in the competition—1. Best cake recipe; 2. Desserts (pudding, sweets, dish, or pastries); and 3. Jam, jelly, and preserves.

The following big money prizes will be given:—

Grand champion prize for the recipe judged the most outstanding in the competition, £500.

Section 1, £100 first prize.

Section 2, £100 first prize.

Section 3, £50 first prize.

And 250 consolation prizes of £1 each.

In addition, the prize-list has been augmented by goods donated by the Stronglite Aluminium Co. Ltd., as follows:—

Kitchen set of 21 pieces, value £10, to main prize-winner; kitchen set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner of cake section; kitchen set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner of dessert section; kitchen set of 8 pieces, value £5, to winner of jams section.



ANOTHER big batch of entries being filed for judging in the different sections.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, SYDNEY

Announces

A FREE LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Entitled: Christian Science: The Power of Endless Life.

By Peter V. Ross, C.S.B.

Member of the Board of Lecturers of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

at the TOWN HALL, SYDNEY, on MONDAY, May 1, at 8 p.m.

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.



ENTRIES came from all over Australia and abroad. These are some of the entries being sorted after the competition closed.



HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT!

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: LYNAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 142 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out the form below, fill in the particulars, enclose with wrapper-top and 1/- in stamps to cover postage and packing. Address to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4318 YV, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Do not enclose a letter, but fill in this form

Name _____

Address _____

State gift required _____

Enclosed _____

and _____

The World's Finest Soap Value!

The best and purest of soap—Sunlight is doubly economical because its purity saves the clothes and its richness gives extra suds. Greatly extended range of free gifts for 1939!

FREE FOR 111 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER TOPS
1 and 1/2 pence, blue and white stripes. Send 1/- for postage and call.



A LEVER PRODUCT

1,232,19

"N OW, do I get my

oysters?" "You can't expect to inspire a great love," he admonished her, "when you think about nothing but food."

"Talking of great loves," she said, when their order arrived and she was getting busy with lemon juice "why aren't you spending this leave getting married to that girl you started to tell me about the day we met?"

"Because," he said slowly, "she is married to someone else. That is why I came to London."

Joan said quietly, not looking at him, "I'm very sorry, Richard. I had no idea it was anything like that or I wouldn't have asked. You know that."

Joan thought swiftly, with a rush of anger that surprised her. "She hurt him. She hurt him rottenly and yet he still cares for her. How could she, when he's such a dear?" Aloud she said carefully, keeping her voice casual, "Were you engaged?"

"Yes," he took his eyes away from the dancers and looked at her now and Joan almost cried out at the expression in them.

"Things were fairly bad in Australia, and I couldn't get a job. Then I was told about an opening in the Federated Malay States and I applied and got the job. It wasn't very much to start with, not enough to get married on, but the prospects were good and they promised me promotion in two or three years. Deirdre said she'd wait for me and come over when I sent for her. But she—she got tired of waiting." He looked away from her again, and he spoke so low she could only just hear him above the sound of the orchestra. "When I'd been away about eighteen months she wrote and said she couldn't waste all her life waiting so she was going to marry someone else. He was a bit older than she was, but he had lots

of the necessary. As a matter of fact, they were married the day after I got the letter. I saw the newspaper accounts of it. I used to get the Melbourne papers."

She cried sharply, "She was a rotter to do a thing like that to you. You're well rid of her, Richard."

But he wouldn't have her blamed. "It was selfish of me to expect her to wait. After all, it might have been years more. Though, as a matter of fact, I got my promotion soon after." He laughed a little dreadingly. "When it was too late."

"Have you ever seen her again?"

"No. When I got my first leave I didn't go home. I had no parents to see, so I spent it up the China coast and in Japan. And now this is my second leave so I've come to London. Always wanted to travel," he added defiantly.

He said lightly, deliberately shattering the mood of intimacy between them, "Well, now that we've told each other the sad stories of our lives, shall we dance?"

She got up at once. "I can think of no good reason why we shouldn't and lots why we should."

It came to Richard suddenly that he was going to miss Joan. It was a surprising thought and astonished him not a little. He looked across at her as she lay on the grass face downwards, her head propped on her two hands, her elbows on the ground.

He tried to put his feelings into words. His furlough, he told her, would have been a pretty dismal failure but for her. "I'm really tremendously grateful, Joan, for all you've done."

"Oh, poof!" She refused to take him seriously. "Anyone would have done the same for you. Besides, it's been a holiday for me, too. I'll have

Strictly No Sentiment

Continued from Page 5

to start looking for a job now and make myself useful in the world."

"All the same," he persisted stubbornly, "you've been jolly decent, Joan, and I won't forget it in a hurry."

She smiled across at him. "Let's talk about the weather."

He grinned back at her. "All right, my lass. Here I am trying to blurt forth my undying gratitude and all you say is, 'Let's talk about the weather.' Serve you right if it rained."

"It probably will." They both laughed then, and Joan thought with sudden pain that soon she would not be able to make him laugh and watch the way his eyes crinkled up with merriment.

It was when they had climbed, laughing and breathless, into the car and the miles back to town were slipping away behind them, that she braced herself to ask the question that she had been wanting, yet dreading, to put to him.

"O H, by the way, Richard, when you get your next leave are you going to come to London again or will you go home to Australia?" Oh, let him say he's coming back here. Only let him say it. It will be something to think I will see him again, even if I do have to wait four years for it.

Richard did not answer her for a little while. When he did he kept his eyes fixed on the road. "I don't know," he spoke slowly, thoughtfully, as though he were reasoning the thing out. "I don't quite know. I want to go home again, but I'm afraid. You see, Joan, I went through a pretty bad time after Deirdre turned me down. Nothing seemed to be worth while any more. Then after a while I pulled myself together and worked like fury at my job and presently it didn't hurt quite so desperately. I even got used to the thought of her belonging to someone else. But it took me a good long time to get that far—and the process wasn't exactly pleasant." His hands gripped the wheel a little tighter. "Now that I've built up my life afresh and managed to find a little peace I don't want to go through all that again. As long as I don't see her I'll be all right, but I feel that if I see her again I'll tear everything apart for me."

The girl beside him stirred a little in her seat. "But perhaps, if you see her again, you mightn't feel like that at all. You might find she'd changed."

He said with unshakable conviction, "She'll never change for me." And as there appeared to be no answer to that they rode in silence for a while.

"I suppose it's one of Fate's amusing little tricks, but I have to carry on quite an extensive business correspondence with her husband—in my official capacity, of course. He's the head of a firm that manufactures engineering machinery that we use in my job. Belmore and Netherall."

Joan suddenly jerked up in her seat. She kept her voice casual but there was an undercurrent of excitement in it. "Belmore, you said. Is his name Silas Belmore?"

Richard half turned his head to look at her questioning. "As a matter of fact it is. How did you know?"

She evaded his glance and sank back against the car cushions. "Oh, I don't know. Saw it somewhere. I think, and wondered if it were the same."

"Where did you see it?" She lied carefully. "Can't remember now. Some engineering catalogue, I think."

She was rather silent for the rest of the drive. She was thinking furiously.

Richard shuffled his feet and looked at his watch for the fifth or sixth time. He scanned the lounge carefully again but there was no sign of Joan. Most unusual. She was definitely not one of those girls who kept a man waiting for her pointlessly.

"Why, Dickie Galbraith! Of all people in this world! Aren't you going to say hello to me?"

He shot to his feet. For one second he felt deathly cold all over, then his heart started to pump furiously. It wasn't possible, of course. It just wasn't possible. Nevertheless, it was true. Deirdre was standing in front of him.

"Why, why—hello," he stammered. "I can't—I just can't believe it's you!"

"It's me all right. Just eight years older, that's all." Eight years. But she looked older than that. Or didn't she? It seemed vaguely shocking to him that her face seemed just the same. Round and wide-eyed,

A delicious girl's face. But it didn't seem suitable for a married woman with two children. Or was it that he had endowed her face with character and expression, whereas it had really always been rather silly and expressionless? And she had too much make-up on.

She tucked her arm in his and hung on him slightly, clinging to him. "Dickie, darling. You must come over here and meet my husband. You've got to join our party. Tell me all about yourself and why you're in London and what you're doing. I'm not going to let you out of my sight for a minute, now I've found you."

She took him over to a group of people which included a short, middle-aged man with a bald head. "Silas, darling, look who I've found. This is my poor Dickie darling that I treated so badly when I married you. Isn't it dreadful that he looks so flourishing? He ought to have pined away."

Never in his life, Richard thought, had he felt so acutely embarrassed. Deirdre's voice was penetrating, and everybody in their immediate neighbourhood had only too obviously heard all she had said. Surely, surely her voice used not to be so shrill and harsh? He muttered something unintelligible in reply to the husband's greeting and looked round despairingly for some means of escape from this horrible situation. And it was at this precise moment that he saw Joan crossing the lounge from the doors.

He said thankfully, "I am so sorry, Deirdre. I will have to leave you. I am meeting somebody." He cut through her protests and her suggestions that he should bring his friend to join them. "I'll look you up to-morrow," he promised untruthfully.

He grasped Joan's arm firmly. "I'm sorry, old thing, but I've got to get out of here. We can dance somewhere else." And he said nothing more till they were safely in a taxi, threading their way in and out of the traffic. Then he drew a long breath and sank back against the cushions. "Phew!" He turned his head and looked at her. "I've just seen a ghost, Joan."

AND he was not to know that Joan's heart, which had hardly seemed to beat at all for the last hour, while she was waiting to make her deliberately late entrance, suddenly started to thud so violently that she was afraid he would hear it.

"A ghost, Richard?" she said.

He explained, "I've just seen Deirdre again." He laughed. A joyous, carefree laugh. "Here I've been thinking for the past six years that I couldn't bear to see her face to face again and now..." He stopped for a second. His face was thoughtful. "It's a mistake for a man to live on memories. They can play him false." He was silent again.

Suddenly he didn't want to talk about Deirdre and that meeting any more. There was a lot to be said and yet, curiously, he felt that everything had been said. Joan was beside him and he knew now that he was seeing her as a woman for the first time. Yet it couldn't be the first time, for he felt as though he had loved her always. Loved her from the first minute when she had lifted her deep blue eyes to his over the begging terrier in Kensington Gardens. But he hadn't been able to see through the shadow of Deirdre.

He said, slowly, wonderingly, "I love you, Joan."

And she answered him simply, without pretence, "I'm glad, Richard. I've loved you for a long time."

Someday, she thought, as her lips met his, I'll tell him about to-night. Tell him that I remembered seeing that picture in the social page of the morning paper, "Mrs. Silas Belmore, an Australian visitor, whose husband is head of the engineering firm of Belmore and Netherall. They are in London to attend the Engineering Conference and will entertain guests at the Savoy to-morrow evening." Tell him about the ghastly time I went through wondering whether I was doing the right thing or the wrong thing. Wondering whether meeting Deirdre would cure him or—not. Someday, not now. Now was too perfect to spoil with explanations.

(Copyright.)

DO YOU KNOW?



AGED 109
— AND CUT NEW TEETH! —

IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH
JAMES HOOK OF BELFAST, AT THE AGE OF 109, "GOTT A NEW SETT OF TEETH SUCH AS DROVE OUT YE OLD STUMPS!" YOUR TEETH ARE INTENDED TO LAST A LIFETIME — PRESERVE THEM BY KEEPING THEM, **SURGICALLY CLEAN WITH KOLYNOS!**



PEARLY TREASURE FOUND ON TROPIC ISLAND! SIR GEORGE RICHARDSON, LATE ADMINISTRATOR WESTERN SAMOA SAID: "THE NATIVES OF THE TOKELAU ISLANDS, SAMOA, HAVE PERFECT TEETH—LIKE PEARLS! THEY EAT NOTHING BUT COCONUTS, TARO AND FISH! TEETH FREE OF TINY FOOD DEPOSITS JAMMED IN THE CREVICES NEVER DECAY! KEEP YOUR TEETH SAFE WITH KOLYNOS!"

SURGING, ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES LEAVE TEETH SPOTLESS!

TINY PARTICLES OF FOOD WEDGED IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH." NINE OUT OF TEN ARE VICTIMS OF "BACTERIAL MOUTH." KOLYNOS INSTANTLY BURSTS INTO A SEETHING FOAM OF ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES INSIDE YOUR MOUTH. KOLYNOS FLOATS AWAY ANY TRACE OF "BACTERIAL MOUTH." LEAVES YOUR TEETH SPARKLING, BRILLIANT, SURGICALLY CLEAN. ECONOMICAL TOO. KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM—1/2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS ALL YOU NEED!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
1/3 AND 2/3

BACKACHE

Agony at night . . .



. . . Ease by morning

IF YOU WILL BEAR THIS FACT CLEARLY in mind that Backache is directly due to kidney trouble you will realise that only a specially prepared kidney remedy can stop your pain and weakness. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills provide the correct medicine for Backache because they are, as their name asserts, kidney pills.

If you will take two De Witt's Pills to-night you will have definite proof in the morning that the cleansing, healing and strengthening action on the kidneys has commenced. As you sleep they are removing the cause of your pain—the poisons and impurities that clog your kidneys.

It is the quick action of De Witt's Pills on weak, sluggish kidneys that makes the remedy so greatly valued by sufferers and proves that it is also the most economical you can have. Your pain is relieved quickly. The down-dragging weakness eads. The rapid relief becomes permanent and medicine is no longer necessary. Take De Witt's Pills for a few days, your Backache will cease and you will find the tonic action of these pills will increase your vigour and vitality. It is important to ask for and see you get the best of all remedies for weak kidneys—

DE WITT'S

KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/3, 3/- and 3/6.

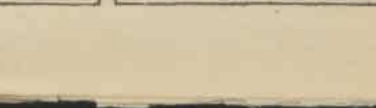
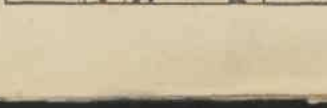
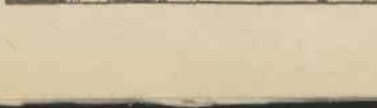
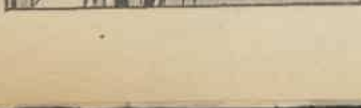
Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has promised to help
ELLEN: Who says that her house is haunted, but unless she stays there for a month she will not collect a big legacy. When Mandrake and Lothar visit Ellen's house, an enormous woman.

LILY BELL: Tries to frighten them away.
DON: Ellen's fiance, who has tried to persuade Ellen to leave, departs himself. Mandrake explains several apparently supernatural happenings as being worked by mechanical devices. Ellen, terrified, runs from the room, but is caught by Lily Bell, who stands guard against Mandrake and Lothar. NOW READ ON



Maybelline

makes eyes look



larger and lovelier

It's simple to add glamour to your eyes—make them brilliant, irresistibly lovely. Just a touch of MAYBELLINE to the lashes—and no matter how thin and colourless they are, they will magically appear to be long, dark and luxuriant. Smart women all over the world insist on MAYBELLINE—apart from adding to their charm, it is absolutely safe. There are no dangerous dyes in MAYBELLINE. It is non-damaging and tear-proof. Black, Brown and Blue.

MAYBELLINE EYELASH DARKENER

New MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA
Price 1/6 including brush
From all good Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists
Exclusive Distributors:
DOWARD & CO., 324 Flinders Lane, Melbourne



ELLALINE TERRISS to-day. Her husband says "Of her quality as a woman I say nothing. It would be impossible for my poor pen to do her justice."

Famous stars' romance

45 years' partnership on stage and in marriage

For forty-five years Sir Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss have played many roles as lovers on the stage.

During all the years of their acting partnership they have lived their own love story in married life.

THE story of their romance is told by Sir Seymour Hicks (he was knighted in 1935) in a new book of theatre reminiscences, "Me and My Miasma."

It was a case of love at first sight. "I heard at the far end of the room one of the sweetest voices I had ever listened to. I turned

round and saw a girl standing with her back to me, looking at a poster and discussing its merits.

"... The light from a window opposite her was falling full on her face, and I thought to myself, as I looked at the back of a head smothered by a wealth of fair hair, that if the owner of the daintiest of dainty figures before me had a face that in any way matched her other charms she must be someone very lovely.

"Her manner was self-possessed and businesslike, and with only a casual look at the poor theatre prompter there passed out of the room one whose eyes I was not destined to look into again for five long years.

"They were the beautiful eyes of Ellaline Terriss.

"How many thousand times have I looked into them since that day, always and ever to find comfort and happiness in them, and a goodness shining from those windows of a soul that has never known an unkind thought or done anything but good actions to any living creature."

Five years later he met her on the stage of the Court Theatre where they rehearsed together in "The Last Chance." Within three weeks they were married at a registry office.

After forty-five years of partnership on the stage and in marriage he writes of her:

"Of her quality as a woman I say nothing, for it would be absolutely impossible for my poor pen to attempt to do her justice."

An actor for more than fifty years, Sir Seymour Hicks has written more than sixty plays and sketches, and several successful books.

He began his stage career when he was fifteen and more than half-way through his "fifty years' jaunt" through Theatreland he became involved in theatre building, facing financial ruin with liabilities of £51,000.

He and his wife began life again with a ten-pound note.

In three years of colossal work and stoic hope he paid off all his debts. Born in Jersey, Sir Seymour Hicks was trained to be a soldier in the family tradition.

When he announced that he wanted to be an actor his widowed mother turned him out of home with only the few clothes he possessed and no money in the hope that this would "bring him to his senses."

At the age of fifteen he began his stage career as a call-boy. Sir Seymour Hicks writes of a



SIR SEYMOUR HICKS and Ellaline Terriss on the stage of the Court Theatre where they met forty-five years ago.

time when the screen had not yet stolen glamor from the stage, when he was looked upon as a universal provider of beautiful wives for the peerage.

"Nearly all the lovely show girls who were with me married extraordinarily well, so many acquiring handies to their names that while a viscount was an excitement a knight was only a discount."

GREAT personalities of the last fifty years make their bow on Sir Seymour Hicks' stage of reminiscences—King Edward VII, Gilbert and Sullivan, Sir Henry Irving, Gaby Deslys, the famous French actress who raffled a kiss at a wartime concert for £300, Sir James Barrie, the Barrymores, and countless players and playwrights.

He tells many anecdotes of the theatre. Call-boy at a theatre in his early years was none other than Charlie Chaplin.

"Little did I dream," writes Sir Seymour Hicks, "that to spell Chaplin was to spell genius, for there is no doubt he is one of the greatest drolls the world has ever seen."

"Chaplin, when playing a low comedy part in a drama, is reputed to have made a historic remark to the villain of the piece.

"The house was very empty, and when the heavy man said to him, 'Here are the papers. Be careful. Are we alone?' Chaplin looked into the auditorium and said, 'Almost!'"

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS writes disarmingly of his failure as a film actor, and pays a tribute to the genius of film directors.

He is convinced, however, that "films can never be a menace to the theatre from the point of view of acting."

"But from the large scale production angle they ride a race as easy winners... The real danger which has to be faced is the gold which lures promising youth from the Temple of Thespis in those very years when it should be learning the rudiments of a difficult art."

"Me and My Miasma," by Sir Seymour Hicks (Cassell), our copy from Angus and Robertson.



End Your Rheumatism, Backache Getting Up Nights and Kidney Troubles

while you Sleep Now Only

with the World-Famous Scientific Medicine... Cystex 1/9



For some years now the proprietors of Cystex have been literally bombarded with requests from sufferers from Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and other Kidney and Bladder Troubles to introduce their world-famous medicine for such complaints in a smaller and cheaper package. Such heart-rending letters cut deeply, and made us realize that even those with little or no money to spare suffered equally with the comparatively wealthy from the tortures, agonies and discomforts of these prevalent health troubles, wearing down the once strong, making a nervous wreck of the housewife, and incapacitating the breadwinner from bringing in the wherewithal with which to live.

Therefore Cystex—the remedy which has brought back to complete health and strength over 5 million people throughout the world—the medicine which is known and approved by users and former sufferers in 73 countries—is now obtainable, for the first time, in a handy new size.

What are the Causes of Rheumatism, Aching Joints, Pains in the Back, Leg Pains, Nerve, Circles Under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite, Frequent Night and Day Calls, Burning and Smarting when nature calls, Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc.?

There are 3 Causes

Toxic poisons which enter the kidneys through faulty kidney action and cause loss of energy, nervousness, frequent headaches and colds, and circles under eyes. GOUT IN KIDNEYS which cause the burning and itching which brings about "disturbed nights," leg pains, etc., and ACID IN BLOOD which corrodes, weakens and locks joints, thus causing rheumatic pains, backache, etc.

Fortunately for sufferers, chemists now have the new two-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex fights and undercuts the cause of your trouble in these three ways:

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in 2 hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue. 2. Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys and stimulates the entire system.

Troubles Start to End in 24 Hours

Cystex is scientifically prepared to heal, soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder, and remove acids and poisons from your system and starts work almost immediately. Within 24 hours you should feel decidedly better, while within 8 days you will feel and look years younger.

Results Guaranteed

So confident are we of the power of Cystex to do you good—to make you healthy and completely fit and well—that we will refund every penny of the money you spend on a Cystex treatment at your Chemist's, providing you return the empty package should Cystex not prove of benefit to your case.

Former Sufferers Praise Cystex

6 Years Kidney Trouble Gone in One Week.

"For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backache, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly run-down condition. I tried many remedies without success, and was becoming a physical wreck. My appetite was gone, I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man and many years older than my actual age. Fortunately, I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, I decided to try it. Within twenty-four hours I noticed quite an improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so marked that I knew that at last I had found a remedy which would restore me to health. After a twenty-four day treatment my health and vision were completely restored. I can eat anything—I sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

H. Mann, Mosman, N.S.W.

Operation Saved, Thanks to Cystex. "Cystex has saved me from going under an operation which would have meant death to a man of my age, nearly 60 years. I would have to get up nearly every hour of the night. Now I sleep well, and I feel better right through. I recommended Cystex to all suffering as I did. You may use this letter, as it may benefit someone else. I am well known in Rochester and Camperdown."

G.N. Williamson, Hurstbridge, Vic.



Guarantee MONEY BACK IF NO BENEFIT

If you suffer from any ailments mentioned in this advertisement, get Cystex from your chemist. If it fails to do good, return empty package and money will be refunded.

Cystex
For Your Kidneys' Sake

This GUARANTEED RIGHT Medicine Remedy is the RIGHT to take

★ NOW 3 SIZES — 1/9; 4/-; 8/-

Famous Doctors Praise Cystex

"There is little question but that properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Weakness, Swollen Joints and Rheumatic Pains, Headaches, and a generally run-down condition. Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes of such conditions."

"Since the kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."



Dr. W. H. George



Dr. C. Z. Rendell

LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID



"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C. in her letter. "My legs and feet were terribly fat and ugly. I was wearing the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and said she had fat like mine. I decided to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and look! The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me. Don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime banishes ugly fat. No nasty salts, no starvation diet. DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

Full 6 weeks' Treatment 20/- 10-day Course 5/6

YOUTH O FORM

Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

I LIKE—

The way the F. L. Henriques solved a gift problem recently. He's keen on water sports. She isn't. So he gave her a speed boat, and she generously responded with a present to him of a gorgeous mink cape!

Junior Red Cross pageant

INTENSE activity in Junior Red Cross circles. Hundreds of excited children preparing for their fancy dress pageant at the Town Hall this Friday. Hundreds (I had almost said thousands) more preparing to go along and applaud them. Lady Gowrie, always so interested in the Juniors, will be there to receive the curiosities so earnestly practised for weeks past.

Among others who have promised to attend are the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Norman Nock), the Premier (Mr. B. S. B. Stevens) and Mrs. Stevens, Colonel M. P. Brunker and Mrs. Brunker, and Mr. D. H. Drummond and Mrs. Drummond.

The garments made by members will later be distributed among poorer families of sick and disabled returned soldiers.

Mrs. Gilla Lamrock has let her charming flat at Darling Point for six months, and with her daughter Gilla she's staying at Deane, Darling Point Road.

Planning Trip Abroad

MRS. A. T. TYLER and her son John are thinking of a trip overseas. They will probably leave some time in June, and John, having decided on the army as his future career, is hoping to go to Sandhurst.

His sister, Joan, will remain with her father, Captain Tyler, at their Double Bay flat. There is her Science course—already begun—at the University, and Lila and Annabel to consider. Lila and Annabel, in case their fame has not yet reached you, are the Tylers' lively Irish terriers.

Learning all about aeroplanes

I HEAR that the role Suzanne Dansey has chosen to fill in time of national emergency is that of helping send out aeroplanes in perfect order and ready for their work.

In consequence, the immaculate Suzanne can be seen these days clad in greasy overalls climbing over and under planes and mastering the secrets of their mechanism.

To wed in London

PHYLL MORT and her mother, Mrs. John Laidley Mort, arrive in London on May 4, where a little later they will be joined by Phyll's fiancé, Douglas Miller. Douglas, you remember, left by the Niagara for America a few days before the Morts sailed for England.

I hear their marriage is to take place in London in June, and that, after Douglas completes a post-graduate course, they will probably make the homeward journey by plane, arriving here in September.

Stepping out on the ice

THE opening of the Ice Palas this Friday will see many well-known skaters talking to the ice again. Judging by the enormous number of people taking up skating this season, the art is more popular than ever. Already members of the Ice Palas Club have had their numbers doubled.

Mrs. Herbert Douglass, one of Sydney's keenest skaters; Mrs. Sid Croll, Joan Peacock, Eve Sheedy and Mrs. Alan Crago will be among enthusiasts attending the opening.

Cosmopolitan audience

I FELT rather lost at the premiere of the Continental Films at the Savoy Theatre. It was a house full of record, and in the foyer at the interval it was impossible to move, and I was wedged in between a Frenchman, a German, and a Dutchman.

The Consular Corps turned up practically in full force. Noticed the Elink Schuurmans chatting with Dr. and Madame Pao. Also saw Madame P. Clementel, wife of the Vice-Consul for France, and the Wakamatsus.

The film itself was delightful—deliciously French. I loved M. Tremoulet's opening gambit in his speech—that everyone should be able to speak French because it was the only language in which one could say just what one meant.

Celebrating Birthday



An informal study of decorative Joy Minnett, who will celebrate her twenty-first birthday on Saturday with a dance at the Manly Golf Club.



Big party at Manly

JOY MINNETT is celebrating this Saturday at the Manly Golf Club. Two hundred guests to toast her coming of age and rights to the front-door key. Joy's frock is something super in the way of cedar-pink lane with a shell pattern in silver. Her parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. B. Minnett, will help her dispense hospitality.

Among those who will offer good wishes will be Jean Rofe, Robin Eakin, the four Curtis sisters, Gay, Robin, Pat and Lesley; Shirley Arnott, Heather MacLeod, and Hugh Giblin, Hamish Moreton, Brian Egan, Jack Minnett and Brian Oxenham.

Joy is a brainy lass, and is in her final year in Economics at the University.

Midnight performance

I HEAR balletomanes have been besieging the booking-office at the Royal for seats for this Wednesday, when principals of the ballet company will give a midnight performance.

It means a very full day for the ballet members. They arrive in Sydney at 6.30 in the morning, rush a rehearsal through in the afternoon with Antal Dorati, and go on the stage about half an hour after "The Waltz Dream" final curtain. And they leave the following morning for Europe.

Lots of first-nighters have booked seats for both performances, including Mrs. T. H. Kelly, who never misses a first night; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Pope, Mrs. C. V. Walker, and the Misses Pat Cape, Constance Mort, and Barbara Knox.

Returned to country

GIVING up her all-day job with a city firm, Pops McDonald has departed for the country and her home at Merriwa.

One of the brightest of the many farewells given for this popular lass before she left town was the cocktail party hostessed by Pat and Wendy White at their home at Rushcutters Bay.

Musical at Elwaton

LADY GOWRIE will be among the guests at the musicale Mrs. R. C. Dixon is giving on Sunday afternoon at Elwaton, her charming home at Castle Hill. Mrs. Dixon is expecting some three hundred music-lovers to come along and enjoy the programme presented by Miss Marjorie Hambridge, Frank Hutchens and Charles Benson, with Vern Barnett as accompanist.

The afternoon has been arranged to gather in additional funds to send to Joan Hammond, the young Sydney singer, who is meeting with success in London's musical world, and among those assisting Mrs. Dixon are Mrs. Percy Ash, Mrs. Halse Millett, Mrs. Harold Bolt, Miss Leo Wray, Mrs. W. H. Dowling, Mrs. Lindley Evans, and Miss Lute Drummond.

Youthful hostess

AUDREY WILKINSON is planning a large dance at her home this Wednesday. Not for any particular reason, she says, but just because she feels like it.

Mrs. Wilkinson will receive the guests with Audrey, and will wear a black velvet gown, finished with duck-egg blue drapes. Audrey, who invariably looks lovely, has chosen a periwinkle-blue chiffon over a mauve taffeta.



Enjoyed visit to Sydney

CHARMING Mrs. Gordon Chirnside is thoroughly enjoying her visit here from Melbourne. . . . her first in three years, when she merely passed through on her way home from America. "Everyone is so delightful, and looks so attractive and smart, and I am having a lovely time seeing all my friends," she told me. So she will be quite sorry to say good-bye when she leaves for home, probably on Sunday.

Her mother, Mrs. Fred Thiel, accompanied her on the trip, and they have been staying at the Australia.

Modern furnishing scheme

IMMERSED in furnishing schemes at the moment is Mrs. Stanley Warren, the Warrens having just taken a flat in Ocean Avenue. When completed the lounge will be carpeted in velvet pile of deepest crimson, with furnishings and hangings in off-white tonings.

Sounds to me the latest from overseas, seeing that Mrs. Warren returned recently from a six months' trip abroad.

DO YOU KNOW—

That the dance Mr. and Mrs. John Fuller are giving at Elizabeth Bay House this Friday in honor of Vera's debut will also be a farewell to their son John, who sails next day in the Dominion Monarch for a world tour?

SUPPERTIME COCOA BUILT THEIR ENERGY

A Cup of Bournville Cocoa Every Night



BOURNVILLE GIVES Extra NOURISHMENT

Milk in itself is a valuable food, but when Bournville Cocoa, and a little sugar, is added to milk you obtain 45% more nourishment than from milk alone! Think what that means in nourishing value for the growing boy or girl. In Bournville Cocoa you provide a beverage eagerly sought for when milk alone is refused. The rich, chocolaty flavour is the secret.

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WEEK-DAYS
ONE AND A PENNY SATS.
Most Classifications



ETIQUETTE

An authoritative guide to public and social life

What would you do if, later this year, you were called upon to entertain the Duke and Duchess of Kent as your guests at a dinner or ball?

In this, the third instalment of her book, which is being published by The Australian Women's Weekly in serial form, Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted English authority on etiquette, gives in precise detail the procedure followed at all private entertainments at which Royal guests are present.

Although she writes of procedure in England, much the same ritual will be observed in Australia during the Duke of Kent's term as Governor-General.

By **MRS. MASSEY LYON**
(Published Weekly by Special Arrangement)

THE members of our Royal Family have always been distinguished by kindness and gracious simplicity and far less ceremony when paying private visits is now maintained.

It is essential, however, that the niceties of etiquette be observed.

To begin with, both host and hostess must receive any Royal guests at the front door, greeting them with the deep curtsy and low bow demanded on all such occasions.

The door must be thrown open as the car or carriage is seen approaching, and a red carpet must have been laid previously over the steps and across the pavement.

It is customary to notify the police should this be deemed necessary, when an adequate number of constables will be provided to regulate any crowd that may assemble if it is known that Royalty is honoring the house.

The Royal guests, wraps having been discarded, are conducted immediately to the reception-room, in which, if dance or party is being held, a special group of chairs (or a dais) has been placed, with flowers arranged unostentatiously in accord

with the general scheme of decoration.

If a dinner party is thus honored, the guests are assembled in an informal row, and the Royal guests move about the room with the gentlemen or ladies in attendance walking just behind.

Host and hostess walk with their Royal guests, and to them falls the duty of making the presentations.

If it is a very large dinner-party only those who will be seated at the principal tables, with or near the Royal guests, are thus presented, the others standing informally around the room.

Etiquette demands that when the King and Queen honor a dinner-party finger-bowls should be placed only before them at dessert and not before any of the other guests.

This is an interesting reminder of the past, for it dates from Jacobite troubles, and was decreed to prevent anyone from holding his glass over the bowl when the King's health was drunk, so saving his conscience by toasting "The King over the water." Long buried in

oblivion as is its origin, the custom survives in etiquette until to-day.

When a return to the reception-room is made, other members of the company will, as a rule, be similarly honored.

Making presentations

PRESENTATIONS are made directly by the host or hostess. They are made as informally as possible, in some such words as: "May I present Admiral X to you, Sir?" or "May I present Lady Y to you, Ma'am?"

It may be necessary to add an explanatory few words to the presentation. For instance: "May I present my sister, Lady Z, to you, Sir? She has just returned from India, where her husband is one of the Viceroy's staff," or, "May I present to you, Ma'am, Col. XX-YY, who is just leaving for a world tour."

At a dinner-party the King proceeds first to the dining-room with the hostess, the host following with the Queen immediately after: then come, a few paces behind, the other

A STRANGE

TRADITION, dating from the Jacobite troubles, is that finger-bowls are placed only before the King and Queen at a dinner party.

guests in the order previously arranged, with strict regard to precedence.

A Prince alone similarly goes in first with his hostess, whose place is thus always changed when entertaining Royalty.

At a dinner or any other social function which Royalty is honoring, a list of the proposed guests must be submitted before invitations are given.

As a rule this is purely a formality, the guests proposed being accepted as they stand, but sometimes an alteration or omission or addition is suggested, and this suggestion is a command which must, of course, be obeyed precisely, and, needless to say, treated as a confidential communication.

THOSE chosen for inclusion in such parties are naturally people moving in the same "set" of society—who have been presented at Court or at a Levee—and to whom, therefore, the niceties of personal conduct are commonplaces.



A PRINCESS or Royal Duchess dances first with her host. Above: The Duchess of Gloucester dancing with Prince Chakrabongse, cousin of the King of Siam, at an Embassy dance in London.

VALUABLE GUIDE

HOW to introduce people, how to address people, how to answer different types of invitations, paying and receiving calls, etiquette of engagements and weddings—these and many other everyday aspects of etiquette will be fully discussed in subsequent instalments of Mrs. Lyon's book.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that everyone stands as Royalty enters a room, and remains standing until the important personage is seated, standing again immediately he or she rises.

Please turn to Page Six
Homemaker Section

...**PICKED** and **PACKED** the **SAME DAY!**

Every good thing in a fresh tomato is yours—in Rich, Red 'Fountain' Brand Tomato Sauce



Everything I have is yours

The kitchens where we press and pack Fountain Tomato Sauce are built amid the fields, so it is only a matter of hours before the fresh fruit is picked and packed.

Rich Red "Fountain" Tomato Sauce is made according to a true Home-made Style Recipe.

BUY A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

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FOUNTAIN home-made style **TOMATO SAUCE**

Firm Flesh Turns to Fat

WHEN FOOD TRACT IS CONSTIPATED

A cause of unhealthy fat is often due to a congested food tract. Absorbing the fermenting wastes into your system will create the fat of ill-health. These digestive poisons account for the sick headaches, bilious attacks, flatulence, skin blotches and bad breath, to which overweight women and men are subject.

For constipation you should take Pinkettes. These little laxative pills are absolutely harmless. They effectively disperse the waste matter, keep the food tract clean and brisk, and exercise and strengthen the lazy bowels. Keep free from constipation and liverishness by taking Pinkettes, and you will keep free from the unpleasant, distressing symptoms and ungainly fat. Get Pinkettes to-day, 1/3 bottle at chemists and stores.

BICYCLES RUN EASIER

Oil frequently all bearings and running parts with 3-in-one oil—you'll notice the difference at once.

CLEANS
LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL

(Trade-Mark)



THERE was stir and the sounds of many gay weary voices at the dining-room door, and a late party came in, evidently fresh from a cold run, although they had brushed and powdered somewhat before coming in for dinner. Four women, five men, not dressed, but in handsome travelling wear; they took possession of a round table, settled themselves with much laughter, and proceeded with confidence and in clear, audible voices to order their meal. Steaks, and plenty of Louis' sauce, and if Louis was off on a holiday he must be brought back; and for Louis, and bring him in dead or alive.

They had been there for some minutes before Honor realised that one of them was Paul Cartwright. And instantly she knew that Adeline knew, too, and their voices hushed and they hardly glanced at each other.

Her one first passionate desire was to get away without being seen. Just to slip out of this room and reach the safety of their apartment upstairs, there to stay in blessed quiet until he and his party had gone on their way. She had already gathered from the conversation at the near-by table that the newcomers were homeward bound after some camping experience; they were merely staying the night. She could not—she would not see Paul! She did not herself know why the mere thought was so insufferable; she only knew it was there. He must not see her. She would stay in her room until he and his crowd had made their early-morning start.

Meanwhile, she and Adeline had ordered a dessert: baked pears, mixed cakes. And two small black coffees. They would have to wait for them or enter into an explanation with the head-waiter, who was

eternally hovering about "minding everyone's business but his own!" as Honor herself had remarked of more than one head-waiter elsewhere. That would mean instant recognition on Paul's part.

Otherwise, there was a faint hope of escape. Paul was sitting with his profile towards her. He might glance about at any moment, of course, but if he did not, and if she and Adeline could hurry through their last course and slip away quietly, he might never see them at all.

Now they were done. Adeline signed the card; slipped the tip beneath it; crumpled napkins were pushed back, chairs grated. They were walking behind Paul's back; they were in the big hall. Silently, swiftly, Honor went upstairs, her sister following her. When they got to their rooms they closed the door; stood facing each other.

"You saw him!"

"Oh yes, Hon. Suddenly. Not until they were all seated. Did you see him right away?"

"No. Not until then." But she spoke absent, musing upon something new. A new sharp pang of regret for an opportunity missed; the wretched pang that never is felt until too late. Why had she been such a fool! Looking her best in the midnight-blue chiffon with the silver stars, why not face him? She was Honor Brownell the writer now; she had an income and a position. Her publisher—

Suddenly reminded of Birge she experienced a new pang. Ah, if he had been here! If he and she and Adeline's husband had made this trip, and if Paul had come over to meet these two attractive men, and if he had felt—if he had felt—

"We got away with that!" said Adeline, in innocent triumph. Honor walked slowly to the dressing-table, began slowly to take off earrings, to lay aside handkerchief and evening bag. She ran slender nervous fingers through her hair. "He didn't see you, Hon." Adeline said.

"I'm just wondering," Honor said, speaking over her shoulder. "Why I was so anxious not to see him."

"Not to see him!" Adeline echoed blankly.

"Well—" Honor said, and stopped. She had taken off her gown, she hung it carefully on a hanger, swept it towards the closet.

"But, Hon," Adeline stammered, "you didn't want to see him!"

"I rather—think I did, perhaps."

"Oh—" Adeline said vaguely, completely at a loss.

"I rather think I want to see him." Honor was in a loose silk robe now; she sat down at the dressing-table and put her arms among the pots and jars and bottles. "I rather think I want to see him more than I ever wanted anything else in my life!" she said in a low tone.

ADELINE stood quite still in the centre of the floor, distressed.

"Oh, dear, then why didn't we just—just naturally speak to him!" she said on a half wail. "You looked so beautiful to-night; I never saw you look so lovely! And we were right there. Why on earth—"

"That's what I'm asking myself." Honor said soberly, her head still in her hands.

"Oh, dear!" Adeline murmured. And then, hopefully, "Hon, you could telephone him?"

"No. No, I couldn't." Honor's bowed head shook.

"Just for a few minutes' talk!" Adeline persisted eagerly.

"I can't—ask favors." Honor raised her head, looked at a somewhat haggard reflection in the glass, began again to brush her hair. "It might have been perfectly simple in the dining-room," she said. "And he might have— Oh, I don't know! Wanted me to go to tea with him, have dinner with him, maybe, in New York. But now I've—I've simply muffed it. I can't do anything now. Telephone, and say, 'I saw you in the dining-room, but I was too much of a big boob, even at twenty-eight, to put out my hand and to smile and say, Hello, Paul! No, I couldn't do that.' Honor finished, "I may take a long time to grow up, Addy, but I've got some—some pride. My Heavens! Honor ended in a whisper, beating rather than brushing at her thick, tawny hair, "how long it seems to take me to grow up!"

"Then he still matters to you, Hon?" her sister asked, in a subdued, sorrowful little voice.

"Well, of course not! But it's all,"

"And I couldn't do anything to help you," he mused.

"Well, of course not! But it's all,"

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 6

"Oh, yes!" Honor was actually violent with her brush.

The telephone tingled sharply. Adeline answered it. Adeline was always leaving bags and gloves and books and packages in dining-rooms, and expected such a call after almost every hotel meal. Honor glanced at her belongings. It wasn't the bag with their money in it, anyway.

"It's Paul; it's for you," Adeline said, handing over the instrument.

"Paul! You saw me, then? Of course I was, but I was going to do it in the morning. Oh, you're going early? Oh, too bad! No, that was Adeline, you remember my sister? You saw the name McClibben with mine on the register? That's Adeline; she's married. No, not yet. I say I'm not married yet. No, nor engaged either. But, Paul, if you knew we were here, why on earth—"

"No; just getting ready to, I say we're just getting ready to go to bed. We did three hundred miles to-day. It's a long story; we've a borrowed car and we're taking possession of New England. Love it. Simply love it! Oh, wait one second—I don't know—"

She turned towards her sister.

"He wants me to come down for a talk."

"Well," Adeline said, her eyes non-committal, "why don't you go?"

"Because I'm tired and—well, I will. I'll be right down, in about seven minutes," Honor said.

Paul was waiting at the foot of the stairs. Their eyes met; they linked hands; neither spoke. He led her to the Peking Room, a snug place lined in carved teakwood and furnished in vermillion lacquer. It had no fireplace, but there was a wide upholstered kang, and Honor and Paul sat down upon it, side by side, their hands still together. The light in the little room was soft and dull; the air deliciously warm and cozy.

"Honor, at last. And more beautiful than ever," Paul said.

She only laughed for answer. She was beautiful, and she knew it; her face radiant under her shining crown of brushed hair, her body slender and sweet and fragrant in the thin wide-spread gown, her eyes glowing with sapphire lights. The very hand he held in his seemed to pulsate with life and fire, and have its own language.

"You're glad to see me?" he said, in a touched voice. It was a new note from him, and made her all the more sure of her reply.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I wish you knew what it meant to me to-night to see you."

"Isn't it strange? Up here in Maine."

"If it seems strange to you you haven't any idea what it seems to me. You and Adeline here, and you simply—Paul looked at her earnestly—simply glowing with beauty and life and—and everything," he said.

"Paul, why didn't you speak to us in the dining-room?"

A silence. He looked down at the hand he was stroking.

"Couldn't, Honor. It all came over me—what we'd meant to each other, what a damned pull it has been! I'd seen your name on the hotel register, you know, looked and looked at it. It had to be you; no coincidence, for I knew the writing. And it shot me to pieces. I didn't want to see you until we could have a moment together. We've been through some tough going, haven't we, since we last saw each other? You were in a chair in the Hyde Street place, and it looked as if you'd never get out of it. And now—tell me what's happened. How do you come to be here?"

She gave it to him in her own animated fashion, making him laugh more than once, and once bringing the tears to his eyes so that he looked down, moving his thumb to and fro on her hand, saying nothing. "And so you're famous now, Honor? I should have known it. But I don't read your particular magazine."

"AFTER a fashion, a very modest fashion. But it's fun! And to have Adeline married and Tom engaged, and practically every other girl in the family with a new baby or expecting one—it's all been so much happier than those bad years." She shuddered, looking away. "They were bad years!" she said.

"And I couldn't do anything to help you," he mused.

"Well, of course not! But it's all,"

Honor said simply, her beautiful eyes upon him, "it's all come out so—so right, and I gained more than I lost, I think. Except the years. If it weren't for birthdays I think half the women in the world wouldn't have any troubles! But they do come along!"

"You're twenty-six."

"Twenty-eight, Paul, do you know Birge Persons?"

"Yes, I've met him. Darned nice fellow. His wife died, you know. Wife and kid. Tough break, Honor," said Paul, jerking a little nearer her, "you knew Marion was off on the loose?"

"Divorce?"

"Yes, it is a divorce, though there wasn't any publicity about it. The papers never have had it. In New York, last year."

"I thought you couldn't get a divorce in New York State, except for what you may call it."

"You can't. But Marion went quite simply to live with a swami, and gave me all the evidence I needed."

"Want to live with a swami?"

"I don't know what he is. He has a cult, or he is one. They deal in the norm and the envelope and the vehicles," Paul said simply.

For a moment her eyes met his in scandalised astonishment; then she laughed jocosely.

"Want to live with him!" she echoed incredulously.

"It's a colony. There are about nine other women. They're all going to India with him, to find the fountain of eternal life."

"Paul Cartwright!"

"I give you my word. Marion's mother tried to talk her out of it, but she's quite sane. She's got some money, not much, and that is what she's going to do."

"But what about the boys?"

"The boys are with my sister. They're in school, rather, but they go to Di for week-ends. They're quite happy."

Please turn to Page 41

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Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 40

"SHE gave them up?" Honor was still stunned.

"It seems that Roy Da—that's what they call him—told her that they were not her true children, they were simply vagrant souls who still had long explanation to do, and who chose her as a way back. She told me in all seriousness that it made her dislike them. She says she isn't allowed to hate anyone, but that the boys and I are several spirals below her."

"I never—Honor's eyes were still wide—"I never in my life heard such—such ridiculous nonsense!" she said.

"Roy Da says he can manage their pigsticker as low as ten dollars a day, and they're all in it for three hundred days." Paul went on, "It seems that three hundred days is the magical time. They're going to China, and from there to Asia, and the Lord alone knows where they'll go then."

"His profit to be about sixty-nine per cent," Honor mused.

"That's about what I worked it out."

"But can she come back from this idiotic trip and—be the same?" "I shouldn't think so, and to tell the truth," Paul said, "I don't think she'll try. She'll live abroad, and go in for queer people and cults." His tone changed. "And it's you, Honor, at last," he said. "I've waited a long time for this, haven't I?"

"As long as I have." She raised serious eyes. "We had to meet each other sometime," she said. "But I used to be afraid it would be too late—we'd be too old. We wouldn't care."

For answer he looked at her gravely, with the thoughtful expression she knew so well. Then gradually a hint of the familiar smile tugged at his mouth, and he moved nearer her. His arm was half-way about her; they were still facing each other, and she felt the old thrill run from the tips of her toes to the crown of her head; and that the little room was suddenly flooded with magic.

"We do care, don't we?" he said. "Too much," said Honor.

"You've not forgotten?"

"Not for a minute. There hasn't been a night, I think," Honor confessed, a sudden mist in her blue eyes, "that I haven't remembered. When I was going to sleep—the last thing, I'd remember."

"The day we were out on the shore, and the gulls kept coming nearer and nearer."

"And the night we had dinner in your brother's apartment."

He reflected, narrowing his eyes as he looked at her.

"We were—well behaved, weren't we?" he said dryly. Honor laughed lightly.

"I think we were."

"I'll never let you go again," Paul said simply. Her color came up, flooding her clear browned skin with a sort of inner glow; her eyes were on his, half-fearful, half-provocative, but she did not speak.

"Never again!" he repeated. And then, in a more practical tone, "Now! How long are you staying here, and where are you going to be?"

"But tell me first how you happen to be here, Paul?"

"Coming down from Rutgers' camp up on the island. They've an island up this way. I only came up a few days ago. We leave early to-morrow and go straight on down to Boston, and then New York."

"I'll telephone you Thursday night, and perhaps you'll come to town Friday and lunch with me? Honor, do they tell you that you are more beautiful than ever?"

She raised long lashes. Her blue eyes were full of amused light. She knew that whether or not she had

ever been beautiful before, she was beautiful to-night.

"Does who tell me?"

"Well—my old rival, Hugh, for example?"

"I don't remember his doing so lately. Hugh has a new girl, very lovely, too."

"Hugh," Paul said in an absent tone, his fervid eyes upon her, "matters to me no whit."

"That's too bad, for I shall always love Hugh."

"About us," Paul began. "Let's plan. And first of all, will you dine with me the night you get to New York, and may I take you to some show or something? We lunch together Friday, and we dine together Friday—do that understood?"

Her head was against his shoulder now as he leaned back against the heaped cushions of the kang with his arm firmly about her. His dark cheek rested against her temple. They spoke in murmurs, utterly at peace, utterly content. He heard her lazy laugh.

"But I'm staying at the Persons' And Adeline and I go on to California on Monday."

"Monday! A week from to-morrow."

"Is it? Yes! Heavens! how the time rushes by. Yes, a week from to-morrow."

Paul rubbed his cheek against her hair.

"Ah, but you can't do that. We'll have to change all that," he said, troubled. "Now, tell me—tell me—"

There was nothing he did not want to know about her; no question that she dared not ask him. A new life, a new world was in the making.

IN the morning she was dressing when Adeline awakened. It was a fresh sweet morning, with something of the dewy chill of the night hovering still over the land and sea, before the advance of the day's burning heat. Honor explained the situation simply. She was going riding with Paul. Adeline blinked, yawned.

"Is his wife here?" "His wife..." Honor explained the situation, and saw her sister's incredulous look change even as her own had to one of amusement.

"Then he's free?"

"Well, I should think that if anything ever freed a person, barring death—" Honor began.

"I should think even Grandma would agree to that," Adeline put in decisively in the pause, and Honor proceeded with her dressing with no further reference to the plan that was making her heart and her eyes dance.

"Will you have your breakfast up here, Adeline? I don't know exactly when we'll be back."

"I believe I'll go to sleep again now," Adeline turned comfortably in the covers.

Paul was waiting downstairs. They went out together into the shining sweetness of the morning, and saw the autumn sunlight striking across the sea and gulls printing the wet sands with the fine hemstitching of tiny red feet. Everything smelled of the good salty sea; little boats lay doubled on their calm reflections; one or two early bathers were swimming briskly in the cold water. From the land an occasional lazy breeze brought warmer air, already scented with leaf fires and sun-burned fields. Honor caught at a spear of brown yarrow; the tiny dry beads filled her hand as if with sand.

The horses were ready, wheeling and nervous. Paul helped her up, and before he was mounted she was away, trying rather to guide

than control the sprited big roan who seemed to be moving in all directions at once beneath her. But after a moment the horse settled to a quieter pace, and Paul caught her, and they went on together, calling out to each other in the rapture and excitement of the ride.

After a while they were walking their mounts slowly side by side. It was full warm morning now. Honor's face was pale with the Indian summer heat, and little beads of perspiration stuck her soft hair to her brow. They wheeled about, and looked out to sea; went on, commenting on cottages and gardens and sandy lanes, and were presently back at the stables and walking towards the hotel, ravenous, weary, happy.

The small dining-room was almost empty, deliciously cool and shadowed by awnings. It was wonderful to fall upon fruits—a dozen fruits—and to pour the smoking coffee and break open cubes of golden cornbread. But anything would have been wonderful, Honor thought, indeed knew, with this companion beside her, these handsome eyes so attentive to her eyes, this remembered voice with its sophisticated, its amused, its affectionate shades and meanings once again in her ears.

He smiled at her across their secluded little corner table from

which they could look through a great window at the sea.

"Always wear that rough soft sort of hat and that white sweater and those brown breeches," he said. "You look like—well, I like the way you look!"

"These riding things I simply stuck in in case we wanted to do any climbing," Honor said thoughtfully.

"Climbing is all right now?"

"Everything's all right now. Adeline and I have been moving through an enchanted dream. Everything we ever hoped to see, old pumps and old graveyards and old towns asleep under maples; we've seen it all. We've been swimming at Newport and Narragansett, and we've photographed each other at Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock. We're content."

Her eyes shone at him; her whole being seemed to be shining with an inner light on this sparkling morning.

"You'd forgotten I was alive."

"No." Her face sobered. "I never forgot," she said; "in all the days at the ranch, winter days when we had wood fires, and hot summer days when the prunes were ripening, it was you—it was as if you were always there. I used to climb the hill with a sandwich in my pocket, after I was better, that was."

She fell silent, remembering.

Please turn to Page 42

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MAGIC

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Hear people speaking from a distant land,
Dispel within my room the calm profound,
And summon magic symphonies of sound,
I can command the measures of a mile,
With one slow turning of a tiny dial,
Hear voices from a thousand unseen lips,
Or music, at my finger-tips.
—Yvonne Webb.

"YOU'RE miles

away," he said. Honor came back to the present with a startled little laugh.

"I was miles away. I was contrasting this morning with some of those mornings— But no," she said musingly, "you wouldn't understand. I didn't go through it."

"I went through something," he reminded her seriously. "Believe me, it's easy enough to say that Marion's gone off with a black man in a turban, and that the boys are at school or with Diana, but the details were pretty sickening, while they lasted, and I felt pretty well bruised and bumped before it all settled down. That was only this spring. And this autumn I was going to California to find out what you thought about it all."

Last night on the kang of the little Chinese room that had been scented with pink and dimly lighted

by an old parchment lantern, this would have been dangerous talk, she thought, her senses instantly responsive. But here in the breakfast-room everything was safe. She could smile at him speculatively, faintly shrugging, faintly shaking her head.

"Surely you aren't regretting Paul, that we played fair?" she asked.

There was a moment's silence. Neither one moved. Then Honor refilled her coffee cup with a hand that slightly shook, and Paul said, clearing his throat: "What do you think you believe?"

"What's true. A man's wife, no matter what sort of a wife she is, his children. They'd have haunted me. I couldn't have made my life seem straight, with other women I'd never have felt real—with other

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 41

men. "Mr. Cartwright and I were victims of circumstances that made it practically inevitable. We had to do what we did or do something infinitely less honest. We had to be honest." "Bah, I hate all that!" Honor said, half scornful, half amused. "It wouldn't have been honest, of course. It would have been dramatising—attempts to dignify—what was just the old selfish story. No more dignity to it than to some poor little country dish-washer who meets the boy from the drug-store behind the barn on a summer night!"

He was watching her steadily. "Perhaps not," he said; "but it seems to me that it isn't only that. Believe me, it isn't only the beauty of you that I want now."

He had spoken in a low voice, his eyes narrowed; he was unsmiling. She felt the contagion of the control, and her own smile changed, and she looked down.

"Being free makes it right," she said.

"BUT why, Honor? We go to a stranger and we say some words before him, and after that everything is acceptable. Why?"

"I don't know," she answered, with something like a hint of sharpness in her tone. "But I know that it's so—that our civilisation is—that way. Just as it's right for me to write my name on a cheque, but not yours. Just as it's right for me to—well, to feed a man if he is hungry, or wash him if he is helpless and dirty, or nurse him—yes, through nights and days—if he is ill. And to care for him and joke with him and be with him, if we are friends, and yet not give him that—not myself, because that is to break the law. And deep in my heart I know it is the law, stronger than any church or Puritan or prig ever made. I could have gone to Cannes or Biarritz or Nice." Honor went on, her eyes on his now. "I could have taken a villa there with you, and dressed in the latest frocks from Paris and given the smartest little cocktail parties. And all the time I would have been going on bravado, not explaining to some woman, carefully planting explanations with others; pretending that it hadn't been the bodily thing that actuated us—pretending that we'd had some noble secret motive that made it a fine thing to do!"

"And all the time," she resumed, in a lighter voice, with the hint of a smile in her eyes, "all the time we'd have been asking certain rather shady, rich, prominent persons to our home. They're not married either, you know, Paul, or 'They lived together for years before they were married, Paul' to keep us in fact!"

"Well," he said, "I didn't let you do it, did I?"

"No, you didn't let me do it."

"And—having done the decent thing, a good deal of a cad I thought myself."

Her face softened; her eyes smiled.

"No; did you really?"

"Did I really? Having given you up? Going to Milwaukee to plunge into a big law-suit, and having Marion find the apartment she wanted, and gather her old friends about her, and start all over again as a proud and loving wife?"

He changed his tone. "That's that," he said.

They had finished their meal. Indeed they had lingered long after it was finished. Honor made the first move, and they walked together through the room. Adeline was waiting in a big rocker on the porch—she and Honor were supposed to be on their way south at eleven. She shook hands with Paul, and in a laughing, nervous conversation, in which she tried to be very much at ease, it was decided that Honor should go upstairs and finish her packing at once.

Paul asked about Adeline's husband, and made a note in a small book about a wedding present.

It was delightful to return a day ahead of their schedule to the luxury of the Persons' house after all the changes and fatigues of even the most wonderful road, and to recount their experiences at a quiet home dinner, when the publisher and his wife and son were their only company, and Honor's brilliant sketches of adventures on the trip could have the floor to themselves. Candles were lighted on the square table in the great paneled dining-room; a wood fire blazed in the mouth of a great chimney; the autumn evening was chill.

Afterwards the older pair went upstairs to bed, and Adeline disappeared to write to her faithful Bruce, then Honor and Birge wandered into the library. Neighbors would drift in later for backgammon and cribbage; meanwhile they had a great fire to themselves and a delightful sense of cosiness and shelter from a gusty evening.

Honor established herself in a deep chair by the hearth. Her gown spread about her delicately; its full taffeta folds were gathered into a prim buttoned basque with sleeves that flowed open upon a flood of frail batiste embroidery. She looked demure and picturesque and womanly to-night. Her old host had told her at dinner that she could pose for a portrait of one of the Little Women. "Or Jane Eyre," Birge had said.

"Is it going to be warm enough for you, Jane?" he asked now, giving her for the first time a name other than her formal one.

"Too warm, probably. But how I love a wood fire!" Her cheeks as she turned a smile towards him were already blazing; her hair an aureole in the soft light. "Don't light lamps," she pleaded; "this is so lovely!"

A LAMP WAS lighted in a far corner of the room, but here by the hearth there was only the rosy gleam of the flames. Birge sat back in his low chair, stuffing his pipe, watching her over his brown fingers.

"Weren't you a day early getting back?" he asked. Her alarmed eyes came to his.

"You got our telegram?"

"Oh, yes, yes. But I thought it was to be Thursday."

"It was. But we changed our plans. We had—an adventure," Honor said.

"Accident? Not the car?"

"The car was simply a miracle. No." Honor fell silent for a moment, staring with a faint frown at the fire. Birge lit his pipe. "No," she said again, "it wasn't that. It was that I met—an old friend."

"Ah?" Her tone had said more than her words; she knew he understood.

"In Kennebunkport. Sunday night," she explained.

Birge looked at her without speaking, looked away again.

"And he knows you, and he's—practically inviting himself to dinner Friday night!" Honor went on.

"You mean the man of whom you—you didn't tell me his name, I think," Birge said.

"His name is Paul Cartwright, of San Francisco, and he knows the Moores and the Kelly Davidsons."

"Oh, yes. Sure," Birge said slowly, nodding. "I remember him now. Very dark. And you said married?"

"His wife has left him, and left him the two boys, too. She's joined some occult movement; she's going—or gone—to India. So that's over."

"And it's clear sailing?" Birge asked pleasantly, not moving his eyes from the fire, not even moving very much the lips that gripped his pipe.

(To be Continued)

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THE HOMEMAKER

April 29, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

WITCHERY in YOUR EYES

CAPTURE it with the special treatment outlined below... discover how beautiful your eyes can become.

By...
JANETTE



LEFT: These large eyes with their long luxurious lashes belong to Phyllis Brookes, another Fox player.



LOVELY EYES, soft and appealing, play a large part in giving character, interest and beauty to the face of Dorris Bowden, Fox player. Notice the widely-spaced brows.

EYE-BEAUTY is not entirely a matter of mascara and eye-shadow.

There's more to it than that. Eyes that are really beautiful—that attract and bewitch—are those that are clear and shining, unstrained and healthy-looking, and alert with interest.

To keep beauty in the eyes and to combat the ill-effects of modern life, give yourself the luxury of special eye treatment and relaxation whenever you can.

Wear a comfortable negligee and be prepared to let your mood be luxurious, sleepy-eyed and idle.

Remove your make-up with cleansing cream, then dip the first two fingers of both hands into tissue cream or muscle oil. Place your two fingers under the brows just where nose and brow meet and press ever so gently.

Correct movements

THEN smooth the finger-tips across the whole of the upper lids between lashes and brow to the outer corners of the eyes.

Continue the movement over the lower lids until you have completed a circle.

If you find two fingers rather awkward to use, use the second finger only of each hand instead.

Repeat the encircling movement several times. You'll find it surprisingly soothing and sleep-making.

Next, still using the cream or oil, stroke the upper lids downwards from the brows, with the eyes closed. Then briskly pat under the lower lids, using smart taps where any crow's-feet or wrinkles may be appearing.

Now take a piece of cotton-wool squeezed out in warm water and wipe away any surplus cream. While doing this the herbal packs should be soaking in hot water ready to be applied.

If you haven't any herbal packs—although these can be bought at leading toilet counters—use pads of



ABOVE: For a daily eyebath with a special lotion, Gale Page, of Warner Bros., uses an eye-dropper.



LEFT: Eye-packs are part of the special routine followed by Bonita Granville, Warner Bros. player, for maintaining eye-health and beauty.

cotton-wool dipped into hot water to which a little vinegar has been added.

Close the eyes and arrange the pads over them, fitting them carefully into the corners beside the nose. As they cool, dip again into fresh hot water. Leave on for about ten minutes, lying back in a relaxed position all the time.

Now dip pads of cotton-wool into ice-cold skin tonic, place over the eyes and tie in place with the black bandage.

You should now be completely in the dark, so you might as well lie back and enjoy a soothing semi-consciousness for 15 minutes or so.

This treatment is amazingly beneficial for the eyes and will give them a healthy sparkle and beauty. If you can do it regularly—say every week or two weeks, your eyes will greatly improve in appearance.

In addition to this treatment, smooth a little tissue cream or muscle oil around the eyes every night before retiring.



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MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By A DOCTOR

MEASLES . . . may be a dangerous disease

DICK has been coughing and sneezing, doctor, and his eyes are sensitive to light. I thought at first that he was suffering from a sharp cold in the head.

I am glad you called me, Mrs. Thomas. I thought I knew what the trouble was when you told me the symptoms on the phone. My examination of him confirms what I thought. Dick is in for measles.

What can I do for him, doctor?

Put him to bed and keep him there. Before long his skin will become very hot and his tongue "furry." Then the rash will begin to come out, and within twenty-four hours he will be covered with it. But it is between now and the time when the rash appears that measles is particularly infectious, so I want you to keep the other children away from Dick's room.

But, doctor, wouldn't it be just as well to let them all get it together? It is a good thing to get it over, don't you think?

No, Mrs. Thomas—definitely no. That is quite a dangerous fallacy. Measles is a serious disease—so serious that it causes a number of deaths each year. Most of these deaths are among children under five, which surely proves the fallacy of the old idea that it is advisable to "get it over when young."

Yes, doctor, I read something about that in the paper the other day.

Quite so, Mrs. Thomas. Dr. John Dale, Melbourne's City Health Officer, was commenting on the serious epidemic of measles that has been raging in Australia, particularly in Melbourne.

He went on to say that measles is the most dangerous infectious disease of all for young children and caused more deaths among them than any other disease, including diphtheria. He said, too, that the outbreak was even more dangerous because there had not been an outbreak for some years, and children have not built up a resistance to it.

You know, I had no idea that.

measles could be as severe as all that, doctor.

Few people have, Mrs. Thomas.

But, apart from the number of deaths that it causes, measles has a nasty habit of causing unpleasant complications. Ears, eyes, throat or lungs may be seriously affected following an attack of measles unless the patient receives proper care. I don't think you will have to worry about Dick because we have caught his measles at the beginning. But you must be careful not to let him get a chill.

"I'll be very careful about that, doctor."

Good. Be sure that his room is airy without being draughty. Darken it so that no direct light gets in his eyes and don't let him read. Mrs. Thomas, until his eyes feel quite strong again.

About food, doctor? What shall I give him to eat?

Only light foods while he has a temperature. I suggest soup and fresh fruit juices. Let him have as much water as he likes. He can have cold water if he only sips it. Another thing, Mrs. Thomas, his eyes, ears, mouth and nose must be kept clean.

"I'll do that, doctor. Should I give him aspirin?"

Avoid Chills

I THINK it's better not to, Mrs. Thomas. Aspirin will certainly reduce his temperature, but, after all, a temperature, unless excessive, is one of Nature's ways of fighting the infection, and the danger is that the skin action which aspirin causes is apt to give him a chill.

I'll give him medicine to ease his cough, although it must be realised that the bronchitis is part and parcel of the disease, like the inflammation of his nose and eyes. There is no medicine that has a definite curative effect on the disease. It has to run its course, and the best thing we can do is to safeguard him as far as possible from complications.

You have always seen that he is well nourished by giving him milk, fruit, vegetables, wholemeal bread, eggs and cheese, with a minimum of sweet foods, cakes and white bread, so he should go through this with flying colors.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Thomas,

DOCTOR may not have had reason to worry over this case had the child been put to bed in the "sniffles" stage.

the most important time to fight an infection like measles is not when he has it, but months before, by giving him the right foods all the time. By the way, Mrs. Thomas, have you had measles yourself?

Yes, doctor.

That is fortunate. How about your husband?

No, I don't think he has. But there is not much risk of a man of his age getting it, surely?

You never know, Mrs. Thomas. Comparatively few adults get measles because they have usually had it in childhood. But some do get it—sometimes very severely. So I think that you and I should be the only people to go into Dick's room at present.

Tell me how do you think Dick picked up the germs in the first place. At school?

It is quite likely, Mrs. Thomas. Nearly all children are exposed to measles infection at school. If only every mother would put her children to bed as soon as the sniffles begin to appear instead of waiting for the rash to come out, the spread of infection would not be so great.

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COFFEE WAFER CAKE
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Next time you entertain, offer your guests something away from the usual run of cakes and fancies. Coffee Wafer Cake is delightfully different from anything you can buy, yet it's simplicity itself to make. For the recipe below is one of the famous Copha "Cookless" series—recipes designed to give new and extra delicious confections with the least possible trouble and no cooking. Make Coffee Wafer Cake for tea to-day. You can get Copha at your grocer's, and, at the same time as you buy this pure, white shortening, ask your grocer for a copy of the Copha leaflet, "Quick Party Specials that need no Cooking." It's FREE.

COPHA
COOKLESS
DAINTIES
No. 6

Recipe for Copha

COFFEE WAFER CAKE

5 ozs. Pure Copha.
12 ozs. Icing Sugar.
1 Egg.
1 tablespoon Coffee Essence.
2 lb. Wafer Cream Biscuits,
as sold by all grocers.

Mix together the sifted sugar, egg and coffee essence. Then stir in gradually the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line a shallow cardboard box with greaseproof paper and place in it alternate layers of mixture and wafer biscuits until the box is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in a cold place until set.

COPHA
100% PURE WHITE SHORTENING

This Book FREE THE NEW
COPHA RECIPE BOOK

You'll find something different and delicious for every day and every occasion in this big forty-page booklet—recipes for cakes, cookies, pastries, puddings and savories. Plenty of novel dishes here, and every recipe has been carefully tested in our own kitchen. They're good! Write to: THE COPHA COMPANY, DEPT. WE., BOX 2425 EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.

Water-lilies for color and beauty . . .

If you have a pool in your garden you can have a garden in the pool, for the new tropical and sub-tropical water-lilies provide both beauty and fragrance in such a position.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

GIVEN a well-constructed concrete pool, these lovely plants can be cultivated easily by everyone, and at very little cost.

Some rich soil, a little bonedust or old manure to make the soil fertile, a butter-box and a few water-lily crowns, and the job is done.

The water needs to be from 1ft. 9in. to 2ft. deep for water-lilies. Anything less than this is useless, for they do not get the run they need through the water, and the crowns scorch up in hot weather.

Place the soil in the butter-box, filling it to within two inches of the top, put the crowns in the centre with just enough of the soil to cover, and then fill to the top with clean sand.

Immerse the box in the centre of the pool, and in a few weeks you will see the first leaf rise to the surface.

Among the varieties I suggest for most Australian pools are the Egyptian sacred lotus (nelumbium), the tropical day-flowering and the tropical night-flowering types.

Gigantea, a blue tropical water-lily, is one of the best, then come A. Seibert (mauve), Nea Bolande (a fine new red), Stellata (pale blue), W. R. James (pink), and Royal Zanzibar (purple). These are all day-flowering types.

The night-flowering types are very fine for conservatories in which pools have been constructed.

The best varieties in this class are lotus dentata (white), Mrs. E. G.



THESE exquisite water-lilies are of the Stellata (pale blue) variety. Stellata is a day-flowering type, and most attractive for use in ornamental pools.

Hutchings (pink), Pride of California (red), and the sacred lotus.

Many hardy water-lilies are available in pinks, apricots, yellows and blues, and most of these are very reasonably priced.

It can be said that in the whole plant world few flowers can surpass a well-grown water-lily for sheer beauty.

The blooms are produced in seemingly endless profusion over a long season of the year.

If a few goldfish are added to the pool this will aid in keeping down mosquitoes and add to the attraction of the pool.

HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

Cut out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

Sewing Velvet

When tackling velvet in dress-making the finest cotton should be used, and when the threads are removed they must be cut every few inches, not pulled out in the ordinary way, or marks will be left on the velvet.

Suspender Hint

If the rubber grip of your suspender is broken a button placed under your stocking and caught will answer the purpose in emergency.

To Remove Scorch Marks

Here is a simple remedy for bad scorch marks. Boil 2oz. of soap with half a pint of vinegar and a finely-chopped onion for ten minutes. Strain and, when cold, spread on the mark, allowing it to dry. Then wash as usual.

Use for Newspapers

Dry newspapers make good polishers for windows, mirrors, and ranges. Wet newspapers when torn into shreds and scattered over carpet and rugs will help to settle and eliminate dust by attracting it.

Washing Tea Towels

To keep tea towels a good color add a few bits of lemon rind to the water in which they are washed.

Use for Beetroot

For coloring purposes in cookery, bake a large beetroot, and when it is soft slice it, and allow the juice to drain out. Bottle the juice for use when required.

Making Omelettes

If a teaspoonful of water is added to two eggs the omelette is made lighter and more tender. Add it also to the eggs when scrambling them in the same proportion.

Salty Meat

A little sugar added to the water in which salt meat is cooked will take away the saltiness. A pinch of salt will help to get rid of a too-sweet taste.

A.B.C. of Cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

Maigre: Without meat; food other than meat.

Mignon: A delicate morsel.

Mirepoix: Flavored stock used for braising meats.

Mouelle: Marrow.

Mousse: Kind of ice-cream.

Mustard: Both white and black mustard cultivated for seed. French mustard is prepared by the addition of salt and vinegar. German mustard is made with Rhine wine, or tarragon vinegar, spices, salt, etc.

THERE'S YOUTH & STYLE IN THESE NEW BEDGGOOD MODELS

Prominent in the new season's range of Bedggood Shoes are the thrilling new Court models, two of which are illustrated here.

Call at your favourite shoe or department store and ask to see these latest offerings. Each one is the creation of Master Craftsmen — a true Bedggood production.



7238. An attractive kidskin shoe model with smart opening on vamp, neatly punched and with medium high heel. Made in the Halmes way and available in black or brown kidskin. Price 32/6.



7010. A smart Court model in burgundy or black suede the most popular footwear for dress-wear. Made on the high heel. Price 32/6.





IN the past the fireplace was the most important part of the living-room.

It was a place where people gathered together, and it usually played a large part in the decorative scheme of the room.

To-day, the fireplace is not quite so important, especially with the

prevalence of artificial heating. Indeed, living-rooms to-day are built without a fireplace at all.

This is, I think, a pity, because even if your rooms are artificially heated with central heating, electric or gas radiators, a fireplace does

give interest to a room and can often be used as a keynote for the decorative scheme.

In time to come it is possible that domestic architecture will change to such an extent and artificial heating will become such an integral part of the structure itself that the fireplace will disappear entirely.

In the meantime, let's be friendly and cozy and keep our fireplaces.

If you prefer radiators have them installed in a fireplace setting.

If your furniture is of the modern type keep the fireplace surround simple. It can still be the highlight of the room.

With period furnishings you may be strictly formal if you are following a definite style, or if your room is informal you can relax and aim for a more or less unconventional kind of fireplace.

The old-fashioned mantel in older homes is often a perplexing problem. Surrounds of ugly tiles and ornate mantels of wood in some ugly color are not unusual.

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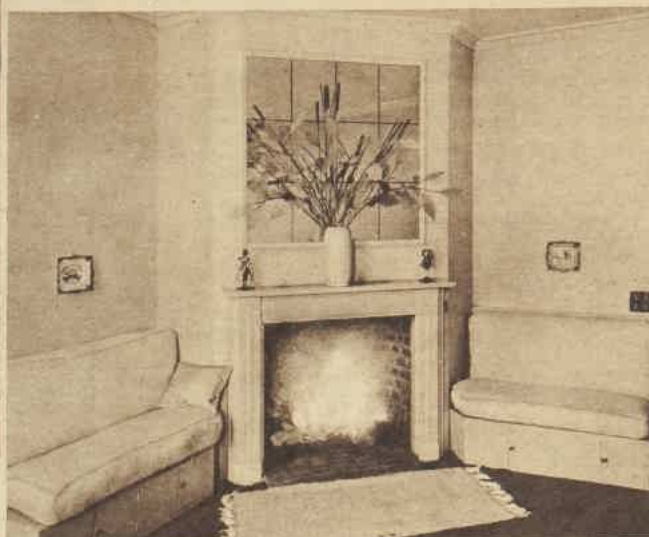
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Never mind the cold outside— Let's sit by the fire...

YOU'LL be talking this way in a few weeks, so do make your fireside corner the most attractive part of your living-room . . . inviting and warm.



THE MODERN WAY with a fireplace. Again built-in seats with cupboards below for storing wood and coal, etc., are a feature. Clean colors and simplicity are keynotes.

—By—
OUR HOME DECORATOR

RUSTIC charm in a fireplace with broad surround of natural sandstone which also forms a narrow mantel-shelf for holding books and ornaments.

lected in the big square mirror above makes a focal point in the decoration.

Here, too, are built-in seats—this time one on either side of the fireplace. The loose cushions are upholstered in a fabric to tone with the walls, while the cupboards below provide storage for coal, logs, etc.

The simple fireplace surround is also the same color as the walls.

The small picture shows how charming rustic simplicity can be.

Here the surround is of cream sandstone left in with a natural-looking adzed finish. The top of the surround juts out a little beyond the wall and forms a mantel which holds some books in friendly, informal manner.

M-m-m, this is a TASTY Cheese



What, a tasty Cheese in a packet?
Well...



M-m-m-m-m



Now I know where I can always get a really tasty Cheese—Kraft Old English

There's a New TASTE Thrill in Old English for you!

Rich, zesty, well-matured, Kraft Old English never varies in flavour like ordinary "cut" cheeses . . . and it's much more convenient to use. No rind to waste. No crumbling. Old English cuts into smooth creamy slices and keeps fresh in its hygienic foil wrapping. Remember, it takes a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft!

At all food stores in 2, 4, 8 oz. packets.



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Panels of mirror

IN such cases it is often possible to paint the tiles a plain color or cover them with sheets of metal. An attractive idea for a small room is to use panels of mirror for the surround. This gives an effect of space, and is especially suitable with gas or electric fires.

The pictures on this page offer some attractive ideas.

The room done in Early Colonial style is unusually friendly. This appearance is helped by the open fireplace with its big logs, the brick surround and wide brick hearth, and by the low mantel which extends to the corner and continues round in shelf style above a built-in seat.

Over the mantel a long, shallow mirror reflects the model of a full-rigged sailing ship. Built-in bookshelves on one side, comfortable upholstery on the built-in seat and the big winged armchair and footstool on the opposite side of the fire are other friendly features.

Strikingly modern is the fireplace setting on the right. The white vase on the mantel holding silver-lacquered leaves which are re-

14 COLORS
Three new ones—especially for floors and interior floors—Kanimbla Blue, Cigar Brown, Grotto Green.

Solpah

your verandah floor

Taubmans Solpah Paving Paint gives a gleaming finish that's as hard as iron. Solpah any wood or cement surface. Solpah re-colors linoleum and makes it like new.

Ask for Taubmans Solpah wherever paint is sold

Home decorating is fun! 1,001 new ideas for you in "THE COLORFUL HOME." It's **FREE!**



To Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters. Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home". I enclose 3d. in stamps, to cover postage and handling.

NAME
ADDRESS

A 24

QUITE EASY TO KNIT
FLATTERING TO WEAR

Sleeveless pullover

NEW design for a
wool pullover—the ideal sports garment
for extra smartness and warmth.

HERE is a most useful little pullover. It is the very thing for sports wear—golf or tennis or even for wearing in the garden when the wind is cool.

Quick and simple to knit it is also unusually smart. Don't be afraid to make it in a pastel tone, because the wool to be used is shrinkproof and will stand plenty of laundering.

Here are the knitting instructions:

Materials Required: 500s. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool shade No. 1075, 1 pair No. 9 needles, 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21ins. Bust, 36ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 6 sts. lin., 8 rows lin.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 112 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 34ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: P 2 * k 8, p 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K 2 * p 8, k 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows for 4ins.

1st Row: K 1, * p 2, k 8. Repeat from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: * P 8, k 2. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

3rd Row: K 3 * p 2, k 8. Repeat from * to last 9 sts., p 2, k 7.

4th Row: P 6 * k 2, p 8. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 2, p 4.

Repeat 3rd and 2nd rows.

Repeat last 6 rows until work measures 11ins.

Continue in st-st. and when work measures 13ins. shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times. When armholes measure 8ins. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles work basque the same as for back. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: P 2 (k 8, p 2) 4 times, k 28 (p 2, k 8) 4 times, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2 (p 8, k 2) 4 times, p 28 (k 2, p 8) 4 times, k 2.

Repeat last 2 rows for 4ins.

1st Row: K 1 (p 2, k 8) 4 times, p 1, k 13, p 2, k 13, p 1 (k 8, p 2) 4 times, k 1.

2nd Row: P 2 (k 2, p 8) 4 times, p 13, k 2, p 13 (p 8, k 2) 4 times, p 2.

3rd Row: K 3 (p 2, k 8) 3 times, p 2, k 20, p 2, k 20, p 2 (k 8, p 2) 3 times, k 3.

4th Row: P 4 (k 2, p 8) 3 times (k 2, p 19) twice, k 2 (p 8, k 2) 3 times, p 4.

5th Row: K 3 (p 2, k 8) 3 times, p 2, k 14 (p 2, k 4) twice, p 2, k 14, p 2 (k 8, p 2) 3 times, k 3.

6th Row: P 2 (k 2, p 8) 4 times, p 7 (k 2, p 4) twice, k 2, p 7 (p 8, k 2) 4 times, p 2.

7th Row: K 1 (p 2, k 8) 4 times,

k 8 (p 2, k 4) twice, p 2, k 8 (k 8, p 2) 4 times, k 1.

8th Row: Repeat 6th row.

9th Row: K 3 (p 2, k 8) 3 times, p 2, k 8 (p 2, k 4) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2 (k 8, p 2) 3 times, k 3.

10th Row: P 4 (k 2, p 8) 3 times, k 2, p 7 (k 2, p 4) 4 times, k 2, p 7, k 2 (p 8, k 2) 3 times, k 2, p 4.

11th Row: Repeat 9th row.

12th Row: P 2 (k 2, p 8) 4 times, p 1 (k 2, p 4) 4 times, k 2, p 1 (p 8, k 2) 4 times, p 2.

13th Row: K 1 (p 2, k 8) 4 times, k 2 (p 2, k 4) 4 times, p 2, k 2 (k 8, p 2) 4 times, k 1.

14th and 15th Rows: Repeat 12th and 13th rows. Repeat from 10th to 15th rows inclusive until work measures 11ins.

Continue in st-st. keeping the centre sts. in ribbing and when work measures 13ins. cast off 6 sts. work 50 sts. (leave remaining 56 sts. on needle). K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next and every 6th row and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 6 rows then every 2nd row 6 times. Continue to decrease every 6th row at neck edge until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 8 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

NECK

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles pick up and k 184 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 10 rows, decreasing 1 st. each side of "V" every row. Cast off loosely.

ARMHOLES

With right side of work towards you, using No. 11 needles pick up and k 134 sts. around armhole. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 10 rows. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams.

Pressing and making up

FEW people realise the importance of pressing and making up knitted wear.

The general impression is that once the garment is knitted the work can be regarded as being as good as finished. This assumption is entirely erroneous.

The finest knitting in the world will be completely spoilt if it is not carefully pressed and joined up.

The separate pieces of a garment should be pinned to the ironing sheet so that they cover the exact measurements required. Each piece should then be pressed with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

After pressing, the work should be left for a few minutes to become thoroughly dry. When absolutely dry, the pieces should be pinned together and sewn neatly but firmly by hand. Finally, the seams should be carefully pressed.

It is just this minute attention to detail that makes the garments knitted by experts so attractive and so finished.



THE MOST useful garment to add to your winter wardrobe—a sleeveless pullover for sports wear. It is knitted in light-colored shrinkproof wool. You will find it quick and easy to make as the design is quite a simple one. Knitting instructions are given on this page, so start your pullover now.

Confidentially- I LIKE THIS WAY OF TREATING COLDS

It makes me feel so warm and comfy . . . it chases the misery in my nose and throat and chest . . . it lets me breathe easily so I can sleep like a top and wake up feeling fit as a fiddle again. That's why I like it.



NO RISKY "DOSING". You simply rub Vicks VapoRub on throat and chest and back at bedtime. No risk of upsetting a delicate little stomach as internal "dosing" so often does. And Vicks VapoRub brings quicker relief because it fights the cold direct in the air-passages.



WORKS IN TWO WAYS. VapoRub's medicinal vapours, released by the body warmth, are breathed in direct to the air-passages of nose, throat, and chest, right where the cold is. At the same time it acts direct through the skin like a warming poultice.



RELIEF BEGINS AT ONCE. VapoRub's double action quickly soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, eases coughing, breaks up congestion, makes breathing easy—and it goes on working for hours while the child sleeps in comfort. Next morning, the worst of the cold is over.

Proved best by mothers
in 71 countries

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

Over 26 million jars
used yearly

FOR ALL SEWING
USE
DEWHURST'S "SYLKO"
MACHINE TWIST

the strong, even and reliable
sewing cotton

100 YARDS REELS
Size No. 40
OVER 350
FAST COLORS

Sold by Leading Departmental
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SYLKO
MACHINE TWIST
(100 Yards Reel)
MADE BY
JOHN DEWHURST & SONS LTD. SKIPTON, ENGLAND



Married? No reason to neglect S.A.

Lovely stockings add so much to your appearance . . . to your husband's pride in you. Don't let constant ladders, twisty seams and wrinkled ankles kill S.A. * **LUX RESTORES ELASTICITY**—You can cut down on untidy, costly ladders so easily—keep stockings smooth fitting, too. Just Lux your stockings after every wearing. Lux saves elasticity so threads give then spring back into shape—instead of breaking so easily under strain. Perspiration left in stockings, cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali all weaken elasticity. So use Lux—for economy and smarter legs. Lux contains no soda.

LUX
cuts down ladders
... protects S.A.

(STOCKING APPEAL)



TEETHING?—yes, but nobody would know!



No need for you to dread the cutting of those first teeth. Keep at hand a supply of Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS—give to baby as directed—and both baby and you will be happy all the while. Marvellously soothing and ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores.

Write for Free Sample to

PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD., P.O. Box 34, Nth. Sydney

WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Australian Astrological Research Society

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Shakespeare, who wrote those lines, was born on April 23, 1654 . . . he was a Taurian.

THAT Shakespeare was a keen student of astrology is proved by the fact that his works contain many references to the science of the stars. He knew, among other things, that there are certain times each year, in every life, which "taken at the flood, lead on to fortune," because the stars are friendly then.

To know when these times come round is the important thing. And the weeks between April 21 and May 23 are some of those important times for nearly all Taurians—people born between April 21 and May 23.

Opportunities will be more profuse and ventures which were previously difficult of accomplishment will come more readily. This is providing every effort be made to start new enterprises or to make changes, removals, ask favors and seek promotion on the days advised in the Daily Diary.

Charming, lovable

TAURIANS are some of the most charming and lovable people in the world; also the most determined and wilful.

If not taught self-control during their younger years, these characteristics can develop into stubbornness and foolish defiance, which in turn lead to much unhappiness and trouble in the years to come.

In addition, many Taurians possess quick and rather wild tempers. Although placid, cheerful and easy-going during 90 per cent of their days, they are ready to show the world that they can fight, and fight hard, during the other 10 per cent. This is especially so if they are crossed or disappointed over something that seems really important to them, or if their jealousy is aroused.

No matter what they may say to the contrary, nearly all Taurians are extremely jealous. When they love, they love hard. They crave a similar degree of affection in return, and

when this is not forthcoming they grow petulant and defiant, and will deliberately do and say those things which will hurt most.

The fact that they usually regret their behaviour very quickly does not deter them from carrying through their campaign of "making you sorry."

Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just a week of days you should light upsets are possible on May 3 and 4.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 23): Make your plans wisely for starting some new ventures or seeking promotion of some kind on April 29 and 30. Be confident, but not rash, then. Go after the things you want, but be sure you want them.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Plan for the future rather than the present.

CANCER (June 21 to July 23): Many of your recent difficulties should now ease and slightly better times be experienced. May 3 and 4 very fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Let caution be your watchword on May 3 and 4; unwary Leosians can meet with difficulties and setbacks at this time.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Smile and the world will smile with you this week, but especially on April 29 and 30. Work hard and with confidence then. Set fairly ambitious plans in motion.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Your recent clouds are likely to pass, so let optimism for the future prevail in moderation. May 1 and 2 fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Put your best foot foremost in running away from trouble. Do not be venturous or make changes of importance for a few weeks. Let routine suffice; avoid losses and dangers.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Not spectacular. April 29 and 30 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): The race is to the swift, so get busy now and set your plans in motion. Make good use of April 29 and 30. Look to your stars for improvement.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Hibernate for a while, especially on May 3 and 4. Unwise Aquarians may find that delays, difficulties, and worries are the order of the day.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Slight improvements in your affairs are likely now. Make May 3 and 4 a work hard for you. Start semi-important changes or other matters then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

ETIQUETTE—By Mrs. Massey Lyon

Continued from Page 39

his desire to dance with ladies upon whom, because of duty or his personal wish, his choice falls.

In such cases any engagement which may have been made previously is overridden.

The host or hostess—more usually the former—acts as intermediary with a Princess, except in cases where exalted rank or real friendship makes this unnecessary, and takes up to her gentlemen of sufficient prominence, having first asked her permission, or those with whom the Princess may have expressed a desire to honor.

The host then says: "May I present Colonel X, ma'am?" and the gentleman bows deeply, and says "May I have the honor, ma'am?"

When the time for supper comes, the host and hostess again lead the Royal guests to the supper-room, followed by those of rank and importance who have been decided upon to make up the Royal party.

Supper for Royalty is served either at a separate table in the main room, or in a smaller apartment set aside for the purpose.

It is usual—and the more informal the party the more often it happens—for a Royal guest to intimate a desire for certain individuals to join the special circle for supper.

At the conclusion of the evening, the host and hostess escort the Royal guests to the door, and the host to the door of the carriage or car, standing bare-headed on the pavement until it disappears.

A return to the ballroom is then made, either for dancing or to take leave of the other guests in the ordinary way, according to circumstances.

More Next Week

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet

Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 15328, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.



Silver on Show

Don't keep any Silver hidden away in cupboards or drawers. Cleaned the easy, safe Silvo way it will bring new beauty and glamour wherever it is displayed. Silvo contains no acids or mercury, and its lustrous polish will add a new charm to your hidden treasures.



A BECKITT'S PRODUCT
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Results of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" Competition

If your name is not listed below you still may be a winner. Other results will be published May 25, June 24, July 29, August 26, September 2.

GORDON G. MITCHELL, 8 Morwick Street, Strathfield, N.S.W.:—"Attention! Friends, Pray listen to me. Some sound advice I have for thee. Rejoice a clear brain, be healthy and bright. Make that daily habit Breakfast D-Light."

BETTY MARSHALL, Cardiff Heights, Newcastle, N.S.W.:—"For speedy preparation, food value and real economy, Breakfast D-Light is simply wonderful. We love its flavour, and Mother is never without a packet."

IREN BROWNE, 180 Ballina Street, Lismore, N.S.W.:—"Breakfast D-Light is delicious, nourishing, contains necessary vitamins, keeps us healthy and happy, and helps Mother because it is quickly prepared in so many different ways."

RON WRIGHT, McCullough Street, Kelvin Grove, W. Brisbane, Qld.:—"I prefer Breakfast D-Light to any other breakfast cereal because it contains that health building vitamin. It is Australia's natural food—the perfect food."

ALAN STOKES, 66 Regent Street, Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tas.:—"Breakfast D-Light is our favourite cereal, nice with cream. I have had it since a baby. Is very good after an illness. It gives strength."

JOYCE IRVINE, "Glen Eden," 7 Denning Street, Invermay, Lanesborough, Tas.:—"I prefer Breakfast D-Light to other cereals because, besides being easily prepared, nourishing, and satisfying, it contains the necessary vitamins essential for young and old."

ALAN WATERWORTH, Smith Street, The Range, Bookhampton, Qld.:—"A balanced diet is the aim of all governments. A balanced diet is not complete without Breakfast D-Light for the morning meal."

Cushion-cover

In a novel primula design

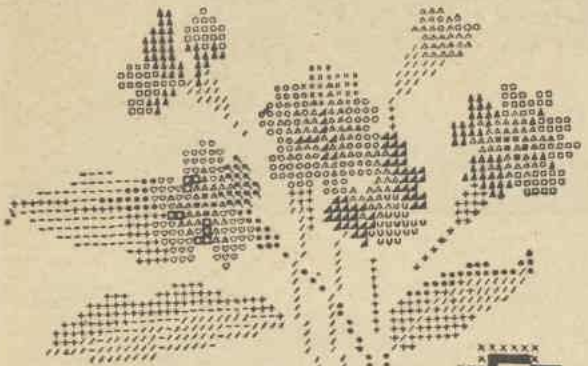


OBTAIN one of these cross-stitch covers from our Needlework Department, traced on linen, ready for you to work and make up.

THE design is traced ready for working on the material, after which the actual sewing up of the cover is a very simple matter.

Two stitches are used in working the design—blanket-stitch and cross-stitch.

Use three strands of cotton for the cross-stitch and six for the knotted blanket-stitch.



HERE is a close-up of the primula design which is traced on the cushion-cover ready for working. You will notice that different markings—crosses and circles—are used to indicate changes in colors of cottons. The diagram on the extreme right shows you where the actual shades are to be used with identifying numbers.

Dainty bib with ribbon tie



YOU can obtain this adorable little bib traced ready for working from our Needlework Department. It fits snugly around the neck and ties securely around the waist.

Why not get one of these delightful bibs from our Needlework Department, to work for your own babe, or as a charming gift for some wee friend?

A BIB in the new tie style is a great improvement on the old-fashioned loose one. It fits snugly and neatly. It will not slip round, irritating a little neck, nor can busy little hands snatch up the end of it, to be well chewed.

This tie-style bib, with its attractive embroidery design and ribbon tie, will certainly set the small fry going with delight!

The bib is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working.

You can obtain it either in white crepe-de-chine, or in cream, pale pink or pale-blue ingola fabric, together with ribbon in good quality satin, pink one side and blue the other.

The price is 1/11, complete, postage free.



SHE STANDS OUT FROM THE CROWD

Ever notice how men's eyes gravitate toward one woman in a crowd? Ever long to change places with her? Of course you have! If you would attract as she does, learn her make-up secrets. Learn to touch your lips with appealing beauty—with MICHEL LIPSTICK. Let Michel give glowing color to your lips—keep them soft and young. Try Michel and see how truly lovely your lips can be.



Price 2/- each

Michel

6 BEAUTIFYING SHADES
BLONDE CHERRY VIVID
CAPUCINE RASPBERRY SCARLET

THE FASHIONABLE LIPSTICK - ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



THE FINISHED cushion-cover which features an attractive primula design done mostly in cross-stitch.

A color guide is given below. You can obtain one of these covers from our Needlework Department, in a shade to tone or contrast with your room. They are traced on linen, in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green.

The size is 18 by 24 inches, but special sizes may be obtained on application to our Needlework Department.

Price of cover is 4/3, postage free. The following Anchor Stranded Cottons are required for working: Four (4) skeins F.576 (dark laurel-green). Two (2) skeins each F.598 (light marine-blue); F.595 (dark steel-blue). One (1) skein each

F.443 (buttercup); F.444 (mid-buttercup); F.454 (very dark madder-brown); F.463 (apple-green); F.466 (very light geranium); F.537 (light marigold); F.582 (straw-yellow); F.596 (light crimson-red); F.688 (light goldfish); F.669 (goldfish); F.675 (sage-green); F.754 (floral-pink); F.781 (dark leaf-green); F.807 (tangerine).

22 skeins of cotton at 1jd. per skein, 2/9 extra.

■ = 443	■ = 595
■ = 444	■ = 596
■ = 454	■ = 668
■ = 463	■ = 669
■ = 466	■ = 675
■ = 508	■ = 754
■ = 537	■ = 781
■ = 576	■ = 807
■ = 582	

COLOR indicator. The numbers indicate the shade of cotton to use. Addresses of Needlework Department on Pattern Page.

NEW PLASMIC



Mrs. Marion Beltner, Mrs. Marion Beltner, age 53, Darlinghurst after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

Gives INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF to OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, LINES, WRINKLES, PIMPLES, and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any cause whatsoever.

REGENERATES the MUSCLES and TISSUES and imparts FIRMNESS to the underlying skin.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC, RESTORES to OLD or MIDDLE AGE the SKIN and COMPLEXION OF YOUTH. REJUVENATES THE SKIN TISSUES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. NEW PLASMIC is NOT an ASTRINGENT. NO DISGUSTING AFTER-EFFECTS. Your complexion will look GLORIOUS, even after the FIRST TREATMENT, and will become SATIN SMOOTH VELVET, FRESH and LOVELY.

CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION. LARGE TUBE SUFFICIENT FOR THREE WEEKS' TREATMENT. Posted Free for 5/-.

Ladies unable to call can have a trial treatment posted free, for one shilling, and one penny stamp.

NEW PLASMIC ASSOCIATION, 6th Floor, Lake LBI.

Pacific House, 296-300 Pitt St., Sydney.

Also obtainable at Washington Hotel, P.O. Box 111, and other leading chemists.

Heartburn DUE TO A DELICATE STOMACH

Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia is the ideal corrective for heartburn arising from a delicate stomach. It neutralises acidity without doing anything drastic and has a wonderfully soothing effect on the digestion. Take a tablespoonful or so once or twice a day. Dinneford's has been a standard recommendation for over 100 years—and still is. Get Dinneford's to-day. Trust on Dinneford's.

DINNEFORD'S
pure fluid MAGNESIA

Also obtainable in TABLET form

Bland : Safe : Effective



"GOOD-BYE, OUR DARLING HERO, AND GOOD LUCK!" SCREAMED ALL THE GIRLS.



HE SOARED AWAY INTO THE BLUE WITH DASHING TWISTS AND TWIRLS



BUT LOOK! WHAT'S THIS? HE'S COMING BACK! WHAT CAN IT BE ABOUT?



"WHO PUT THIS IN MY KIT?" HE YELLED "AND LEFT THE SOLVOL OUT?"



SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!

SOLVOL IT MUST BE... NOTHING ELSE WILL DO. THE PENETRATING LATHER REACHES DEEP DOWN INTO THE PORES AND REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF GREASE AND GRIME... EVEN WORN-IN DIRT. SOLVOL LEAVES HANDS IMMACULATELY CLEAN AND WHITE — AND IT'S AS PLEASANT TO USE AS ANY FINE TOILET SOAP.

J. HUTCHER & SONS' PTY. LTD.

23 - 269 - 19

These recipes win weekly prizes in— OUR BIG COMPETITION

FINAL results of our £1000 recipe contest will be announced soon. Watch for them—you may be a big prizewinner.

NO further entries are being accepted for our £1000 recipe competition, but until the final prizewinners are announced the competition committee will continue to select recipes from the entries already received as winners of weekly prizes.

Final results and major prizewinners will be announced very shortly now, after which our weekly best recipe competition will be resumed as usual.

This week the first prize of £1 has been won by an entrant from Tasmania for her Christmas pudding recipe.

Dessert Section:

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Three cups flour, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 4 eggs, 1lb. figs, 1lb. dates, 1lb. butter, 1lb. very dark sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3 cup milk, 2oz. mixed peel, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 wineglass brandy, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 3oz. almonds.

Cream butter, add milk, eggs and sugar, beat up well, then mix all other ingredients into mixture and beat up well. Then tie up very tightly in a strong cloth and boil for four hours.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Spaulding, Waverly, Dunally, Tas.

BURNT ALMOND SOUFFLE

One ounce butter, 1oz. flour, 1½oz. rasior sugar, 10 drops vanilla essence,

1½ gills milk, 3 eggs, 1oz. burnt almonds.

Melt half the sugar with a few drops of water in a saucepan, stir till it becomes light brown, pour in milk, and beat up, stirring frequently. Melt butter in another saucepan, stir in flour, mix well with a wooden spoon, and add gradually the prepared milk. Stir till it forms a smooth paste, then mix in the rest of the sugar. Pound the almonds and add them. Allow mixture to cool a little, then stir in egg-yolks one by one. Beat well, and add vanilla. Whisk egg-whites to a stiff froth, mix in lightly but thoroughly. Butter a plain mould, pin a band of buttered paper round edge, pour in mixture and steam for 40 minutes.

Put two tablespoons (heaped) of sugar in a saucepan and let it get red hot. Drop the blanched almonds into melted sugar and stir over heat for 5 minutes, when they will be burnt ready for the soufflé.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Millingen, Sackville St. Balmoral, Brisbane.

FESTIVE TARTLETS

PASTRY: One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2oz. margarine or lard, 2oz. butter, cold water to mix.

CUSTARD: One tablespoon custard powder, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, sliced peaches, drained cherries and shredded coconut.

TO PREPARE SHELLS: Sift flour, sugar and salt into a basin. Cut in shortening. Add sufficient water to make into a dry mixture. Roll out to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into 3-inch circles with cutter. Fit into patties.



SPONGE SANDWICH, in which cornflour and flour are sifted three times. The recipe for this comes from Fiji, and wins a consolation prize.

Bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes. Remove from tin and place on baking tray. Place a spoonful of custard in each shell. Add sliced peaches or cherries. Decorate with meringue and shredded coconut. Part of meringue may be tinted pink. Bake in moderate oven to dry meringue.

CUSTARD: Dissolve custard powder in a little of the milk and beat in egg-yolks. Place remainder of milk, sugar and butter in saucepan and heat to boiling point. Cool. Make meringue by folding 3 tablespoons sugar into stiffly-beaten whites of 2 eggs. Flavor with vanilla.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Wright, Charles Lane, Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

DUTCH DESSERT

Good pastry, raspberry jam, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, 2 tablespoons walnuts, 1 cup milk.

Line sandwich tin with pastry spread with raspberry jam, then fill with the following mixture:

Mix butter and sugar to a cream, add egg, then milk, then flour, with cinnamon and spice mixed; then walnuts. Spread this over raspberry jam and place strips of pastry criss cross. Bake in a good oven 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Edwin Johnson, Mt. Hardy, York, W.A.

APPLE PIE A LA MODE

Drain syrup from 1 cup crushed pineapple (tinned) into saucepan. Add 1 cup tart sliced apples. Cook until tender. Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Sift 1 cup icing sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour (plain), and add to hot mixture. Cook until thickened. Add 1 tablespoon butter and 1 cup crushed pineapple. Line pie plate with pastry, put in filling, sprinkle with sugar and cover with top crust. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Serve with a scoop of ice-cream or whipped cream.

Pastry: 1½ cups flour (self-raising), 1lb. margarine, 1 teaspoon salt, cold water.

Mix flour and salt and work in shortening. Add water gradually, using just enough to make a stiff paste. Turn on to a slightly floured board and roll out.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. C. Bird, 31 Bulleen Rd., North Balwyn E9, Vic.

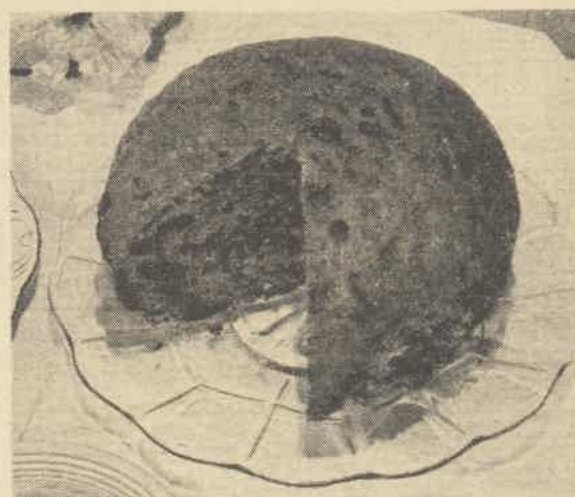
Cake Section:

SPONGE SANDWICH

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2-3 cup flour, 1-2 cup cornflour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder (level), 1 dessertspoon butter (level), 3 tablespoons boiling milk, vanilla essence, or any other preferred.

Beat eggs and sugar for 15 minutes. Sieve flour, cornflour and baking powder three times, then add a little at a time to beaten eggs and sugar, beating well all the time. Put butter and milk in a small saucepan, and when boiling add at once. Have two sandwich tins ready, divide mixture in them, and bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes, or till a straw comes out clean. When cold, join together with any filling preferred.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. P. Millett, Viti House, Suva, Fiji



THIS CHRISTMAS pudding wins first prize of £1 as the best recipe for the week. It is a rich full-flavored mixture, and recipe for making appears on this page.

FIG AND DATE CAKE

Three-quarter pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1lb. dates, 1lb. figs, 1oz. shelled almonds, 1oz. peel, 1lb. self-raising flour.

Blanch and chop almonds, stone and chop dates and figs and shred peel finely. Grease cake tin and line with white paper. Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten yolks of eggs, half milk and half flour. Mix well, then add fruit, almonds, and peel and rest of flour and milk, and lastly fold in well-beaten whites of eggs. Put mixture into prepared tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1½ to 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Todd, 8 Percival Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

"ROSE BOWER" CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 5 tablespoons milk, 1 heaped dessertspoon chocolate or cocoa, 10oz. self-raising flour, vanilla, pink icing, 1lb. chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add blended chocolate, then eggs, one at a time, then milk and vanilla, lastly well-sifted flour. Pour into well-buttered 7-inch cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold, cut into two. Join together with icing, then cover top with remainder of icing, adding chopped walnuts to filling and sprinkle around edges with chopped walnuts.

Pink icing: 6oz. butter, 10oz. icing sugar, vanilla, carmine.

Cream butter well, add well-sifted icing sugar gradually, then essence, tint a pale pink with carmine, beating in well. Use as directed.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. B. Riley, 115 Sylvan Rd., Toowong SW1, Brisbane.

Jam Section:

AMBER JAM

Tin pineapple, or a fresh pineapple, 1lb. dried apricots, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt.

Wash apricots, cut in halves with scissors and soak overnight with

enough water to cover. Next morning place apricots in a preserving pan, add minced pineapple, cook about 1 hour, or until tender. Add sugar and salt, and stir a minute or two. Bottle and let stand a month before using. If tinned pineapple is used, soak apricots in the juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Wasley, Pantapin, W.A.

"ALL SIXES" APPLE AND ORANGE JAM

Six pints of water, 6 oranges (large navel), 5 apples (Granny Smith preferred), 6lb. sugar.

Cut up oranges overnight in round strips. Cover with water. Next morning put on fire, then peel and slice apples, add to oranges, etc. Boil one hour. Then add sugar, and cook 2 hours or a little longer until it jells, by testing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Harvey, 1 Concord Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

LARGE YELLOW GUAVA JAM

Peel guavas thinly. Cut each guava into eight pieces. Put aside pulp with seeds for the jelly. Barely cover the cut guavas with water and simmer for about 2 hours. Then add 1lb. sugar and the juice of half a large lemon to each pint of pulp. Simmer gently till it begins to set.

LARGE YELLOW GUAVA JELLY

Two pounds of guava pulp and seeds, 1lb. green cooking apples, 3 quarts water.

Cut apples and pulp into small pieces, put fruit in preserving pan, cover with water and boil for one hour. Strain through flannel. Measure fruit juice in preserving pan and boil rapidly for 10 minutes. Then allow 1 cup of sugar and a dessertspoon of lemon juice to each cup of fruit juice. Boil till a small quantity when allowed to drop on a cool plate sets. Bottle while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Lily E. Campbell, Mon Repos, Palmwoods, Qld.

Demand "Captain" Rich Red Sockeye Salmon

The choicest juiciest rich red steak from the famous Sockeye salmon fills every CAPTAIN tin

BECAUSE of the four main grades of salmon, Sockeye, Coho, Pink, Chum—Sockeye stands supreme for choiceness, tastiness and food value.

Buy the best—Buy Captain—It's Sockeye!



Obtainable in 1lb., 1½lb., and 1lb. tins at all Grocers, and all Stores

Try Captain Sardines, All Captain Products are Delicious

Captain

Rich Red Sockeye SALMON STEAK

MAKE FRIENDS WITH "CAPTAIN" CRAB TOO!

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Mm-m-m . . . they're delicious!

LUSCIOUS MORSELS,
CAKES, AND SWEETS . . . MADE
WITH CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.



ABOVE: Chocolate Pie. Contains a delicious egg and chocolate filling, and is decorated with cream and chocolate decorettes. LEFT: Chocolate Meringues, filled with whipped cream. Both recipes on this page.



TOP: Chocolate Blancmange—a favorite for both children and adults. ABOVE: Chocolate Pretzels, delightful afternoon tea morsel made with a shortbread paste.

HERE'S no denying the mouth-watering qualities of chocolate—even as a little girl you loved it. So here are some new ways of using this delightful flavoring in confections you can make at home.

When the recipe says cocoa, simply reach for your tin of drinking cocoa, or if chocolate is called for you need only a few pence worth of plain chocolate.

CHOCOLATE GLAZE

Eight ounces sugar, 1 cup water, 1oz. chocolate.

Melt chocolate in a dish standing either on a warm place or in a basin of hot water. Then cook sugar with the water and add the liquid chocolate to this sugar solution, stirring thoroughly all the while. Still stirring continuously, boil until you can draw up a long thread with the spatula. This takes approximately 8 minutes. Allow to cool, while stirring, until the chocolate glaze starts to form a skin, when it is ready to be poured over the article being made.

CHOCOLATE PRETZELS

Four ounces sugar, 8oz. butter, 12oz. plain flour, 3oz. chocolate, 1 egg, vanilla essence.

Melt chocolate on a stove and then mix with butter. Next add sugar, flour, and egg, and work all up to a shortbread paste. Cool for half hour and divide into desired pieces and then form these into pretzel shapes. Cook at moderate heat. When baked, dip one side of the pretzel in chocolate glaze and dry off for a moment in stove with door ajar.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUES

Eight ounces castor sugar, 1 1/2oz. cocoa powder, 1oz. icing sugar, 4 egg-whites, vanilla flavor.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, then fold in half the quantity of sugar and beat together until stiff. Mix remainder of castor sugar with cocoa powder and icing sugar on a piece of paper, and then draw this mixture under the beaten egg-white with a spoon. Fill the mass into a bag and pipe (in oval shapes) on to a tray lined with greaseproof paper.

Place tray in cool oven with door ajar and leave for 2-3 hours. The heat must not brown the meringue mass.

N.B.: It is important that utensils be perfectly clean and free from grease before starting to whip egg-whites.

After baking, two of these meringues are filled with whipped cream on which are sprinkled chocolate decorettes.

CHOCOLATE PIE

Four ounces chocolate, 2 1/2 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 6 tablespoons flour, 2 yolks of eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, pinch of salt, vanilla.

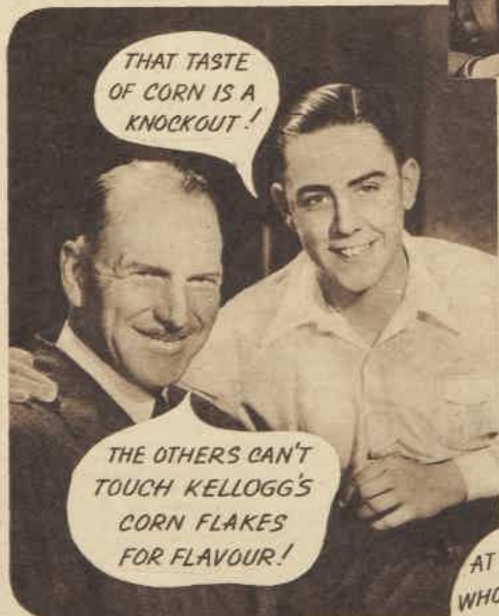
Mix chocolate with a small quantity of milk to form a smooth paste, then add remainder of milk to this. Beat well in a rotary beater for approximately 15 minutes. Mix sugar, flour, and salt, and gradually add to chocolate mixture, and then cook until it thickens. Then, stirring continuously, cook for a further 10 minutes. Pour a small quantity of this mixture over the egg-yolks, stirring vigorously, and then cook for another two minutes. Add butter and vanilla, and cool. Pour into shortbread shell and chill. When cold, decorate with whipped cream and sprinkle over this chocolate decorettes.

Shortbread Shell for Chocolate Pie.—13oz. flour, 8oz. butter, 4oz. castor sugar, pinch of salt.

By . . .
MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's
Weekly.

"That flavour of KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES is a knockout!"

— say all the Hughes family
after making Kellogg's* Blindfold Test!



THAT TASTE
OF CORN IS A
KNOCKOUT!

THE OTHERS CAN'T
TOUCH KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES
FOR FLAVOUR!



* 403 Australians have now made Kellogg's Blindfold Test. These include such famous taste authorities as Wine Judges, Tea Experts, Champion Cooks, highly-paid Chefs and scores of Australian families. All taste four popular breakfast cereals whilst blindfolded. (Each cereal is referred to by number only.) Then they are asked to vote for the one that tastes best. It's amazing, but true!—403 out of 403 votes have gone to Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



AT LAST MY
WHOLE FAMILY ASKS
FOR THE ONE CEREAL AT
BREAKFAST-TIME — THEY
ALL LOVE THE EXTRA RICH
FLAVOUR OF KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES!

Scientific Proof of the
Great Energy Giving Power
of Kellogg's Corn Flakes



Recent analysis at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunchtime.



HEARD KELLOGG'S THRILLING NEW RADIO SERIAL?
"Howie Wing" — A Saga of Aviation. "Howie Wing" is sponsored by Kellogg's over a nationwide broadcast every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. Stations: 2CH, 4BK-AX-IP, 730 p.m.; 2G2, 2TM, 3LM, 3DB-LK, 3SR, 3TR, 5AD-MU-PI-SE, 6IX-WB, 845 p.m.; 2KO every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, 730 p.m.
Kellogg's also present "Hollywood Dick"—the real law-down on Hollywood by candid cables hat from Hollywood, every Monday night at 8.15 p.m., over stations 1CH, 2G2, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 4BK-AX, 3DB-LK, 3SR and 5AD-MU-PI-SE.

Bushells COCOA



HAS THAT CHOCOLATY TASTE

ROARING RIVER

Australian Women's Weekly
NOVEL . . . April 29, 1939



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SUPPLEMENT—MUST
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

ROARING RIVER

By William MacLeod Raine



JIM GREY'S business in life was to play. The employees of the Union Development Company envied him as one of those sons of Fortune born to the princely life of a New Yorker who has inherited all the delights and none of the responsibilities of wealth. As he passed into his father's office, Jim did not consider himself a fit subject for envy. He knew from experience that the governor had sent for him to ask him what for. An interview in that room meant always that he was called on the carpet. He felt just now more guilty than usual. It was not only that his debts had piled up and were annoying. There was the matter of Beth. The chief might have learned about her.

Aldous Grey continued dictating to the trim young woman in the chair beside his desk without recognising his son's entrance by even a flicker of the eyes.

Watching him as he cut out crisply his staccato sentences, Jim acknowledged admiration. Aldous Grey was a big man. The massive head, the keen, searching eyes steady as steel beneath shaggy, overhanging brows, the strong mouth, all stressed character. He gambled only as all successful operators must do—against an uncertain future, against adverse natural conditions, against the wolves of Wall Street who tried to pull him down.

"That's all," he told his stenographer presently.

The young woman in the neat dove-colored dress with white linen cuffs rose without words and passed out of the room.

Aldous Grey wheeled in his chair to face his son. He looked into him without speaking for so long a time that Jim grew restless.

"You sent for me," the youngster said uneasily, and covered his disturbance by a slight display of irritation on the principle that it is always better to carry the war into the enemy's country. "I don't see why. I wanted to leave at noon for Stamford. A crowd of us are going down the coast on Billie Plunkett's yacht. I'll have to bustle."

"What are your relations to Miss Beth Lawrence?" his father asked abruptly.

Jim flushed. He had the insolent self-possession of modern youth, but this blunt attack got past his defence.

"Why—just what do you mean?" he evaded.

"My question's plain enough. How deeply are you entangled with this dancing woman?"

"She's not a dancing woman, sir. She's an actress."

"In the Scandals chorus last year, wasn't she? Dancing now. What do you mean, she isn't a dancer?"

Jim did not find it easy to explain to

this grim-visaged judge just what he did mean.

"She's been dancing to get a start. She's ambitious," he explained rather lamely.

"I don't doubt it," his father retorted dryly. "Now for the facts. Don't shuffle. How far have you gone with her?"

"Why, I—I've taken her out to supper. That sort of thing. She's as fine a girl as I ever met. I've asked her a dozen times to marry me."

His father's eyes hardened to steel.

"How do you expect to keep a wife? Has someone left you a fortune?"

Again Jim flushed. "I can work, I suppose."

"Can you? You'll get a chance to try. I'll notify this Miss Lawrence that if she traps you into marriage you'll never get a cent from me. I'll have no chorus girl daughter-in-law."

"You wouldn't tell Beth that, dad," he protested. "It would be a gratuitous insult. She doesn't care for my money."

"Hasn't refused jewels and furs from you, has she?"

"Beth has never let me give her anything, except flowers occasionally or a book. If you think she's a gold-digger you're wrong. She's absolutely straight in every way."

Aldous Grey watched with inscrutable eyes the boy's earnest defence of her. The situation was worse than his detective had reported. The chorus girl was clever. Manifestly she was not playing for gifts and a good time, but for marriage.

The railroad operator prided himself on making few mistakes, but sometimes he suspected he had made a vital one in bringing up his only son. The boy had grown up while he had been fighting for his financial life in Wall Street, in the days when he was still a freebooter and had not fully established himself. He had been working twenty hours a day, and the care of Jim had been delegated to school authorities.

Grey made one of the swift decisions for which he was famous. He would throw this boy into the rough and tumble of industrial life and let him find his level.

Since he was no subtle diplomatist, but a forthright autocrat, Aldous Grey announced his ultimatum flatly. "You'll give her up. You'll see no more of her. Tomorrow afternoon you'll take the Chicago train. It's to be work for you from now on and no more loafing."

"I don't want to go to Chicago."

"I didn't ask you whether you wanted to go. I said you were going. See Stetson to-morrow morning about your ticket. He'll have a reservation made."

The older man turned to the papers on his desk. He had ended the interview.

But Jim would not have it that way. "I'm not going to give her up, dad," he said quietly, with heightened color. "Beth's not at all the sort of person you think she is. She's worth a hundred of me."

His father's eyes were bleak and stony. "Just as you please. I'll cut you off without a cent rather than accept a chorus girl for a daughter-in-law. Don't make any mistake about that."

Their eyes clashed. Neither yielded to the rigor of the other's gaze. Jim rose and walked out of the room.

For a few moments Aldous Grey sat motionless, lips compressed and brows furrowed. He had told the boy to make his choice, but he did not intend to let him make it. That Jim would go to the woman and tell her what had taken place he had no doubt. Probably he would try to get her to marry him at once. That must be guarded against in case she consented.

He pressed a button. The young woman in the dove-colored dress with the white cuffs entered quietly.

"Take a letter," her employer grunted. "To Miss Beth Lawrence, 132 East Nineteenth Street, City."

The text of the letter was in two blunt sentences.

As the stenographer was leaving, Grey said brusquely: "Tell Stetson to ring Meacham and send him in soon as he gets here."

Meacham was the head of the private detective agency the railroad man employed for various purposes. A quarter of an hour later he was shown into Grey's office.

The financier looked with appraising eyes at the heavy-set, hard-visaged detective before he spoke.

"Sit down, Meacham," he said at last. "I've got a job for you."

JIM walked out of his father's office with jaws clenched. He had forgotten that he was going down the coast with Billie Plunkett's party. His mind was blind to everything except the one subject that filled it. In him was some of Aldous Grey's fighting obstinacy; how much he did not yet know, since time and circumstance had not fully proved him.

His instinct was to get into touch with Beth at once, but he had strict orders not to appear on the horizon of her day until after the matinee.

Impatiently he lunched at one of his clubs, and later, to pass the time, played three smashing sets of wild and erratic tennis. He was at the stage door when Beth appeared after the matinee, a very charming picture of dark-eyed beauty, vital and alluring.

Her smile and greeting were just a little listless, perhaps because the day was hot for spring and she had responded to three encores in her dance scene.

"Tired?" he asked, as he put his foot on the starter.

She leaned back into the cushions and nodded.

He drove to the modest apartment occupied by her and Mrs. Lawrence.

There was not much of finesse in Jim's approach. He plunged at the thing he wanted to say, much as he used to fling

himself at the line in football. "I've had a round-up with Dad," he blurted.

She did not answer. Her eyes were on a sheet of paper she had just drawn from an envelope.

"He says I've got to give you up. I'll not do it."

"Won't you?" There was repressed ironic anger in her voice. "I'm afraid you'll have to." She flipped towards him the sheet of paper in her hand.

On his father's business stationery, initialed at the bottom by his stenographer, he read a three-line letter.

If my son marries without my consent, I shall cut him off without a dollar. I will not accept a chorus girl as his wife.

He stared at the curt, cruel note, and as he did so his anger rose.

"Marry me, Beth," he urged. "Now—to-day."

"No, thank you," she said scornfully. "I'd like to show him how much we think of his money."

"I dare say. But I'm not going to marry you just to satisfy your pique against your father—even if he has insulted me."

"You could marry me for a better reason than that. You care for me. I know you do."

"How could a mere chorus girl help being thrilled to death when the king's son looks at her?" The girl's eyes flashed fire, though she bowed in a gesture of mock obedience. "If you won't marry me, you've got to tell me why."

She sat up, her lithe young body erect. "You've had everything you ever wanted, haven't you? Born with a silver spoon, brought up to think you were different from the common clay of other people. So, of course, because you happen to have taken a fancy to me I ought to curtsy and say, 'Thank you, kind sir,' and Prince Fortunatus is annoyed because I don't. Let me ask you something. What have you ever done in the world? How do you justify your existence? How do you pay your way?"

"I haven't any more debts than other fellows. They'll be all paid. You needn't worry," the young man told her sullenly.

"Yes, they'll be paid—when your father writes a cheque. I wasn't talking about money debts, but since you've mentioned them I'd like to know how you'd expect to pay them if I married you."

"I can work."

"Can you? Then why don't you?"

"I haven't been through college more than a year. I've been looking around."

"You've been looking around polo fields and tennis courts and cabarets. Did you ever in your life do anything you didn't want to do—anything disagreeable? Did you ever buckle into something really hard and stick at it?"

"I made the team," he answered, annoyed and resentful.

"Wonderful achievement. So you can rest on that from now on."

"I didn't say I was going to rest on it. What's the matter with you, Beth? I thought you liked me."

Her dark, shining eyes sparkled with exasperation. "I'm a bit fed up with your family to-day, Jimmie, if you want to know. First, your father insults me without taking the trouble to find out whether I'm at all the sort of person he assumes I am. Then you come and tactfully tell me that I'm in love with you, of course."

"I didn't," he denied.

She laced her fingers around one knee. "Oh, yes, you did. Anyway, you as good as said it. I don't suppose you could understand it, but it's rather an affront to be

asked to marry a man and live on charity."

"Charity! What do you mean?"

"You live on an allowance, don't you. On money you didn't earn? Several times you've done me the honor to ask me to sponge with you on your father. Or did you expect me to earn the living for us, Jimmie?"

"What do you want me to do?" he asked morosely.

"That's up to you. Anyhow, I'd stop being Aldous Grey's son and stand on my own feet for a change."

"You rub it in, don't you?" he snarled.

She relented swiftly. "I do like you, Jimmie. You're the nicest kind of a boy. But that letter from your father hurts. I'm not a gold-digger. I've not tried to take advantage of you in any way. I resent being treated as a fortune-hunter when I'm not."

"Don't blame you a bit, Beth. It was a rotten letter. Dad's going to hear from me about it."

"Just now I'd rather you didn't come to see me any more."

"Why?"

"I don't want any lawyer calling on me and offering money if I'll let you alone. We'll just shake hands and say good-bye—for the present."

From that resolution he could not shake her firm young will.

JIM located his father at the club he most frequented and drove straight there.

With one glance Aldous knew the boy was furious with suppressed anger. He led the way to a small, private waiting-room and closed the door.

"You want to see me?" he said curtly, cold eyes fixed on his son.

"Yes, sir. I want to know why you insulted the woman I'm going to marry, if she'll have me."

"They faced each other, father and son, the one cool and wary, the other flaming with passionate resentment."

"You don't know anything about her,"

JIM said. If you'd taken the trouble to find out—anybody on Broadway can tell you—she's one of the best girls in New York. But no, that doesn't count. You're rich—and anybody who can't count millions in dirt under your feet. If you knew what she thought of your money—"

"I can guess," the father interrupted dryly.

"Your guess is an insult to Beth," JIM flung back. "If you knew her—if you knew what she was like—" In his excitement he found himself repeating words and expressions impotently. After all, what was the use? He could never get his father to see Beth as he saw her, as she was. "If you'd even taken the trouble to try to find out before you sent her that—that rotten message."

"She showed it to you?"

"I was there when she opened it. I wouldn't have thought it of you—a bolder thing like that. If anybody had accused you of it, I'd have knocked him cold."

"That's enough," his father warned sternly.

"No, sir," the son went on. "You've told Beth in a cruel way that you won't accept her, that I'll never get a dollar from you if I marry her. All right. Suit me. You can't cut me off. I cut you off. I'd rather starve to death than take a cent from you. I'm through."

"You'll marry this girl, no matter what I say?"

"Like a shot, if she'll have me."

"And take the consequences?"

"Curse the consequences!"

On that high note of defiance Jim walked blindly out of the room and the club.

Aldous Grey stood with his eyes fixed on the floor in frowning absorption. The result of his thought was that within an hour he was closeted in conference with Meacham.

The railroad builder was not in the habit of asking advice, but of giving orders. He issued these now.

Meacham listened, then asked questions to make sure he understood. "Let me get you right, Chief. You want your son framed so he'll have to make a getaway?"

"Yes."

"I could arrange to have him shanghaied, but that wouldn't suit you, probably. He could come back."

"That wouldn't do at all. He must go of his own free will, and stay away because he daren't come back."

"Not so easy. He won't fall for any cock-and-bull story. It'll have to be good."

"See that it is good, then. Don't slip up on it."

"Point is to make it look natural, so he won't get to figuring afterwards it was a frame-up," the detective said.

"That's up to you. I'll see young Holloway, and you can use him if you need him. Spend all the money you need, but don't fail."

The detective rose, nodded in his tight-lipped way, and departed.

JIM did not care much for Neal Holloway, but he was with him a good deal because he followed the line of least resistance. Young Grey knew that Holloway was not his friend in any real sense of the word. But when one dedicates his time to dalliance, one travels with those going the same way. Neal cultivated those who had plenty of money, and were willing to let go of it.

There were moments when he had to throw overboard the vanity he called self-respect. These were not pleasant, but they were a part of the penalty he had to pay for the course of life he had elected. One of them confronted him when Aldous Grey bluntly proposed that he lead Jim into a trap.

Holloway bluffed at indignation. "I can't do that, sir. He's my friend."

The old pirate of finance made no threats and offered no bribe—not in words. But Holloway knew that information was in his possession that would ruin him socially if published.

Holloway set up objections, all of which he meant to be refuted. He wanted Aldous Grey to appreciate fully the value of his services. Reluctantly, it seemed, he gave way in the end.

The railroad operator ended the interview by taking up a business letter from his desk. "Much obliged, Holloway. Stop and speak to Stetson as you go out," he said. The young man remembered afterwards that he did not offer to shake hands.

Carelessly Holloway pushed into his coat pocket the envelope Stetson handed him. But as soon as he was round the corner outside he snatched it out and looked at the enclosure. It was a cheque for one thousand dollars. Pretty mean, but—and later Holloway suggested to Jim they drop around to Curly's for an hour or so.

"All right. Let's go," Jim said curtly.

They were admitted through a gridded gate after careful inspection by the door-keeper. Upstairs they went to the second story, and, after a close scrutiny by another man, into a large room equipped with various gambling devices.

It had been once the reception-room of a residence, ornately magnificent with glass

ROARING RIVER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

chandelier pendants, marble mantelpiece, and gilt mirrors. But the years had made the place dingy and had left the furnishings out of fashion and shabby.

Most of those present were gathered around a roulette table. Holloway looked around in disgust. "Let's go into the other room and get away from this bunch."

Into a smaller apartment Jim followed him. Three men were playing faro. The bloodless, impassive face of the dealer took them in without expression as they approached. His skilful fingers slid cards out of the box automatically.

Jim played. He won and he lost, holding a fairly even balance of chips. This did not suit him. He began to plunge and, as it chanced, to win.

A hard-faced man hustled into the place beside him. He had the offensive manner of a bully, and of one who has been drinking heavily. His bets were scattered prodigally on the table.

Jim reached forward to gather in a stack he had just won when the stranger interfered.

"My bet, not yours," he said rudely, and brushed the young man's hand aside.

"Oh, no! You played the king, not the jack," Jim corrected him.

"Say, young fellow, don't try to slip anything over on me. I'll crown you sure."

Into the young man's eyes came the gleam of steel.

"You've been drinking and you're confused," he said evenly.

"How do you get that way?" the other jeered. "I bet the jack to win, an' I copped the dough, see?" He swept the chips towards him.

Holloway stepped back. He saw the other men crowding forward and felt sure they were all in the pay of Aldous Grey.

Jim said quietly, his gaze fixed hard on the drunken man: "I'll take those chips."

The other man struck at him. Young Grey stepped back in annoyance.

"You'd better get him out of here," he said to the dealer. "Don't you see he's drunk?"

The bully lunged forward and landed flush on Jim's cheek. The young fellow countered with a straight left.

"All right. If you will have it," he said.

Afterwards Jim could never tell how it happened. He was the centre of a struggling group. Arms beat at him like flails. He lashed out to protect himself as he backed to the wall. Someone fell, and almost at the same moment stars jumped before his eyes and the darkness closed in on him as he sank fathoms deep in waves of ether.

He had been hit by a blackjack, and blackness seized his senses.

THROUGH a haze of fog Jim came back to a world that thumped like a pile-driver. Men's faces, apparently detached from their bodies, swam in a revolving mist. He heard voices, low-pitched and distant. Jim's eyes attached the swimming heads to bodies. He tried to sit up, but fell back with a groan.

"Take it easy for a minute," the first voice said, very low. "You'll have to be good for a quick getaway when you start."

"My head's splitting," Grey groaned. "What do you mean about a getaway?"

There was a fraction of a moment of silence. At last one of the men spoke. Brennan's dead.

"Who's Brennan?"

"The fellow you crowned."

"You mean I—I—?" Jim stopped, horror in his eyes.

"Yep. He went out. Hit his head against the window-sill when he fell."

There was blood on the floor, a spool of it. The fear-filled eyes of the young man peered to those of Holloway. The incredible truth penetrated his dazed mind, and a nightmare of movement, terror, and sound governed him. Partly aware, he let Holloway urge and help him out, to the car, and so to Neal's rooms.

Holloway was almost startled by the success of Grey Senior's plot.

Jim groaned, his head in his hands. "What'll Beth think when she knows? I'll have to go and tell her."

"You'd better stay right here to-night. We've got to be low till we find out whether they know who you are."

"You'll have to take a letter to her from me, then."

"Think you'd better worry her about it till you know how things are?"

This was a new angle for consideration. Generally he had thought only of what he wanted. It came to him now that it would be kinder not to distress her.

"Maybe you're right."

"What about your father? You'll need money."

Jim flared to momentary resentment. "I'll not ask him for any of his. I'm on my own."

"That's all very well. But you've got to have money to leave."

"I haven't said I'll leave. Perhaps I'll stay and face the music. Wouldn't that be better? I haven't done anything. It was self-defence, I tell you. Anyhow, it wasn't my fault he hit the window-sill."

Half an hour later Aldous Grey knocked at the door of his son's apartment. He came in, closed the door, and looked at Jim silently.

"You know?" the young man asked, and did not need the answer to be sure he did.

"I came over as soon as I heard."

"Who told you?"

"My detectives. Inside of half an hour the police will know it was you. My car is waiting at the door to take you to the Grand Central."

"I did it in self-defence. He attacked me without provocation. Neal knows that."

"I believe you, my boy. But that won't help you. The gang will hold together against you. My money couldn't get you off. The fact that you are a rich man's idle son would convict you. The newspapers would get a verdict before the case ever came to trial. For a while you'll have to go West."

"The camp in Wyoming?"

Jim submitted bitterly and within the hour was in a Pullman compartment bound for the West.

FROM Casper, Wyoming, once a cattle town, but now a booming young city which dreams, talks, and perspires oil, Jim Grey took train by way of Powder River to Lander. He stayed here overnight, and in the morning boarded the stage headed for the Yellowstone.

The big bus ran by way of sage flats into an upland of rolling hills. Soon after noon it stopped at Dubois for lunch. Here Jim left it. He expected to finish his journey in a company truck running up to the tie camp on Roaring Fork.

While waiting for the truck he climbed the hill summit, and from the fenced graveyard looked at the wide expanse of country before him. At the foot of the slope lay the winding road ribbon which followed the meadow of grass towards the village.

It was a land wholly new and alien to the city-bred youth, who appraised it with

curious eyes. He acknowledged a certain raw beauty in it, but his heart turned back to the city where, at that very moment, a girl's flying feet were the focus of a thousand pairs of eyes. Would Beth miss him? How long would it take her to forget? Would she answer the letter he had sent her by Holloway, in which he had confessed to her that he was a fugitive from justice?

"Stranger, I reckon?"

Jim turned at sound of the drawing voice, to see a brown little man, with a wrinkled, leathery face.

"My name's Jack Sanger."

Jim gave him as Tom Green.

"I reckon you were takin' a look-see at the picture." The native indicated the scenery with a short sweep of his hand. "Well, I've heard said that Wyoming is a country where there are more rivers an' less water, more cattle an' less feed, where you can look farther an' see less than any other place in the world."

"There's a good deal of it," answered Jim.

"You done said it." The little man helped himself to a chew of tobacco, then stowed the plug away in the hip pocket of his overalls. "Say, I heard you was lookin' for a lift up to the tie camp. I'm headed that way with a truck."

"Are you with the company?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a gearjammer. Used to punch cows, but quit ranching when it couldn't be done in the saddle. This irrigation has sure ruined the West. Why, old Buck Peters, who knocked the bark off'n this country, is raising mountain lettuce for the New York hotels. We ain't what we once was."

Jim walked down the sage hill with the ex-puncher and followed him to the battered and mud-stained truck standing in front of a garage. From the post office and the store three husky Swedes appeared and climbed upon the loaded machine. The seat beside the driver was tacitly given to the newcomer.

The road swung into the hills and the worn truck began the long climb to the tie camp. A bottle of white mud began to circulate among the Scandinavians.

"Are most of them Scandinavians?" Jim asked.

"Ninety per cent. of 'em. They drift from one camp to another every once in a while."

Sanger stopped the truck abruptly. They were on a narrow ledge road above a canon, and a descending car had just swung round the curve ahead. The driver of it jammed home his brakes and alighted to a halt.

He was a big, full-blooded man, well dressed in outdoor clothes, athletic, very sure of himself. He radiated success.

"I'll have to back, I suppose."

"Unless I do, Mr. Hughes," Sanger chuckled at his own repartee. He had no intention of backing a three-ton load down the hill to accommodate this arrogant Easterner.

The big man at the wheel of the powerful car reversed and moved uphill to a cut-out. As the truck ground past in low, Sanger sounded his horn derisively.

"Mr. Hughes does not seem to be popular with you," Jim suggested.

"That bird! You're right, he ain't. I meets him on the road one day, an' he pulls on me: 'My man, I need a wrench.' 'Keep right on needin' it,' I says, an' drives on. They say he owns stock in the company. Maybe so. The boss ain't strong for him."

"The boss! You mean, Mr. Wilbur? Good man, is he?"

"I'll say he is. This company never did pay till he took ahold of it two years ago. Always in the hands of a receiver or something. It's doing fine now."

Conversation waned. The engine snorted at the hills and sent the wheels clambering up like a cow-pony on a stiff slope.

Jim Grey, alias Tom Green, remembered vaguely that he had heard his father mention a Russell Hughes, a New York club and business man of piratical tendencies, who was annoying him by trying to frustrate one of his enterprises. He could not recall any details, but he wondered if this, by any chance, could be the man.

The truck moved into a sweep of hilly forest, where piles of ties could be seen bordering the road and in the draws leading from it. The trees were of Alpine fir, spruce, and limber and lodgepole pine. From the forest the machine emerged into a clearing, where a group of frame houses clung to the slope and ran down into the little valley.

Jim descended and stretched his legs. The supper bell rang. Instantly Sanger took charge of him. "Come right in and hop to it," he said. "You can see the boss later."

All the men sat at a long table covered with an oilcloth. The food was good and well cooked; surprisingly so, Jim thought. He looked down the table at these big, high-colored, fair Scandinavians, and knew that Fortune had flung him into a new world—one wholly alien to his experience. Suddenly he felt strangely elated.

After supper Jim walked up the hill to the cottage where Arthur Wilbur and his family lived during the summer months. As he stepped on the porch he heard voices of children. When he knocked, they ceased, and there was a scampering to and fro.

The man who opened the door wore laced boots and a serviceable corduroy suit. His manner was not assertive, but it showed the stamp of quiet competence. The sun and the wind of the high hills had bronzed the face from which the blue eyes looked steadily at the stranger on his threshold. Jim presented the letter his father had written, and while Wilbur looked it over his gaze took in the room and its occupants. A smiling young woman was shooting three riotous little children through a door to their bedroom.

Wilbur finished glancing over the note of introduction and shook hands with Jim. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Green. Won't you sit down? Are you straight from New York?"

They chatted pleasantly, as men do, before coming to the business of the hour. Presently the manager of the company mentioned it. "Mr. Grey speaks of your working for us. I think that can probably be arranged. What is your line, Mr. Green?"

Jim grinned, rather ruefully. "Afraid I haven't any. I haven't been out of college long. I'll tackle anything you want to set me at."

Wilbur smiled. "I'll have Olson set you at something around the camp until the drive starts. Report to Mr. Hartman, the timekeeper. Let's see. To-morrow is Sunday. You can settle yourself and look around. Time enough to start Monday."

Wilbur offered his hand as he left. His smile was warm and friendly. "Skull!" he said, by way of wishing him luck.

Jim instinctively liked him and felt that he was to be trusted.

Out of a sound sleep next morning the new man was awakened by the clanging of a bell. He looked at his watch. It

told him the time was a quarter to six. He dressed, washed, and shaved in time to be among those immediately present when the second bell rang out its challenge. At breakfast Sanger introduced him to the forest ranger in charge of the tie sale.

Clark was a pleasant young fellow from the white River country, Colorado, who had been with the forest service nine years. Jim walked with him out of the big tent and stood chatting a moment in front of the store.

"I'm gonna ride over the cut on the west creek this morn'ing. How about me running' up a horse for you, too?" the ranger proposed.

"Suits me," said Jim.

The ranger ran up to two horses from the pasture and saddled. The one assigned to Jim was a big-boned bay, sure-footed and powerful enough to take the steep trails easily.

"A lot of snow here in the winter, I suppose," Jim said.

"I'll say so. Sometimes a fellow gets to feelin' there ain't anything but snow."

"How long are the winters?"

"I reckon there ain't but three seasons here—July, August, and Winter."

They rode across the shoulder of a hill. In the distance was the sound of a saw. "This is Charlie Knutsen's strip. The timber boss marks its boundaries, and the tie hack works up the trees I've stamped for cutting," explained the ranger.

"Which do you stamp?"

"We mark for cutting all the lodgepole and limber pine, all the Engelmann spruce, and all the Douglas firs between thirteen and fifteen and a half inches in diameter. If they're bad-lookin' trees that ought to be culled, we run down to ten inches."

"Do they cut only the trees you mark?"

"You bet they do, unless they're lookin' for trouble."

The crash of a falling tree echoed through the forest, and presently they came to the strip where Knutsen was working.

The big blond Scandinavian was walking the log, scoring it with a six-pound double-bitted axe as he did so. He stopped for a few moments to chat and to help himself to a chew of Copenhagen snuff.

"How many can he make a day?" Jim asked as they rode away.

"Varies some. Forty, maybe, if he's working in good timber. I've known Charlie hack out a thousand a month, and that's going some."

"I suppose I could make eight or ten a day—of a kind."

They were moving up a heavily wooded draw. Two men stood beside a pine that had just come down. One was a tie hack in overalls and red flannel undershirt. The other wore tailored corduroys and an expensive sombrero.

The latter was talking persuasively. From his coat pocket he took a fat wallet and extracted several notes. These he passed to the lumberman.

At sound of the horses' hoofs the man with the wallet looked up quickly. Jim recognised the arrogant, handsome face and the well-groomed figure.

"Morning, Mr. Hughes," the ranger said, riding forward. "Meet Mr. Green—goes to work for the company to-morrow."

Russell Hughes showed no embarrassment, though he looked the least in the world annoyed. The ranger and his companion had arrived at an inopportune moment. He took in the stranger called Green with one insolent glance, nodded at Clark, and turned back to the tie hack.

What he said was spoken in so low a voice that only the Swede heard. The tie hack nodded sullenly. Hughes strode to

a horse grazing in the draw, swung to the saddle, and rode away without a word or gesture of farewell.

Jim was wondering what the episode meant. Why was Russell Hughes giving money to this tie hack?

"Has he been here long?" asked Jim.

"Showed up about a week ago and been hanging round ever since. Got a room at the hotel at Dubola. Claims to be fishing, they say." The ranger turned to the Swede. "Get any line on him, Ole? Did he say what he was doing here?"

The tie hack said, "No" sullenly and nothing more. He was one of the three men who had ridden up with Jim in the truck from Dubola.

JIM'S suspicions about Russell Hughes were so vague that he did not carry them to Wilbur. The traditions of his training made him hate a tale-bearer. At school and later at college he had been a law-breaker against those who curried favor by running to the authorities with whispers of scandal. He believed the New York go-between was up to mischief of some sort, but he had no evidence of it other than the transfer of money from him to Ole Peterson.

And that might mean nothing. He might have engaged the Swede to go with him and do the heavy work at a fishing camp on Roaring Fork. Quite apart from the principle of it, Jim did not want to make a fool of himself by building a mountain out of a molehill. Therefore he said nothing. He assured himself that, after all, he was merely a camp roustabout, employed to use his hands and not his head.

The new man did odd jobs at first, filling in wherever he was needed. He swamped roads, built skidways, cleaned stables, and even washed dishes for the cook when the flunkie went to Riverton to get drunk and dissipate three months' accumulated wages. The spoiled darling of society, so much in demand that he could not have filled all the engagements offered, even if there had been sixty hours in each day, now learned what it was to be the least important member of the world in which he lived.

He was a good enough sport to face the facts with a grin. The joke was on him. Almost anybody in camp could say, "Do this!" and it was up to him to obey orders. Sometimes there boiled up in him a surge of rebellion, but he clamped his teeth on the impulse to tell the horse wrangler or the cook to go to the devil. He was no longer Aldous Grey's son. He was Tom Green, a tramp who had drifted in looking for a job. So he peeled potatoes or wheeled manure out of the stables with what philosophy he could.

Scorn for a quitter was woven into the creed by which he lived, and, though the scheme of his existence had been turned topsy-turvy, he had no inclination to whine. If it had not been for the worries he had brought with him—the facts that Beth had "given him the gate," as he put it, and that the long arm of the law might at any time reach out and drag him to punishment—he would not have been unhappy in his new environment. It was an adventure, and he liked to feel that he was standing up to the stark demands of this elemental life without weakening.

Up here under the cold, starry skies, on the roof of the continent, he had plenty of time to think. Hitherto he had always taken it for granted, without any conscious snobbery, that he was a natural-born aristocrat. The circumstances of his life had contributed to this feeling. It had been his misfortune that he had only to ask for anything to get it. If he had been kind and courteous to servants, it was because that

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SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

obligation rested upon him as a superior. He had not been interested in them as individuals. They had existed to minister to his wants.

Now he found his standard shifting. In this small industrial backwater where the tides of Fate had washed him he was an inferior. The blacks received more consideration because they were expert and efficient units of production. The norm of judgment was different. It was based not on what a man had in possessions, but on his capacity and his character.

Take little Jack Sanger, for instance. He was an illiterate, obstinate old fellow who had never been east of Omaha, who chewed tobacco and lacked all the refinements of cultivated society. But he had the energy, the intelligence, and the sense of humor that characterizes the builders of the West. Beneath the old sombrero set jauntily on one side of his head he stood on his own feet and asked odds of no man. He had given proofs of his competence and courage. To patronise him or justly to deny him equality was impossible, for on the primitive frontier he had made good, even though he had not two silver dollars to jingle in his pocket.

Jim realised that there is no such thing as equality, biologically speaking. But there was going on within him a change of values. Who is the superior? His life in the super-civilisation of New York had led him to accept as such the dominating social group. Now he was less sure about this. What had he or Neal Holloway, for instance, ever contributed to the general good? They had been parasites feeding on the product of others. Beth was right in the point she had tried to drive home to him. A man was a beggar on the streets of time unless he paid his way by work.

This slant at life had its compensatory aspects. In his stag shirt and heavy laced boots, swinging an axe with scarred and roughened hands, he was at least on his own. He was sawing wood for his breakfast, as Beth had once pitifully put it, and the consciousness filled him with a sense of his own worth.

THE manager sent for him one day. Wilbur looked up from the desk where he was checking up a report prepared by the bookkeeper.

"Mrs. Wilbur and the children want to picnic on Bald Face to-day. Will you run up the horses and saddle them, Green? I want you to go along and take care of them."

Jim took the horses up to the cottage where the manager lived. They were cowponies, sure-footed as cats and gentle as house-dogs. The children came swarming out to claim their favorite mounts. The oldest was a little girl, the other two boys. Their excited clamor filled the air.

"Miners on Pinto . . . I speak for Four Bits . . . Help me on! Help me on!"

The mother came out, dressed in boots and corduroy riding-breeches. She gave Jim a friendly little nod and addressed herself briskly to the children. "Don't be in such a hurry. The lunch isn't packed yet."

"But, Mother, I hafta get up 'cause the stirrups may not be right," the smallest of her offspring protested. "I hafta, I hafta."

"All right, Bobbie, if it's so important. Will you help him, Mr. Green?" Her maternal smile told Jim confidentially that children were dear nuisances who had sometimes to be humored.

He liked that smile. It so definitely recognised him as an individual and not a groom. Jim was glad he had shaved and

was wearing an old outing suit and not the overalls he usually donned.

They followed a rangers' trail around the shoulder of the mountain to the summit. It led through the pine forest to the bare dome towering above the timber-line. In the draws beneath the path snow still lay deep where only the midday sun could penetrate.

Mrs. Wilbur chatted with Jim when the children did not claim her attention.

"You know Mr. Grey, my husband says."

"I've met him," Jim answered.

"I never have. What is he like?"

Aldous Grey's son was amused, but did not show it. He described his father as that grim fighter might appear casually to an observer.

"You don't make him sound very . . . friendly," she said.

"I wouldn't say friendliness was his outstanding quality. Men are afraid of him—or admire—or trust—or hate him, but I don't suppose anyone trumps him on the back and calls him 'Old fellow.' Still, I don't know him very well."

"He probably has his lovable side. There's a son—a young man. Ever meet him?"

" . . . Don't ride so near the edge, Junior."

"Yea, at college. He travelled with the fast set."

"He would, I suppose. How could he help it? Probably he's helping his father now—getting ready to take over some of the heavy responsibility he carries."

Jim laughed, without mirth. "Probably he's not. You don't know young Grey, or that would never have occurred to you. He's one of Broadway's champion spenders. It's usually the night-lights for that boy."

"Why are rich men's sons not brought up to take their duties seriously? Of course, some of them are."

"Maybe their fathers are too busy making them rich men's sons," he suggested.

"We hear of those that run wild. Very likely a lot of those sons are trained to accept their obligations."

"Some hard knocks wouldn't do 'em any harm," Jim said, with grim irony.

On the rocky summit the sun was shining warmly. There was a lull in the wind, so that they could sit in comfort on the outcropping flat boulders despite the twelve-thousand-foot altitude.

While Jim looked after the horses, Mrs. Wilbur spread the luncheon. He stayed in the background until she called him, though he was sure she meant him to eat with the family. He would have been disappointed in her if she had not, for this was the outdoor West, and its spirit makes for social equality.

The little folk were merry over their picnic lunch, and their mother approved of the gaiety even when she did not share it. Jim sat on a rock, a little apart, and devoted himself to the business of eating. He spoke only when necessary. This was not his party.

After they had eaten, the wind began to rise and the sunshine became rather wintry. It was time to be going. They packed and took the downward trail.

Along the rough shoulder of the peak they rode in single file, Jim in the lead and Mrs. Wilbur bringing up the rear. The descent was sharp, and there was loose rubble on the path. But the horses were used to scaling mountains and climbing breakneck steps. They could be trusted not to stumble if they were given free rein. Safely in the woods again, Jim fell back to let the youngsters lead. He did not want to deprive them of any thrills they could get out of their adventure.

Mrs. Wilbur talked to him of New York.

He had seen most of the new plays, and she had not been to Manhattan for several months.

"We live in Chicago," she explained, "and get to New York only about twice a year for a few weeks. Mr. Wilbur is called there on business, and usually I go to shop and see the shows. I have relatives in the city. One cousin may come out here in a week or two. She is not sure yet."

When Mrs. Wilbur pried into another corner of his mind she discovered that he was not so well up on books as on Broadway. Katherine Mansfield meant nothing to him. He admitted that he had read only one of Conrad's novels, and had been bored by it. Of James Harvey Robinson he had heard only that he was some kind of socialist or anarchist. His discursive reading since college days had included principally detective and adventure stories, and accounts of exploration and travel.

BECAUSE he knew something about horses, Jim was set to hauling ties from the strip roads to the banking-ground on the bed of the creek. Later half a million ties would float down this creek, and the drive would take them one hundred and fifty miles of turbulent travel down the river to the railroad.

The season was late. Usually at this time of year the snow had disappeared except far up in the timber. Now it was going very fast. Wilbur was pushing the work to get as many ties as possible banked before the hour of high water in the creek. The drive must start exactly on time. Six hours too soon or six hours too late might leave the ties stranded high and dry on the banks.

Nelson, camp superintendent, stopped Jim one evening as he was leaving the meal tent.

"Boss wants to see you up 't the house," he said.

Jim shaved, bathed, and dressed in clean clothes. When he reached the cottage on the hillside, the children had already gone to bed. Mrs. Wilbur sat before the open wood fire, darning. Her husband was reading aloud to her.

The manager offered Jim a cigar after he had asked him to sit down.

"Ever meet in New York a man called Russell Hughes?"

Jim explained, with care, and Wilbur's eyes narrowed in thought, but he did not mention aloud the subject of his thinking. What he presently said seemed to be on an entirely different matter.

"I want you to go up to the lake above the dam and watch it, Green. You can take up a pack-horse with supplies. Clark is going across the divide to-morrow, and he'll show you the way."

"I don't quite understand what you mean by watch it. You mean report on how high it is?"

"That's not all I mean." Wilbur put down his cigar on the ash-tray. His eyes held steadily to those of the younger man.

"I'm going to give you some inside information, Green. Maybe you know it. Maybe you don't. I'm telling you because I want you to know how important this job is I'm setting you at."

Jim nodded, without comment.

"Aldous Grey is building a railroad through Elk Creek Pass that is a connecting link between his Denver Central and the Pacific and Utah. He's pushing it through where good engineers said it wasn't possible to construct a line. If he succeeds, he'll cut the running time to the Coast by five or six hours. This cut-off doesn't suit the plans of the North Transcontinental.

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It would put that line at a considerable disadvantage. Most of the country that would be opened up by the cut-off is now tributary to the N.T., though the settlers have to freight a long way to reach it. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's where we come in. The cut-off depends on our ties for its road-bed. There are no others available now within reasonable distance. Unless we deliver half a million ties before autumn, work on the road will stop and it cannot be finished this year. It's very important to Mr. Grey to link up his two roads as soon as possible. He's fighting a very powerful combination, which is likely to engineer a financial crisis in his affairs. They are spreading persistent rumors that it isn't physically possible to run trains over the Pass. The one unanswerable argument is to prove he is right by running them. Until he succeeds in doing this, his position isn't safe. So you see we are a very important cog in the machine. It's up to us to get the ties to the cut-off."

"Is there any doubt about getting them there?"

"A good deal of doubt. It's always a fight to get ties through the narrow canon. They jam up. If there isn't enough water in the creek, or if there is too much in the river, we are in trouble. Under the best conditions it's a man-size job. But Nelson and I have that in charge. I'm making you responsible for Trout Lake. If that water should come down before we are ready for it, we are ruined."

"How could it come down before you want it, unless the dam breaks?"

"That's it. Suppose the dam should break. Suppose it should be dynamited."

Looking into the clear, honest eyes of his chief, Jim felt his blood quicken.

"Aren't you having it watched?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, Gus Peterson is up there. He is Ole Peterson's brother."

"And you're not sure of him?"

"No. He's probably all right. But I've got to be sure. There's not a man in camp I can spare that I'm sure of—except you."

"You feel sure of me?"

"I've been watching you, Green. My judgment is that you'll do to ride the river with as they say in this country. You've been wild, I dare say, or you wouldn't be here. But you're a college man. You've played football. You know what teamwork is. I can depend on you."

A queer surge of emotion tingled through Jim's veins. But he made no protestations of loyalty, even though at the moment he felt that he would go through fire and water for his chief.

"Will Peterson stay up at the lake with me?" he asked.

"No, I'll put him back on one of the trucks. But you ought to have someone with you. Anyone in particular you think of?"

"How about Jack Sanger?"

"We can hardly spare him just now. Still—I'll ask Nelson to arrange it." He added, after a moment, looking at his subordinate with eyes hard as steel: "You understand, Green, I want safety up there, and not excuses or explanations of why you failed."

"I understand, Mr. Wilbur," answered Jim evenly. "We'll be on the job."

Three riders, with a pack-horse, passed through the tie cut on their way to Trout Lake. Two of them were old-timers. In the exaggerated phraseology of the West, Jack Sanger had been in the Wind River

country since Bald Face was a hole in the ground. The ranger was born and had been brought up in the Rockies. Both knew the outdoors, and could read what was printed on its terrain.

Jim had hunted in Maine and in Canada. Before coming to Wyoming he had prided himself on being no tenderfoot. He had, for instance, a sense of direction and of locality which prevented him from getting lost in the forest. He knew how to saddle, ride, and care for his mount. But he was no woodsman as compared with either of his companions.

Both of them read and interpreted signs which meant nothing to him. Out of their experience they had gathered a great deal of definite information not to be picked up in a week or two. But Jim had an acquisitive mind, since he loved the outdoors, and he stored facts dropped casually by them in their talk. He learned that "a poor man's gate" is made of three strands of barbed wire with a pole up the middle and at each end; that a "hollicky" or a "fak" is anything one does not remember the name of; and that "15 inches d.b.h." refers to the diameter of a tree at the height of a man's breast. Clark pointed out to him trees from which the bark had been gnawed by porcupines while the winter snows lay deep on the ground, and others from which it had been shredded by the claws of bears.

Jim dismounted and examined the lacerated trunk of one of these. "Must have been a big fellow, the bear that did this," he said. "Started ripping off the bark six feet from the ground."

Sanger chuckled. "Mebbe the same one that held up Gus Conrad on his tie pile while it ate up his lunch an' came askin' for more. Gus swears that bear was eight foot long, an' he'd orta know. He sat up there with his peeler two hours whilst Mr. Bear sniffed around an' made up his mind would Gus make a good meal or not."

They passed a hand banker piling ties against a tree on a strip road. He grumbled about his territory, after he had taken out a pasteboard box with a tin lid and offered them Copenhagen snuff.

"Nothing but just schoolmarm," he complained in his precise, soft English. "And you've marked every one of them for cutting, Mr. Clark."

A "schoolmarm," Jim learned, was a forked tree.

At the other end of the cut the timber boss, with a paintpot, was inspecting the ties and putting a red mark on those he approved. There were few culls.

The riders rode past a cabin in which lived two old "shackers." Both of these tie hacks were over seventy. They were great friends, and they quarrelled continually. About once a month they had a grand row and refused to speak to each other for several days. Evidently they were in the midst of one of these, for the older of the two confided to Clark, when he stopped to leave them some newspapers and magazines, that his partner, Swan Boge, was the most pig-headed jackass who had ever come from Sweden, and that he was so old he was getting childish.

Their cabin had a puncheon roof covered with dirt. The chinks between the logs were mud-plastered. A tin washbasin and a gunny-sack gaped with rags hung suspended from wooden pegs on the outside wall. Inside, the shack was neat and clean. Newspapers had been pasted to the ceiling, and a brave attempt made to achieve a homelike atmosphere with photographs of actresses and film stars clipped from magazines.

"It's a shame that men as old as they are have to live so hard," Jim said, as they swung back to the trail.

"I don't get that," Clark replied. "They couldn't live any other way an' be happy. In a town or even in the camp they'd be stifled. They're born shackers, those two old birds. Long as it suits them, I'm not gonna worry."

The trail grew steeper as the trail wound higher into the mountains. They were out of the tie cut now, in the unbroken wilderness. Presently the ranger turned his horse's head to the left, called an "Adios!" and disappeared into a gulch. The others stuck to the path, which had been growing fainter, and shortly came out into a little park where Trout Lake nestled.

Across the lower side of the lake, at the entrance to the gulch into which the water drained, a log dam stretched as a retaining wall. From this a gate controlled the flow of water into the stream below. The park was rimmed by mountains, and between the peaks deep, snowy canyons ran. From these the lake was supplied.

A man stepped out from a tent and watched them as they approached.

"Lo, Gus!" the gearjammer called cheerfully. "How's cases?"

"No sugar left," the watchman answered. "Did you bring any?"

"Y'betcha! But you don't need to worry about that none. You're in luck, Gus. The old man says for you to hit the trail back to camp. We got this job of skinning the scenery up here for a while."

"That is all right with me," the Scandinavian said. "Sure it is. I am ready to quit. It is lonesome here. Nobody to say 'Good-morning.' No poker. Nothing but just snow and mountains."

"Meet Mr. Green, Gus," Sanger pronounced the formula while he chewed tobacco.

Peterson shook hands with Jim solemnly, and said he was glad to meet him.

The big blond Swede cooked dinner for them. Though he did not say much, he was clearly glad to be relieved of the place as watchman.

"Is there a poker game every night at the camp?" he asked once.

"Every night an' all day Sunday," the former cowboy said with a grin. "You'll not have any trouble gettin' separated from your roll. Poker Pete is there an' several other wolves, all anxious an' willin'." But one husky tie hack from Fox Park pulled a good one on them. It's a cash-in-the-box game, of course. Well, this hack he played a month on a seventy-dollar cheque made out to him by a Lander storekeeper. He cleans up couple hundred, gets his time, an' vanishes, leaving the cheque in Pete's pocket in payment of a night's losses. Good enough, but when Pete sends the cheque in for payment he finds out the storekeeper went broke three months ago. Not so good. Only Uncle Sam's cheques go with Pete now."

Peterson packed his belongings and his tent and proceeded to tie them on the cross-buck. Sanger sat on his heels smoking a cigarette and watched him till he could stand the Scandinavian's inept roping no longer.

"Didn't they ever learn you to throw a diamond hitch over your war-sack where you growed up, son?" he wanted to know in disgust.

The little gearjammer adjusted the rolls on the pack-saddle, interlaced the lash rope skilfully in such a way that the hitch absorbed the slack and held the load firmly, and knotted the end with trained fingers.

Gus departed, leading the pack-horse.

Jim helped Sanger put up their tent, after which they got out their rods and fished. On their leaders they each used a royal coachman and a grey hackle. Within twenty minutes of the first cast they had landed all the trout they needed. The lake was so inaccessible, so seldom visited by human beings, that the fish were not wary.

"I can remember when it was this way all over the Rockies," Sanger said. "When you camped you threw a line in an' got all you wanted. Plenty of game, too. Antelope on the plains. Thousands of 'em. An' elk in the hills. The antelope went first, account of nesters an' barb-wire fences. Then the elk. Soon they'll be all gone. Too many tenderfoot hunters in autos with high-power guns. It ain't what they kill, but what they wound an' leave to crawl off an' die. Not only bucks. Does, too. This country ain't what it once was."

The sun went down early and night fell cold. Jim was glad to crawl between the blankets while Sanger took the first watch. The wind flapped the canvas of the tent like a whiplash. The young fellow fell asleep to the sound of it.

It seemed to him that he had not been asleep five minutes when his companion's "Time to roll out, son," brought him back from dreams. He went out into a cold night of a million stars. Sanger curled up in the blankets and in two minutes was lost to the world.

Jim could not escape a feeling of awe. He was in the crater of the world's top, two miles high, with the shadow of the sharp, dim peaks about him. He had a sense of being an atom in an immensity of space. When he lifted his eyes to the starry sky, he felt as a reality the existence of some Power outside the material universe that made for order. Not since his childhood had he been so vividly convinced of this as now.

He renewed the fire. He crossed the dam, stopping on the ledge to do a dance-step for the stimulation of his circulation. In the vast silence time dragged. He reasoned with himself that it was folly to keep a watch all night. Nobody would come to this distant wilderness in the darkness to bother with the dam. The idea was patently absurd. No question about that! His being was submerged in solitude.

To-morrow he would talk with Sanger about the stupidity of these night watches. But he would have to stick this one out because the gearjammer had already done his. Never again, though!

IN the light of day it did not seem so preposterous that there might be an attempt to wreck the tie drive by blowing up the dam. Jim's thinking was no longer affected by the remote stars and the eerie shadows of the peaks. His feet were once more on the earth. Trout Lake was not, after all, an isolated world separated by unmeasured space from the struggle of business interests. It was a factor that might decide the issue. Wilbur's fears did not now appear fanciful nor his precautions foolish.

If there was a combination of financiers intent on defeating Aldous Grey's project for a cut off across the Rockies, the director of its campaign would not stick at a trifle. His methods would depend on the man. Russell Hughes had audacity. He was unscrupulous and a law to himself.

The water supply at Trout Lake was just now the most vulnerable point of attack. Logically, then, the blow would fall here.

Later in the day Wilbur's Ole Petersen arrived at the camp on foot. He was obviously surprised to see them, and, unless

his face belied him, he was disconcerted. Jim told the incident of the exchange of notes in the forest, and his companion's leathery face lit up.

It was mid-afternoon when two men rode into the park and swung from their saddles. One of them tossed his bridle rein to the other and strode to the lake. He carried with him a fishing rod.

Jim had been fishing from the top of the dam and was just then changing a fly. He put down the leader and walked towards the shore. The two men met on the narrow path above the gates.

"Sorry, Mr. Hughes," the younger man said. "This is private property. My instructions are not to allow anyone on the dam or within a reasonable distance of it."

"All right. You've done your duty now. That order does not apply to me."

"It applies to everybody. Mr. Wilbur made no exceptions."

"I don't have to get an order from Wilbur. Step aside and let me pass."

"Can't do that, sir. If you want to fish, you'll find big ones at the other end of the lake."

"I'll fish where I please. And I'll report your insolence to Wilbur. Get out of my way."

Hughes flushed angrily. He was by nature arrogant, and the habit of his life had not used him to opposition from inferiors. "This is Government land, young fellow. It doesn't belong to the company. You've no right to keep anyone off."

"Don't know about that, sir. But the dam belongs to the company, and I have my orders. I'm here to do as Mr. Wilbur has told me. What he says goes with me."

The big man's anger blazed. "Different here. Out of my way, or I'll throw you into the lake. I've had enough of this."

Jim did not move, but his frame stiffened. He had spoken quietly, evenly, respectfully, as a watchman might be expected to do. Only by the gleam in his steady eyes had he betrayed resentment at the other's arrogance. A month ago he would have flung out a challenge in answer to the imperious manner of Hughes. But in the weeks past he had learned a lesson.

The trespasser caught him by the shoulder to push him aside. Jim set himself not to be pushed.

"Better not do that," he suggested.

Hughes lost control of his temper and struck. The blow glanced from Jim's cheek. It left a red mark above the bone. He lashed out with his right and caught the protruding jaw. Hughes grunted and bared in to attack. His arms went like flails, all the weight of the heavy shoulders back of them. Jim dodged, ducked, and parried. He smothered what blows he could and took those he must. But more than once he jarred home counters that did damage.

The path on which they stood was so narrow that Jim had to give part of his attention to his footing. A mis-step would send him plunging into the water.

Ducking a savage swing, he was forced to close with his opponent. They wrestled, clawing and reaching for underholds, swaying as they moved. Jim knew now that nothing could keep them from going into the ice-cold lake. It might be a few seconds; it might be a minute.

Hughes threw all his strength into an effort to bend the other's back and crush his ribs. To brace himself, Jim's foot went back. He missed the ground. As he felt himself falling he clung tightly to his foe. The big man's weight was flung for-

ward, and he had no chance to recover. Locked together, they dived through the air to the water.

To both it seemed that they drove fathoms deep into the chill lake; that they would never stop going down. Out of their lungs the air emptied. By a common impulse of self-preservation each released his hold on the other, aware that in a space to be counted by seconds would come that horrible strangling for breath.

Jim came to the surface and filled his lungs with air. With difficulty he found a grip on a sandbag and dragged himself out of the water to the dam. Hughes was struggling to do the same, but each time he put his weight on the hold he secured, he slid back.

The fishing-rod, still in its case and cover, lay on the bank. Jim picked it up, knelt down, and lowered one end to the man in the water.

Hughes glared at him, but accepted the proffered help. Jim leaned back and pulled. It was at first a dead haul, but presently Hughes got a hold between two sacks and helped. He found a place for one knee, got at last a foothold, and pitched forward to the path. He was momentarily exhausted, but he was safe.

Along the shore of the lake Sanger was running towards the dam. "S all right?" he shouted. The man who had come with Hughes was also hurrying forward.

The big New Yorker rose. He took a step in the direction of the watchman. His salient jaw was thrust out and his eyes threatened death and destruction.

"I'm not through with you," he said between clenched teeth.

Jim met his glare steadily. "Your own fault. I said you had to go back. You think you're a little tin god on wheels. That doesn't go here."

"I'll show you what goes. You're going to be pretty sick about this before I'm through."

Sanger had arrived. He ranged himself beside his companion. "Son, you sure showed him where to head in at," he said, with a grin. "I wouldn't of missed it for a month's pay."

Hughes turned and strode away. The ex-cowpuncher called after him.

"Here's your rod. Thought you was going fishin'."

Joyously he watched Hughes mount and ride away, followed by the man who had accompanied him.

Jim was shivering.

"You'd better change them duds, son. An' then you sit by the fire whilst I fix you some coffee," the old-timer advised. "You got more plunder in your war-sack, I reckon."

It was only a momentary chill from the sharp wind, but Jim obediently found the "plunder" in his bag and donned dry underclothes, socks, shirt and trousers. He drank the coffee because his friend insisted on preparing it.

Sanger chuckled jubilantly from time to time. "You sure combed Mr. Curly Wolf's hair for him that time," he boasted. "I come out from the tepee whilst you was holdin' your powwow just before the battle, mother. It was a sure enough live scrap. You got a kick like a mule in them punches you handed out, an' I'll say he ain't any slouch, either. Still an' all, if I was bettin' I'd put my money on the home team, son. Did they learn you that rough stuff at college?"

Jim was a little embarrassed, but, on the whole, pleased with the result of the mix-up. "We had hardly got started when we

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took that bath. Probably he would have laid me out proper, except for that."

"An' probably he wouldn't of," amended the admiring little man. "No, sir. You would have trimmed him up."

"Likely that's what his friend is telling Hughes now," Jim laughed.

"What d'you mean, his friend?" scoffed Sanger. "He's got no friends—not what you'd call by that name. He wouldn't know how to keep one if he got him. No, sir. His money talks for him with the low-down trash he hires to back his plays. They've done sold their saddles, them fellows."

The gearjammer's figure of speech was an inheritance from his old riding days. A puncher cherished his saddle above all earthly possessions. He might dispose of his horse, but he sucked his saddle and shipped it with him wherever he went. Only when he was down and out did he sell it. So the phrase took on a wider meaning. When a man did a mean or a treacherous thing in the cattle country he was said to have sold his saddle.

"What will Mr. Hughes do now? He won't throw up his hand and quit. That's sure." Jim sipped coffee, sitting cowboy fashion before the fire.

"Y'betcha! He'll take another whir at it. Mad is no name for the way he feels. He's ready to explode, that wolf is. Fire-works soon, looks like."

"How soon?" Jim asked, by way of getting his friend's advice.

"Not to-day, I expect. He'll have to lay plans. But right soon. Any day now we might be startin' the drive. My guess is, we'll get going inside of two weeks—maybe earlier. So he'll work fast, Mr. Hughes will."

"That's my guess, too. You'd better ride down soon as we've eaten and tell Mr. Wilbur what's happened. Bring back two rifles and ammunition. Revolvers won't be any good if Hughes sends a raiding party in force."

"You're right, son. We'd need rifles... What about another man? Ought to be three shifts if we're keepin' a close watch."

"That's so. Speak to Mr. Wilbur about it. Tell him not to worry. We'll hold the fort."

"The old-timer's eye sparkled. "Oncet I was in a cattle war. Lively times! I'll say. Got a pill in a laig my own self. Well, you never can tell, as the old sayin' is. Here's hopin'!"

"For what? That you get another?" asked Jim.

"No, boy. For a merry life, but no short one."

Dinner finished, Sanger saddled and mounted. Resting easily, his weight on one stirrup, he offered his friend advice.

"Play 'em close while I'm away, son. Remember that it don't take but a steenth part of a second to stop a bullet. Adios, an' so long!"

Jim laughed. "You surely don't think Hughes would go as far as murder."

"The rift-ruff he hires might bump you off sorta accidental, an' if they did he wouldn't wear mourning. No, Hughes wouldn't do a fool thing like that. Too much brains to pull off a killing. It's not being done now in the best circles. It's his anxious phly-uggies I'd worry about. You don't wanta forget, as Patrick Henry oncet would of said probably if he'd thought about it, that keepin' your eye peeled for snakes in the grass off saves your friends the trouble of diggin' you a permanent residence."

"This isn't exactly a war," Jim suggested. "Quien sabe? I ain't so sure it's gonna

be a church social, either. You never can most always sometimes tell."

"Well, don't forget my mail."

"Y'betcha!"

Sanger jog-trotted out of the park at the easy road gait of the cowpuncher.

Having nothing else to do, Jim took stock of the situation from the viewpoint of defence. The cliffs rose precipitously from the boulder bed on the other side of the dam. In prehistoric ages, the big rocks below had been broken off and had crashed down. These formed natural barriers and caves. Two or three determined men from this vantage-ground ought to be able to command the approach to the dam.

Jim looked up at the rock-rim far above. There was a heavy, overhanging crust of snow. It would not be pleasant if this should come down in an avalanche upon men lurking among the boulders. Still, that was a chance they must take. It was not likely the snow ledge would break, and if it did, probably there was not enough there to reach the front of the narrow boulder field.

There was a small, level place between the rocks and the dam. Jim decided to move camp as soon as Sanger returned.

Wilbur himself rode back with Sanger to Trout Lake. Accompanying them was a big, blond Swede, by name Martin Swanson. He was one of the three men who had ridden up with Jim as fellow-passengers on the truck when he came from Dubois.

"Martin's a good man, and all right," the company manager told Jim. "He can't make tea yet, since he hurt his foot, so he may as well be here. . . . No developments since Sanger left?"

"No. I've been looking the ground over. Think I'll move camp to the other side of the dam. There's room enough there. If we're attacked, we can fall back to the boulders and stand 'em off."

"Good idea. We're within our rights, Green. The forest service has leased the lake to us. It has been stipulated that we can keep trespassers away from it. I'm not looking for trouble, but we've got to protect the dam. You understand that?"

The eyes of the two met and fastened.

"I understand that," Jim said quietly. "If anything happens, we'll be protected. You give me your word on that?"

"Absolutely. Already I've had Clark wire his chief the facts. The department will support us."

"Glad to know it. I don't want to see the inside of a penitentiary. . . . Do you think Hughes will send a raiding party to blow up the dam?"

"I don't know. That would be pretty bold. But he may—under cover of darkness. He's both vindictive and obstinate. I should say."

"I never saw a madder man than he was when he left. It wasn't my fault we had the mix-up. He tried to bully his way past me after I'd explained what my orders were. Point of fact, I was very respectful. I didn't forget to say 'Sir.'" Jim grinned.

"Did you say 'Sir' when you gave him those two black eyes and a slit lip?" Wilbur asked, smiling back.

"You've seen him, then?"

"He came right to me. Ordered you fired, and when I refused, said he'd see I lost my place."

"Can he do that?"

"No. Mr. Grey owns a majority of the stock and, of course, controls the company. Hughes was bluffing."

"If it embarrasses you, better let me go," Jim said.

"What good would that do? It's not a case for soft soap. Mr. Hughes might as

well know from the start that we mean business. No, I told him flatly you had done exactly what I ordered you to do."

"Did he give you any hint of what he meant to do?"

"He went away storming. Said he'd show me, whatever that may mean."

Wilbur was the kind of chief to work under, Jim told Sanger later in the day. He was clear-cut and resolute, meant exactly what he said.

Sanger had brought up no mail for Jim. The young man wondered why Beth had not written. It was not like her to turn the cold shoulder to a fellow when he was down. Did she think he was a murderer, one beyond the pale of her friendship? He could not believe that. The thing he had done sometimes haunted his dreams, but he knew it had been self-defence.

He had been a wastrel and an idler. If she was through with him, he acquitted her of any blame. Yet it hurt to feel that he no longer counted with her.

Each inactive hour as the day passed was uneasily darkened by that thought. It was the afternoon of the second day following the fight between Hughes and Jim that eight men rode into the park, bringing with them two pack-horses carrying supplies and fishing outfits. They did not stop at the dam, but rode up past the outlet to the head of the lake and proceeded to pitch camp there.

They were still busy at this when Jim and Sanger reached the spot. The Peterson brothers were two of the outfit. The rest of them were strangers to the two guards, all of them hard-looking customers. Later it was learned that they had been recruited at Casper. They were from the scum of the oil town, floaters who had drifted there in the hope of picking up a living without working for it.

A big-shouldered, sulky fellow was directing the pitching of the tents. Jim addressed him, and discovered, as an argument about the fishing followed, that it was futile. Hughes, quite obviously, was behind the gesture.

As soon as the two company men were out of hearing of the others, Sanger said to his companion: "Trouble, looks like. These birds mean to make bad medicine."

They found Martin Swanson asleep on a blanket in the sunshine. He awakened at sound of their voices and asked for news. The nature of it did not disturb him, or if so, he gave no evidence of it. He was a big, good-looking blond, and he had the stolid poise of his race. His only comment related to his fellow-Scandinavians in the camp of the enemy.

"No good, those Petersons."

"All of them are that, but they may be fighting fools just the same," Jim answered. "Now I've got to get busy."

He found a short end of a plank left there after the dam had been built. With a blue pencil he printed a legend on it.

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They took with them their rifles, on the off chance that these might be needed. But they saw no sign of the enemy. Jim nailed his warning to a tree which stood by itself close to the lake. "They can't make that," he said.

They returned to their camp by the big rocks.

Wilbur had arranged to send a man up to the lake each day to keep in touch with those guarding the dam.

"Wish he would come," Jim said, to Sanger. "I can't spare either of you to

ROARING RIVER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ride down to the tie camp, because the band's likely to begin playing soon, but I would like Wilbur to know how things are. After all, we're three to eight. They might win out and demolish the dam."

The defenders had not long to wait. The enemy emerged from the grove where they were camped and came down the shore of the lake in a compact body.

Jim stepped across the dam and stood waiting for the approaching group. He could hear their voices. They had primed for the attack with bootleg.

At the sign nailed to the tree they stopped, apparently consulting as to what to do. One of them broke away from the rest and moved forward. Jim recognised him as the leader, the man he had heard called Brad. The others followed slowly in a scattering group. Before they left the tree they tore down the sign and stamped it underfoot.

For just an instant Jim hesitated. Brought face to face with the crisis, he found himself reluctant to precipitate battle. Should he wait and parley with him? But what use? They would know it for a sign of weakness.

He raised his rifle and fired at a spot thirty feet in front of the foremost man. The swaggering leader stopped in his tracks as though he had been roped.

"That sign is the dead line," Jim shouted.

The men broke for the shelter of the trees. Brad stood motionless an instant, then lumbered after his followers.

Jim waited no longer. He knew that his shot would be answered. He ran, rifle in hand, across the dam for the shelter of the rocks. A bullet whistled past him. Another spat into a sandbag just in front of and below him. He saw a puff of smoke from the boulders, which told him Sanger was in action.

The battle was on.

WITH the coming of night the three men crept down from their places among the rocks to the camp at the edge of the lake. They carried their blankets across the dam to a level spot where they could intercept any marauders.

For supper they ate cold food, prepared earlier in the day. The light of a fire would have betrayed their position to the enemy.

Jim took the first watch.

Deep in the night he became aware of faint sounds, of shadowy shapes. For a moment he was not sure it might not be his excited fancy tricking him. But the shadows took definite form.

His challenge rang out: "Who's there?" There was an instant of surprised hesitation. The attackers had not expected a sentry this side of the dam.

Their answer was a shot. The night became furious with explosions, with bullets wildly stabbing the darkness. Crouched low, Jim fired again and again, seeing no enemy but vague spectres, knowing the gunmen were somewhere in that deep gloom ahead. He knew that his companions were also shooting into the black gulf in front of them. The little gearjammer was on one knee, using the other as a rest to steady his gun. Swanson had found the protection of a boulder.

From Jim's mind the little-boy fears brought by the night had been banished by the first shot. The danger was no longer mysterious and uncanny. It had taken definite form, and he was wholly concerned with its immediate reality.

A hoarse and raucous shout brought him back to the present: "Come on, boys. We'll rush 'em." The order was decorated with profanity.

Sanger replied with a shot aimed for general results. He could only guess where to fire.

Out of the darkness came a shrill whine of surprised reproach.

Figures emerged like wraiths from the blackness. Jim knew it was a half-hearted charge. They did not come in a group, driving straight forward to the objective. It was each man for himself and none keen to reach the dam first. They wavered at the fire which met them. First one and then another turned and slipped back into the gloom. The defenders could hear the slap of running feet, the call of panicky voices growing fainter, and nothing else except the wailing protest of someone left on the battlefield.

From in front a groan came to them.

"Someone hurt," Sanger said.

Jim thought a moment. "I'm going to get him."

"Where'd you get that?" Sanger demanded indignantly. "If one of us goes we all will."

They crept forward softly, stopping every few yards to listen. When they spoke to each other it was in whispers. After the clamor of the guns the night seemed very still.

A groan, just ahead of them, made their tense nerves flash a message to jumpy muscles.

The man was Ole Peterson. He had been hit in the thigh. After examining the wound superficially, Jim spoke to Sanger. "We'd better take him back to our camp."

"You shot me—some of you," accused Peterson.

"I wouldn't make no holler if we'd plugged you for a ticket to Kingdom Come, you yellow coyote," the old cowpuncher told him bluntly. "From where I come from a white man sticks by the outfit that hires him."

Broken bones and wounds were common occurrences in the old cattle country. Many punchers became from force of circumstance rough surgeons. They knew how to set bones and how to treat gunshot wounds. Protesting when back in camp that Ole did not deserve to be looked after, Sanger washed and dressed the leg with not unskillful fingers. Ole grunted and swore and groaned during the process, and when it was over forgot to thank the amateur doctor.

"When can I get down to the tie camp?" he asked.

"Mr. Wilbur invite you to come as his guest?" asked Sanger, with obvious sarcasm.

"I will pay to be taken to Dubois."

"He'll be plumb tickled to send a team or a car down with you—especially when you tell him how you tried to ruin his dam."

"Better go to sleep, Sanger—you and Swanson, too. I'll keep watch awhile. I'm not sleepy," Jim said.

Silence followed. Sanger had next watch, but Jim slept only fitfully. It was daylight when he opened his eyes. With a start he came to recollection of where he was and why he was there. How long had he slept? What had taken place since he lay down? Quickly he sat up, his eyes sweeping the dam.

A streamer of smoke rose from the camp-fire over which Swanson was bending, coffee-pot in hand. From the top of the dam Sanger was fishing. Peterson was asleep. Jim crossed the dam, rifle in hand, to look for the horses. They were hobbled and would not have travelled far during the night.

The gearjammer pointed to a cove at the upper end of the lake from which a wisp

of smoke could be seen rising. "Fixin' up some breakfast, looks like."

"Thought I'd have a look at the horses . . . If they're busy with breakfast, so much the better. Very likely they wouldn't bother me, but I'd just as soon not meet any of them."

The broncs are back of that little hill. They're all right. They came down for water half an hour ago . . . I dunno what them birds with Hughes' outfit would do if they met you. I'd hate to be alone in the woods an' have one of 'em get the drop on me."

Conversation ceased for the time. Sanger had hooked a trout, and he devoted himself to landing it.

"Two-pounder, pretty near," he said, after the rainbow was safely ashore, and held it up for admiration.

Jim's comment was interrupted. From the rim-rock far above there came a dull explosion. Both men looked up. They saw a white flurry of flying snow and out of it the great snow comb descending.

"Look out!" Jim shouted to Swanson, then turned to run.

The avalanche roared down, gathering momentum as it came. Rocks and trunks of dead trees were picked up as though they had been marbles and jack straws. The sound of it was appalling as it blazed a path in to the lake less than a hundred feet above the dam. A wave of water surged against and over the barrier.

The young man was caught by it while still fifty feet from the shore. His feet were swept from under him and he was flung to the rocks below. He clung to a boulder, drenched and buffeted and shaken by the fall.

Even then, while succeeding waves cascaded over him, he wondered if the dam was going. If so, nothing could save him. He would be hurled to destruction by the current.

But the dam held. He gathered himself to his feet and looked around. Sanger was clinging to a pine against which he had been tossed when he went over the dam.

They climbed back to the dam. It seemed to Jim that every inch of him was jarred and bruised. He noticed that his companion limped.

A path bare of snow where the avalanche had descended ran from the rock-rim to the lake. It missed the camp by fifty feet.

The hours dragged. Jim knew that the leader of the enemy forces would not waste any time. Ole Peterson had in an unguarded moment let out that Hughes was expected at the camp. The chances were that he had arrived some time in the night. Someone with brains had started the avalanche in the hope that the force of its impact into the lake would wash out the dam. If Hughes was himself on the job, he would strike again, swiftly, destructively, before reinforcements could arrive.

He could see a group of men at the head of the lake. Some were stooped and others standing. They seemed to be working at something they were making. But what were they building? The sounds of a hammer and of an axe came clear through the crystal atmosphere.

The group of men opened and moved to the edge of the lake. They were carrying something. A wind had come up and was rippling the lake with waves. From where the men were standing, it was blowing straight toward the dam.

They were launching a raft of some kind, and it had a sail. What for? Were they expecting to float down on it? If so, why? It would be easier and safer to

come along the shore. Presently he saw the raft bobbing up and down in the waves, and he realised now that it was too small to hold a passenger. Slowly it moved out into the lake and the sail took the wind.

The men were no longer in one group. Some stood at the point where the raft had been launched, watching it as it drifted on its way, impelled by a steady breeze which seemed to lend it purpose. Others were following the shore line toward the dam. These last were carrying rifles. Did they mean to make an attack?

In the lead was the man named Brad. He stopped, cupped a hand to his mouth, and shouted.

"Better get outa there, young fellow. We're blowin' up the dam."

Jim did not need the derisive handwave in the direction of the raft to tell him how great was the danger drifting down. He knew in a flash that they had rigged up some kind of bomb and were sending it down the lake. It would either go off at contact or it had a time-fuse attached, set to explode at the proper moment. What a fool he had been not to understand earlier!

There was a leaky old boat drawn up on the shore near the rocks. He must get to the raft in it.

He turned, called to Swanson, and raced across the dam. The Scandinavian met him close to the camp.

"They're blowing up the dam. Dynamite on the raft. Get Peterson back in the rocks." Jim thrust the rifle into the hands of Swanson and was off instantly.

He knew exactly what he meant to do and how perilous it was. It was a forlorn hope, the chance ten to one against him. But he had given his word to protect the dam, and he meant to do what he could.

Those on the opposite side of the lake watched him, curious to see what he had in mind. They did not at first molest him. It did not occur to them that there was anything he could do to interfere with their plan. In a few minutes there would be a great roar, a geyser of spouting dirt and water, and the rush of the current pouring into the gorge below. What could prevent it? The raft was bobbing up and down on its way, the little sail bellying to the breeze.

Even when they saw Jim go down into the lake and turn the boat over to empty it, they were not disturbed. The sound of their jeering laughter proved that.

By main strength Jim dragged the flat-bottomed boat clear of the beach. He scrambled in as it shot out into the depths. With the paddle he gripped the waves and headed straight for the raft. A little jet of water was spouting up between the sun-dried seams at his feet. He was not sure that he could reach the raft, even if he were not destroyed by those on the other shore.

The men watching him woke up. One of them shouted a warning. A bullet dropped into the lake ten feet in front of him.

Out of the corner of his eye Jim could see the men running to and fro excitedly. They were calling to each other and gesticulating.

A splinter flew from the edge of the boat. Another bullet sang past spitefully. He dropped the paddle. While he unslung and flung off his boots in water more than ankle-deep a third spat a little splash in his face. It had struck not two feet from him.

He rose unsteadily and dived from a boat already sinking. The shock of the plunge went through him like an icy

knife, but by the time his head emerged he was becoming used to the cold. The raft was near, between him and those firing at him. Half a dozen long, reaching strokes brought him to it. He pulled himself partly out of the water, so that his arm rested on the small log that formed one side of the raft.

Behind the sail was a keg of powder, into which ran one end of a lighted fuse. From his position he could not reach this. He would have to drag himself part-way up on the raft, but if he did this the float would tilt and perhaps upset the powder barrel. The result would probably be an instant explosion.

He hesitated. If he could have wished himself safely back on shore he would have done it. But the time for that was past. He might as well go through now. Carefully he tested the log with his weight.

It was a horrible moment until the keg righted itself. Meanwhile the fuse burned and sputtered. One swift glance showed him that the dam was near. Whatever he did had to be done now.

He flung himself forward out of the water, caught the fuse, and dragged it down. The lightened end went hissing into the water. His plunge submerged his side of the raft and upset the keg. A stream of powder poured into the lake, followed by the barrel.

Scarcely realising his success he used the last of his strength to call for help. Cramp had him in its paralyzing grip.

A figure shot through the air in a clean dive. Out of the water came a head, a dozen yards from the raft. The swimmer moved fast, using a strong overhand stroke. The man was Wilbur.

Wilbur's arm went under the shoulders of the other. The rescuer did not attempt to swim. The float was drifting down and would in a few moments strike the dam. It would be safer to hang on.

Sanger, with a coiled rope, stood on the slope above, his foot braced against a sandbag.

"Get it under his arms," he told Wilbur. The raft bumped into the barrier. Sanger dropped the loop over Jim's head. With a good deal of trouble Wilbur worked it down under one arm and then under the other.

"All set," he said.

Jim was drawn up by several pairs of willing hands. In a moment Wilbur was beside him.

They massaged his limbs till the knots were gone and the circulation restored.

"I met Mr. Wilbur and the boys headed this way," Sanger explained.

"Lucky for me," Jim said. "I was about all in."

"What in Mexico was you doing out in the lake?" the ex-cowpuncher wanted to know.

"They tried to blow up the dam. Sent a raft down from the head of the lake with a keg of powder and a lighted fuse. I went out to get it."

"Injun smoke-fire! Haven't you got any sense a-tall, boy?" scolded Sanger. "It mighta gone off an' blown you higher'n a kite."

"Well, it didn't," Jim looked round. "Where have they gone?"

"Hughes' scallawags? They lit out soon as they seen us comin'. For parts unknown, I reckon. They won't tackle us again."

From the camp Swanson called advice. "Better bring him here to dry. The fire in just going good again."

Jim was helped to his feet.

SANGER reported to Jim that Mrs. Wilbur would like to see him. Without waiting to change his rough working

clothes, the young man went up to the cottage on the hillside.

Arthur, Junior, caught sight of him and ran in to tell his mother. Mrs. Wilbur met Jim at the door.

They shook hands. "Mr. Sanger tells me you're the hero of the hour," she said smilingly.

He was embarrassed. "Nothing to that. I got in the water too deep and yelled for help. Mr. Wilbur jumped in and pulled me out."

She laughed. "Have it your own way. Anyhow, you didn't let them blow up the dam. You won't deny that."

"If Mr. Wilbur hadn't got there in time they would have done just that. It was nip and tuck."

"Shall we sit on the porch? It's cooler here." Mrs. Wilbur called to the girl inside the house. "Won't you come out, Beth? I want you to meet Mr. Green."

At the sound of the name Jim was struck to rigid alertness. It was a coincidence, of course, he reflected a moment later. There were a great many Beths in the world.

He heard a footstep, the swish of a skirt. Mrs. Wilbur's guest stood in the doorway.

They looked at each other, the girl and the young man, and neither had a word to say. Astonishment had literally struck them dumb. Jim's blood surged fast. He could not take his eyes from her face.

About to introduce them, Mrs. Wilbur interrupted herself. "You know each other," she said quickly.

Each waited for the other to speak. It was Beth who at last said "Yes," and in the way it was spoken Jim read condemnation.

This time it was Jim's "Yes" which came like an echo. His eyes still clung to those of Beth Lawrence. They asked the questions his tongue did not. What was she doing here? Why had she not answered his letter?

Mrs. Wilbur felt something electric in the atmosphere. This was not the meeting of two casual acquaintances. Yet it was clear to her that neither had expected to see the other.

"Unless one of you will help me out a little, I'll be driven to the original comment that it's a small world," she said, with a smile.

"I knew Mr.—Mr. Green in New York," her cousin replied, and she stressed ever so lightly the name; stressed it with scorn beyond words.

Jim rallied his wits. "I didn't expect to meet Miss Lawrence in the West. It's a—pleasant surprise."

"Beth is going to play in stock this summer at Elitch Gardens in Denver," Mrs. Wilbur explained. "She ran up to see us a few days before her engagement begins."

"That's fine. Hope you'll enjoy your little vacation, Miss Lawrence," Jim said. He was annoyed at himself for his awkwardness, for the constraint with which they met. Why had he not stepped forward and shaken hands? Why had he not called her Beth and taken for granted that they were still friends?

Yet he knew why. The reason lay in his fear of her attitude toward him.

Arthur, Junior, was hovering in the background. This small talk was, he felt, a waste of time. He wanted to hear about the fight at the dam from the hero his big eyes were devouring.

"Did you 'most drown when you swam out to the raft with the powder keg?" he demanded.

"I didn't swim out. I paddled there in a boat."

"Why, I thought you swum," the boy said, disappointed.

"He did, after the boat sank, Junior. And they were shooting at him all the time," Mrs. Wilbur said.

"And afterward dad jumped in, didn't he?"

"Yes, sonnie." She turned to Jim, "Won't you tell him all about it, Mr. Green? And us, too?"

The young man blushed. "Nothing to tell. I went out in a boat to the raft—and the boat sank—and Mr. Wilbur dived in when I got cramps and helped me ashore."

"But you had a fight with guns the night before," Arthur protested.

"Moving-picture stuff. We plugged away in the darkness without doing any particular damage—except to Ole Peterson. He got in the way somehow."

"Gee! I wish I'd been there. I bet I could shoot a rifle. Dad's promised me a twenty-two on my birthday."

"You were home in bed, where you belonged, son," Mrs. Wilbur turned to Jim. "We want to go up Bald Face again. Mr. Wilbur is too busy, but he said we could borrow you for a day if you'd come."

"I'll be glad to go. But the drive starts to-morrow, doesn't it?"

"It can spare you for one day. We'll start about ten o'clock. Will you arrange about the horses?"

Jim observed that Beth took no part in attempting to warm him to the idea of the picnic. She did not say that she was glad he was coming nor express any pleasure at meeting him again.

He carried down the hill with him a deep depression. She was through with him, and this numbing conviction was his uncomfortable problem as the days proceeded. He did not enjoy the picnic. . . . Jim did not look at her much, but most of the time he was very sensible of her presence. From where he rode in the van he could hear her chatting with the children. The party drew rein at the foot of the draw. Jim took charge of the horses while the children, their mother, and Beth Lawrence gathered wild flowers. The little folks shouted in thin, high voices to one another and to the grown-ups. They ran about excitedly, squealing their discoveries of new treasure beds.

Jim, standing in the background of the picture with the horses, could not keep his eyes off Beth, now that he could watch her unobserved.

Presently they took the trail again, and after a steady rise emerged from the woods to the bare shoulder above timber line, that gave the mountain its name. The path twisted tortuously into and through a bed of boulders where patches of snow still lay in the shadows. It led up a ridge to the summit.

From the top they could look in the clear, thin atmosphere over a vast stretch of country. "Isn't this worth coming up to see?" Mrs. Wilbur asked her cousin.

Beth nodded, without speaking. A queer sense of being in at the dawn of creation awed and silenced her.

She did not wholly escape from this until the children clamorously demanded her attention at lunch. It took an effort to bring herself back to gaiety and cheerfulness, to an interest in the affairs of their small world.

Jim did not join in the talk except when forced by a direct question. He intended, at the first good opportunity, to discuss with Beth their misunderstanding, but until that

chance came he preferred to remain an outsider who was with the party only for business reasons.

Jim led the way on the down trail. He had never been to the glacier, but Clark had given him detailed directions as to the best course to take. It lay on the west face of the mountain between two spurs that dipped down.

The glacier was not a large one, comparatively speaking, but since none of the party had ever seen one before the sight of it gave a thrill.

"You'd better let me go first," Jim said.

"I'm supposed to be guiding the party,"

He prodded at the snow with a stick as he advanced. Below them ran the jagged rash of a crevasse. It narrowed and seemed to run out in front of them. Jim moved cautiously, trying out every step.

"We'll not go any farther," he said. "I expect it's all right, but I don't like the feel of the snow."

"This is far enough," Mrs. Wilbur agreed.

"Come back, Junior. Do you hear Mother?"

Eager to go as far as Jim, the boy had moved forward from the others. He was a few feet lower on the icefield.

"Get back, Arthur!" ordered Jim sharply.

There was a sound of crumbling snow, a cry, and Arthur had disappeared. A crack had opened in the floe.

Mrs. Wilbur called desperately and waited, shaken, and then from the crevasse a whimpering voice answered faintly.

Jim called in a cheerful voice: "Hello, old scout! How's it feel down there? We'll get you out in a jiffy." He turned to Miss Lawrence.

"Lucky Junior brought that rope. I'll run back and get it. Talk to him. Joke with him. Tell him it's a hully adventure. I won't be long."

The girl went pale to the lips. "Do hurry," she pleaded.

"I'll be back in fifteen minutes," he promised. "Remember, you're not to break down. I'm depending on you."

Jim recrossed the ice-field and was lost to sight over the rocky spur of the ridge. The horses had been left at the end of the trail nearly half a mile away. The young man was grateful to the childish vanity of the youngster that would be satisfied with nothing less than the full equipment of a cowboy. A coiled rope was tied to his saddle. It might mean the difference between life and death to the boy.

He ran as he had never run before, yet the going was so rough that he could not make speed. In the high altitude his heart pumped fast. With him he carried back, not only the rope, but three of the bridle reins. He did not know how deep the crack was into which Arthur had fallen.

Jim uncoiled the rope and slipped the loop over his head. The other end he gave to the women.

"I've got to crawl forward and have a look before we can do anything," he told them. "Pay it out as I go. I don't expect trouble, but if the snow comb gives way under me you'll have to hang on for dear life while I work back to the ice."

He moved forward the first few steps on his feet, testing with the pole as he went. Presently he lay down and began to wriggle towards the crevasse, still prodding at the snow with the stick. He went cautiously as he neared the edge, keeping his arms wide to put the weight of his body over as broad a surface as possible.

Blocks of snow crumbled and gave way as he peered down. His heart lost a beat, for he thought he was gone. But the ice beneath him held fast, though he had a sense of insecurity.

"Lo, Junior!" he called down.

A quivering voice answered from the depths. "It's awful cold. When you gonna get me outa here?"

Jim's eyes became accustomed to the gloom. The youngster was perched on a shelf about fifteen feet down. The bottom of the crevasse was lost in shadowy darkness.

"The sooner the quicker. Don't move, Junior. Stay right where you are. Pretty soon we'll be laughing about this. I'm going back to fix the rope."

With the greatest possible precaution against jarring the snow, Jim worked back from the crack until he thought it was safe to rise.

The two children were crying.

Jim looked at Beth. "There's just one thing. We'll have to go down after him, one of us. I'm afraid you couldn't pull me back. I'm too heavy."

The girl nodded. "I'll go down."

"I'll go," Mrs. Wilbur said.

The children beside her set up a wall of woe. It was clear she could not leave them. While she tried to hush their terror, Jim slipped the rope from his waist.

"It's . . . dangerous," he said to Beth in a low voice. "I don't like to let you go."

"I've got to go. There's no one else," she answered quietly.

"Better let yourself down at the place where he fell in. You'll be less likely to start more snow and ice."

"Yes."

"You'll have to send him up first. Don't stand right under him. Move back along the ledge a little."

"What ledge?"

"He's on a shelf . . . I want you to step back in case he starts a slide."

"Yes," she said again.

"I'll have to crawl forward and help you both over the edge. It'll be a ticklish business. If you think you'd better not try it—"

"No, I'll go."

He looked at her. Beneath the velvet skin were muscles of steel. Her dancing had done that for her, had given her limbs the supple strength that would serve her well at need now.

He slipped the rope over her head and tightened it beneath the arms. They moved toward the crevasse, Beth leading. He stopped and began to pay out the rope. She did as he had done before—lay down and crept forward.

"Let me help," Mrs. Wilbur begged.

"Your turn is coming," he told her. "I can let her down better without help."

Beth crawled to the edge, spoke a word of cheer to the youngster below, and began to work herself into the ice rift. Jim held the rope taut, giving it out very slowly. He saw that she knew exactly what she was doing. Her hands tested the ice carefully before she put her weight on it. She had chosen a place where the point of friction for the rope was rounded rather than sharp. An inch at a time, with the greatest heed, she trusted herself to the brittle blocks and eased her body over them.

"All right?" asked Jim anxiously.

"All right," she answered, and her voice was warm with courage.

She disappeared from sight. The rope in view grew shorter. From the crevasse she reported progress.

"Just a little more . . . I'm on the ledge now. Can you spare me another foot? . . . Fine."

Up above they could hear Arthur crying and the girl comforting him. It was a safe guess that her arms were round him.

"It's all right now, Junior. You'll be up with mother in no time. Won't we have heaps of fun telling dad about it?"

Mrs. Wilbur called down to the boy not to be frightened and to do just as Cousin Beth told him.

"All ready now," Beth called. Jim pulled, hand over hand, evenly. Mrs. Wilbur was at his side. He passed the rope to her and once more went, lizard fashion, to the edge. But first he called a warning to the boy to stay very still and not clutch at the wall.

He reached down. Arthur caught hold of his hand.

"Pull—gently," he ordered. Mrs. Wilbur pulled. He lifted. The boy scrambled out of the ice crack.

"Easy, boy," Jim told him. "On your hands and knees at first."

A few moments, and the lad was sobbing in his mother's arms.

Once more Jim retreated to the firm ice, after he had lowered the rope.

"Ready," Beth called a second time.

The length of rope in sight lengthened as Jim pulled.

"That's far enough," she said presently. Mrs. Wilbur and the rescued boy took the rope, and Jim returned to the crevasse. He lay, with his head over the edge, looking down into her eyes.

"If you can give me both hands, I can swing up without clawing at the snow," she said. "I'll need a free rope."

Her cousin let go the end of the rope and Jim paid out eight or ten feet of it. They were staking everything on her plan. She had spent very many hours in acrobatic work as preparation for solo dancing, and she had become so proficient at it that her gymnasium instructor had suggested that there was a field for her in that line.

Jim and Beth took hold of each other's wrists. She directed him, and he followed instructions without question. Hanging from his arms, she swung like a pendulum to one side and the other gathering momentum.

"Now," she said.

He put his muscle into the lift. Her light body sailed up through the air, swept forward, and landed on the snow almost as though it had no weight. No vaudeville performer could have done the trick more gracefully or successfully.

Beth walked back to her cousin, unfastening the rope from her shoulders as she did so. The women went into each other's arms. In spite of a determination not to break down, Mrs. Wilbur sobbed a little.

"How can I ever thank you—either of you?" she murmured, a catch in her voice.

"It's all right, dear," Beth assured her, with little kisses of comfort. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything—now that it's over and Junior is all right."

"Oh, Beth, you were splendid."

"That's nonsense," Beth became aware that the young man had joined them, and her voice hardened. "Mr. Green did it. You'll have to thank him."

The drive was on. At exactly the same minute of the same hour, Wilbur and Nelson put their watches in their respective pockets and yelled: "Give her snoots!" One of them was at the dam, the other several miles down Roaring Fork at the landing-place on the creek.

For a week they had been in anxious consultation. The success of the drive depended upon the amount of water in the creek. There must be enough to drive the ties through the narrow canons to the river. As this period of high mark rarely lasted for more than a few days,

they had to "hook" the current at exactly the right hour. The Government would permit them to take a certain amount from the reservoir at Trout Lake, as much as they had saved by building the dam, but most of this supply had to be reserved for summer irrigation on the river ranches. The company had to put its main dependence on the melting snows. It took experience and judgment to determine when these had filled the channel sufficiently to float half a million ties and supply the push to carry them past the obstacles that are continually making jams.

How Wilbur and his river boss knew the exactly right hour to start was a mystery to Jim.

Not counting the worry about the safety of the dam, the week before the start had been an extremely trying one. The crew had been increased and the new men given instruction. Everything had been put in readiness for the drive. Pikes had been prepared—long, slender poles of tough mountain ash tipped with steel spikes. The commissary had been stocked with snuff, tobacco, socks, gloves, oil of citronella for mosquito bites, and a hundred other necessities. The feet of each brawny river pig were shod with spiked, thick-soled boots.

The waiting crew had grown restless. Stud and draw palled. Liquor in quantities mysteriously appeared, and drinking set in. In spite of all Nelson could do, the outfit began to get demoralised. There was no fighting. Scandinavians under the influence of liquor quarrel but do not come to blows. But any hour the new men might decide they preferred to be in town and roll their blankets to leave. The river boss reported to Wilbur that there was a surly spirit back of the customary restlessness, a kind of churlish resentment he could not understand.

"Think Hughes has been getting at them?" the manager asked.

"By goch, I am wondering about yust that," Nelson replied.

In camp that night nothing was talked about except the drive. Poker, for once, was forgotten. Many of the crew were completely fagged out with the heavy work in the ice-cold water. They dried themselves before the bull fire while they ate their supper and disappeared in their tents to crawl into blankets for the night.

There were more jams the second day. The men were kept busy seeing that the ties did not get hung up. From the advance guard reports came back that ties were piling up on the rocks below the falls and could not be dislodged. Jim saw Nelson and Wilbur in the "river" of the river boss, pass early in the afternoon on the road that ran along the creek. He guessed they were going to the upper fall. Later in the day Mrs. Wilbur, Beth, and the children walked down from the camp to see the progress of the drive. They recognised him, and the children shouted a greeting. Jim answered by a wave of the hand. He was waist deep in the rushing water and had no time for social amenities, even if he had been inclined towards them.

For hours they worked. Others relieved them.

"My turn," Jim claimed, after the mid-day meal.

Wilbur consented. "If you'd like to try, go to it. But this is the last shift on the job. If you don't make it, we'll shoot the jam."

He was reluctant to use dynamite be-

cause this would destroy many ties and might break the rock walls or disturb the bed of the stream in such a way as to cause other jams later. But he could not hold up the drive much longer.

Jim was lowered. With the rope around his waist he crept from rock to rock to the point of attack. Axel Johanson had been let down, and followed him across the bed of the stream. A fine mist of spray filled the air and chilled it.

Looking up from where he stood, Jim felt the pit of his stomach drop within him. The ties rose, a great jagged parapet, as high as a five-story building. If he managed to drag out the key-pin of this mass of timbering, it would crash down on him and bury him beneath a thousand tons of plunging weight.

The tie would not budge. It was pinned fast. He tried another, and still another. He and Johanson had to shout at each other to hear anything said, for the noise of the falling water was deafening.

A tie moved. He worked at it until he succeeded in snaking it out of the tangle. A second one was dragged out and swept into the rapids below. No others could be coaxed from the pack.

He joined Johanson, who was working at another place. The tie back had made an impression. Perhaps the force of water coming down had jarred loose the underpinning of the mass. Perhaps the work of those who had been earlier on the job had prepared an approach. The two men in the drenching spray pulled out tie after tie and set them afloat. They opened up a cave which might collapse at any moment.

Jim cupped his hands round his mouth and shouted: "Something's liable to break. No use both of us being here. You get back with the other boys so I can have an open run for it."

Johanson hesitated, nodded, and retired.

It could not have been five minutes later that Jim, still picking away at key ties, felt the jam tremble. Ties began to slide. He turned, jumped from one to another as they slipped out from under him, and ran along the rocks hit or miss. He could not wait to choose his footing, to make sure he would not slip. The whole jam was going. He could hear it crashing down; could see eight-inch ties snapped in two like kindling. Nothing in the path of that avalanche could survive an instant.

He plunged into the swirling water of the rapids, dragged himself out, and again slipped on a smooth, wet boulder. He was lost.

Something dragged savagely at him. He struck the wall of the gorge, fortunately at the place where a stunted pine broke the force of the impact. By jerks he felt himself moving upward, and knew that those above were trying to pull him to safety. Details blurred, for he was dazed and shocked. Out of space hands seemed to reach and clutch him.

The mental fog began to clear. He saw faces, detached from bodies, staring at him. He heard voices, knew that an arm round his waist supported him.

It was Wilbur's arm, and the boss was speaking. "Good work, Green. You did the business."

"By golly, yes," Nelson assented. "She's going out just fine."

Jim looked down into the creek. It seethed with tossing timbers racing down the rapids to the lower fall. So fast was the jam going out that the stream could hardly carry the ties. Jim felt a cold chill go up his spine. It seemed to him that he had escaped almost by a miracle.

He put his hand to his head and brought it away covered with blood. Since he had felt no pain until that moment, he was surprised to discover he was hurt.

"Must have been when I fell or when I hit the wall," he said. "I don't know how I got out. My mind sort of went blank."

"We hauled you out at the end of the rope," Wilbur explained. "You hit the rock hard, but we couldn't help that. Had to get you out of the way of the ties. . . . Let me look at your head."

The hair was clogged with blood. Wilbur's fingers explored gently. "A deep cut. I think that's all. If so, you're born lucky."

He washed the wound and tied it with a handkerchief.

"I'm going to take you home and have Mrs. Wilbur look at it. She was a nurse. Run you up in Nelson's flivver."

Jim protested. He was all right. He had had his head cut open before, in a football game. He was not going to be babied.

The manager paid no attention to his objections. Jim presently found himself in the car, still expostulating.

They ran up through the woods, over a road full of chuck-holes.

"I'm not going to bother Mrs. Wilbur about this. That's flat," he announced.

"No bother at all. It's the sort of thing she loves to do," Wilbur answered cheerfully. "We don't want to run any risk of infection, you know."

"Infection, tummy-rot!" Jim was annoyed. It seemed to him that circumstances were in league to put him in the role of a thirty-cent hero. Beth would think that he did nothing but pull dramatic poses. He simply was not going to let Wilbur make a fool of him. There was no sense in it. "I can tie up my own head. What's a little crack in the nut?"

Wilbur did not argue with him, but when they reached camp he turned up the hill to the cottage.

Jim asked urgently to be dropped. "I'm not going to let you make me a nuisance. There's not the least need of it," he added.

"I'd rather Mrs. Wilbur look a look at it. Save sending for a doctor, maybe."

"Doctor be hanged! I'm not a baby," Jim exploded.

Wilbur laughed as he stopped the machine in front of the cottage.

His wife and her cousin were sitting on the porch, busy with some sewing. Mrs. Wilbur rose and stood on the top step, her eyes on the bandage round Jim's head.

"You've been hurt," she said.

Jim was furious. "I scratched my skull on a rock. But I'm probably going to die, the fuss they're making about it."

"He was below the fall when the jam went out," the manager explained. "I'd like you to take a look at the cut, Edie."

The patient consented, with obvious reluctance. He did not want to make any more row about it. Better let them have their way. At least, Beth would not be there to see the performance. She had quietly, without a word, gathered up her sewing and vanished into the house.

GRATEFULLY, but not very graciously, Jim thanked Mrs. Wilbur for her kindness. She instructed him to come up and let her have another look at the head before he left to return to work. An optimist might have taken his grunt for an assent.

Though he made light of his hurt, he had wisdom enough to know that he had better take things easy for a day or two. He had lost a good deal of blood, and he suspected that he was running a fever. So he lay on a cot and read magazines a good deal of the time. When he got tired of

reading, he strolled up to the store and chatted with the old fellow who kept it for the company.

The drive was progressing favorably, judging by the word that came up from below. It was always a hard fight to get the ties out of the creek and into the river. The old storekeeper was loyal of the opinion that Wilbur and Nelson were the only two men in the world who could do the job.

"But they'll get 'em through to the river," he prophesied. "You watch their smoke. Them two fellows can't be stopped. They'll go through hades an' high water to drive 'em down."

The lower fall had been passed, though a good many ties still above this point stuck on hand bars or caught on rocks in midstream. The clean-up crew was looking after these and setting them afloat to follow the main drive. Already a head crew had been sent forward to the point where Roaring Fork joined the river. This outfit was building a boom to hold the ties as they floated down. It was necessary to keep them in the creek until the flood water had passed out of the river. Otherwise many ties would be washed into blind channels, into sloughs, and upon low shoals. A quick rise and fall of the river from a cloudburst might leave thousands stranded high and dry from the channel. To recover these would involve a heavy expense. Wilbur and Nelson were taking no chances except those forced on them. They waited for the stream to get lower before releasing the ties from the boom. Taking the utmost precaution, they might become the victims of a cloudburst high in the mountains that would send a great volume of water rushing down.

The hirelings of Hughes had vanished. Whether they had returned to Casper or were camped in some pocket of the hills was not known. They might still be obstructionists, but in failing to destroy the dam they had missed their great opportunity. Wilbur was jubilant over their defeat and over the progress so far made.

Jim was, if possible, more pleased than his chief. The result of the Trout Lake campaign was, in a way, a personal vindication for him. To any who discussed it with him he played down his part in it. But he knew he had saved the day. When he thought of Beth he exulted in this. She might treat him as though he were something vile, might ignore him pointedly and contemptuously, but in her heart she could not deny the facts. He had answered conclusively the charges she had flung at him on a memorable occasion when she had taken pains to sting him with peeling words. He was no longer a parasite living on charity. She could not say he was afraid to tackle hard work and stick to it, that he was choosing the soft and easy primrose path. He was doing a man's work and making good at it. Chance had helped him, of course, to get away with two or three dramatic stunts. What of it? When the going was hard, he had stayed on the job, hadn't he?

Beth had been right and he wrong when she had flayed him that day. But their positions were reversed now. She was holding against him as an unpardonable crime what was, at worst, an indiscretion and no defect of character. He could not understand why she did not see this, and he intended to talk the thing out with her.

His chance came next day when he saw her setting out with Arthur Junior across the hillside to the woods. From where he stood in front of his tent he watched her light-foot transit. It was a day of

sunshine, lazy and mellow, and she walked in it, he thought, like the lady Nicolette, who "scarce brushed the dew from the grass as she moved."

Jim waited till she reached the woods before he followed. He took his time. There was no hurry. Young Arthur carried a pail. They were probably going to gather strawberries. The man wanted to come on them as though by chance.

He loitered, arranging in his mind what he would say. Clumps of fireweed and Indian paintbrush made here and there a vivid splash of color beside the path. Less insistent upon attention were the drooping columbines and dainty bluebellies. Occasionally, when the woods opened or when he stood on the shoulder of a ridge, he could look across the valley at the armies of marching pines, rising battalion after battalion to the sheer peaks beyond. Its crystal-clear sweep, in the rare, untempered atmosphere gave him a thrill of joy. In this virgin Eden there could be nothing wrong with the world. In his pulses the certainty drummed that all good things must come to those who were in tune with the rhythm of the universe.

Before he caught sight of those he followed, Jim heard Arthur's piping treble.

"Oh, Beth! Here, here! Heaps of 'em. Big fellows."

And there came to him, too, the answering voice that was like sweet, clear music.

She was in a sweater and shorts. Her form still held the slender grace of young girlhood, and as she knelt in a little nest of the wild fruit his heart ached with the clean love for her. He loved her valiant youth, the promise of fulfillment that ought some day to pour overflowing joy into the cup of a fortunate man's happiness.

BETH stood up when she saw Jim approaching.

"I've come to have it out with you, Beth," he said.

"I have nothing whatever to say," Her eyes were cold as steel on a frosty morning.

The cruelty of this stunned him. He could not believe that the Beth he had known could be this stern-eyed young Fortia refusing him the cold justice that even the law allowed.

"But, Beth—"

"I don't think there's anything more to be said, Mr.—Green," she interrupted.

"Come on, Art."

She turned to walk away. Jim hurried after her. "You're unjust—and unfair. There are circumstances—if you'd listen. You've got some garbled version of it. You must have." His voice lifted with excitement.

"I have your own story. I have the one you sent your friend to tell me."

She understood the facts, then. "Neal told you . . . everything?" he asked.

Into her eyes there came a set, hard look. "Yes." She took hold of Arthur's hand and confronted Jim disdainfully. "Are you going up or down the trail? Arthur and I go the other way."

Without another word he turned on his heel and went down the path towards the camp.

JIM was facing facts these days, and did not enjoy his emotions. Beth departed by stage coach and then his flat spirits were livened suddenly in another direction by Nelson putting him in charge of the head gang.

Among the faces of his crew Jim recognized one. He had seen it at Trout Lake, with sundry other sinister countenances. At once he stepped up to the man. "What's your name?"

The fellow looked at him sullenly. "It's on the company books. You can call me Bill," he growled.

"All right, Bill. I don't want you here. You can go back to camp and get your time. A truck is leaving for Riverton in an hour. You'd better take it."

"What's eatin' you?" the man demanded. "Ain't I doin' my work?"

"We're not discussing that. You're one of the scoundrels who tried to destroy the dam. You're through here. Get out."

Jim turned away, as though the incident was closed. He gave directions for putting in a small, sheer boom just below. The man hung around sulkily for a few minutes. He did not quite know what to do, so he took out his spleen for the moment in low but audible cursing. Jim paid no attention, and presently the fellow vanished in the direction of the camp.

The man was in camp when the crew returned from work. Jim saw him, but pretended to take no notice. At the cook's supper call the fellow came forward with the others.

Jim met him and barred the way. "What are you doing here?" he asked quietly.

"Missed the truck." The words were a sneer. They said, in effect: "What are you going to do about it?"

Jim knew he had stayed on purpose. He knew, too, that any softness in dealing with the man would be construed as weakness.

"All right. Pack up and beat it," he said curtly.

"I'll leave to-morrow."

"You'll leave right now."

Bill was a butchy ruffian, but he had had a chance to see the temper of this young fellow's mettle. He preferred to bluff through without forcing an issue.

"You wouldn't grudge a guy a bit of supper, boss—not after he'd worked all day in water?"

"If you'd taken the truck you could have eaten down the road. That's your business. But you're not going to eat here. That's my business."

"You can't beat me outa my supper when I put in the day for the company."

Again Jim noticed the quiet intensity with which the men watched the altercation. They would take their cue, in part at least, from their impression of the new boss gained from his action now.

"Are your blankets rolled?" he asked.

"No, they ain't. I'm sleepin' here to-night."

"Then pack your roll and get out. No more talk."

"If I go, the rest of the boys'll walk out on you," the trouble-maker threatened.

"I don't believe it. They're not such fools."

"You ain't payin' the right wages. The grub's no good. We—"

They faced each other, the trim, lean-joined athletes and the bulky, heavily-muscled ruffian. Jim did not need to be told that the test of his leadership was at hand.

"You're a liar. I'm paying top wages, and you know it. The food is all right. We're offering work in dull times to any decent, able-bodied man. That's that. More, you're a bad lot. You were sent here to make trouble in order to wreck this drive. You've been stirring discontent. I won't have it. Now get out—or take the consequences."

Jim remembered a piece of advice once given him by a battered old pugilist he had met in college days. "When youse get into a scrap, hit first an' hit hard." He followed it now.

Jim struck hard, again and again. He stopped a half-hearted swing, sank a left in the unprotected solar plexus, and brought a short-arm jolt to the chin.

The big fellow went down helplessly and stayed down. He was whimpering his distress.

Jim stood over him, breathing fast. He had spent a very active five minutes. The only mark on his face was a red spot above the cheek-bone where a glancing blow had landed.

Jim spoke to the others. "Anybody else got a kick? If so, now's the time to spill it."

Nobody said a word.

And labor proceeded while the weather broke to storm and flood, and destruction was in the air.

Smothered in mud one grim day, on the edge of a slough, Wilbur and Jim saw a car approaching. From the front seat a grey-haired man descended, to walk powerfully towards them.

A word broke from Jim's lips that he instantly smothered. It sounded like "Dad," but Wilbur thought he had not heard him correctly. For the man walking towards them was Aldous Grey.

From one angle of the situation Jim got unalloyed satisfaction. His father had found him on the job, dirty, unshaven, plastered with mud. He had seen him bossing a crew of hard-fisted river rats. No weakling could hold down a position like that.

He had earned the place and had been given it because he was the best man available.

He knocked off work about four o'clock to shave and change his clothes. Wilbur drove him up to the his cut in time for dinner. On the way a couple of ranchmen stopped them.

"My name's Duffy," one of them said. "I own the Butternut Ranch. This is Mr. Hackett. He's my neighbor. We want to know what you're going to do about the damage you've caused our land."

"What damage, gentlemen?" asked Wilbur.

He knew both these men by reputation. They were old-timers of quarrelsome disposition, not friendly to the company.

"The water you held up there at Trout Lake has flooded our land. It has broken our fences, ruined our alfalfa, and washed your ties all over it. You've been trampling down what's left of our crops, dragging the ties back to the river. Where do we come in? Are you figurin' on gettin' away with it and not payin' us?"

Wilbur was taken aback at so flagrant a distortion of the facts. "You can't seriously mean this, Mr. Duffy," he said. "It was not our water in Trout Lake that flooded your land. We're not responsible for cloudbursts in the hills. I'm sorry that some of our ties got on your meadows. If they've done any damage, or if we do any in moving them—"

"You can't get away with that," the ranchman broke in roughly. "I'm asking for a court injunction to keep you from taking ties down the river, and we're suing you for damages."

An injunction to stop the drive! Hughes' hand again, of course.

IF Mrs. Wilbur was disconcerted at the arrival of Aldous Grey, she did not show it. She gave him the room Beth had lately vacated, and saw that the water was heated for his bath. Later he joined her and the children on the porch, and she discovered, to her surprise, that the great man was not at all grim or cold. He was affable and friendly.

Edith Wilbur found that she was under no constraint with him. When presently he asked her about the young New Yorker whom he had sent to her husband with a letter of introduction, she told him with enthusiasm the story of his achievements. He listened intently. He asked questions. The name of Beth Lawrence came into her story when she told of the adventure on the glacier.

Grey felt at once the chill of suspicion. Evidently this chorus girl had arranged with his son to join him out here. It did not take him long to find out that, if this was the case, Mrs. Wilbur was an innocent party. She was a friend of the Lawrence woman and had invited her in good faith. But he would have been willing to wager a good-sized bet that the adventures from New York had suggested coming.

It came out in his hostess' story that Beth and Jim had been very stiff and formal with each other.

"When I introduced them I could see they had met before," she said. "I saw there was some constraint between them. It was a little distressing at times. Beth did not tell me the reason."

"Are you sure they weren't deceiving you, that they hadn't arranged to meet out here?" he asked.

She looked at him, surprised.

"It is all right that you should tell me," he said quietly. "Jim is my son. I sent him here to get him away from this Lawrence girl."

Edith Wilbur's eyes opened wide. "They were friends in New York?" she asked.

"He was infatuated with her. She laid a trap for him, and he fell into it."

His hostess was a gentle, friendly little person, but none the less a loyal one. She sat erect, eyes flashing.

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Grey." And with neat phrases, all to the point, she proceeded to enlighten her guest.

An extremely puzzled man was left to himself as she went indoors to prepare the evening meal. And she was staggered by what he felt impelled to confide.

Jim and his father took a short stroll before dinner.

"I've been talking with Mrs. Wilbur, and she tells me your friend, Miss Lawrence, has been here," he said.

Jim's level eyes met the steady gaze of his father.

Grey, sen., had instigated a conspiracy against his son to save him from the consequences of his folly. The Jim Grey he had snatched from the dissipations of New York and set down here had been an unstable and weak-willed boy who had not yet found himself. Not for a moment did the old railroad builder blame himself for what he had done. Given the same circumstances, he would have planned it so again. But this Jim Grey beside him now was a man.

Therefore, the father braced his shoulders, figuratively speaking. What he had to say might alienate his son from him for all time. He had to run the risk of that.

"Brennan is not dead," he said.

Jim stopped in his stride. He wondered if he had heard aright. His heart was acting queerly.

"Did you say . . . he didn't die?"

"That's what I said."

"You've found out that he got well?" Already Jim knew what a tremendous relief this was going to be to him.

"He wasn't hurt. It was a frame-up."

"A frame-up! But . . . I don't understand. There was a fight. I saw a pool of blood where his head struck."

"All arranged in advance."

"But why?"

"To get you out of New York. They were my detectives, all of them."

"I don't see yet how they did it. It just happened I was at Curly's."

"No. I had Holloway bring you there."

"He was in it, too." The young man's jaw set. A cold rage began to burn in him.

"I paid him a thousand dollars."

"You seem to have arranged everything."

"What was the big idea, if I'm not crashing into your private business in asking?"

"I wasn't going to let you ruin your life by marrying that woman, not till you had had a chance to think it over. If there was any good stuff in you, I meant you to find it out by flinging you on your own."

"So you made me a murderer to save my soul. If you think you can get away with it because you're my father—"

"I did get away with it, as you call it. You may hate me for it, but I've done just what you said. I've saved your soul. You were headed for destruction, for the wasted life of an idiot. You're a man now. You've done a man's work here. You can't ever change that. You'll find there's something in you that will make you pay your way in the world with work, that you are through with trifling. Go back to Miss Lawrence if you want to. I can't help that. At least you've had your chance."

The father confronted steadily the anger of his son. He did not blame Jim. No man permits another to dispose of his life arbitrarily without any opinion on his own part. Aldous would not have wanted the boy to take it without resentment.

A few months ago, before he had been disciplined by hard knocks Jim would have exploded in furious words. Now he kept his jaw clamped. He had learned measurably the value of self-control. Before he spoke he had in curb, though barely so, the violent rage that surged in him. His voice was quiet but tremulous, though not on that account less full of bitter accusation.

"You justify yourself, no doubt. It's your right to dispose of my life as you please because you had the power. I can live in hell for months, thinking I've killed a man. What's that to you, as long as you have your way and frustrate my plans? You sit in your office in New York ruling people's lives like the Almighty. I'm to be a slave to your ideas about my future. I'm to give up the girl I want to marry just because you're prejudiced against her. When I'm not willing to let you give orders to have me sent half across the world. If I don't like being slapped and branded a murderer, if I don't like running away like a dirty croak, and having my friends whisper about me—why, you're Aldous Grey and have a right to say 'Thumb down!'"

The father shook his head. "I wish you could understand how I felt about you, Jim. We had drifted apart, somehow. You were headed in the wrong direction. It was my fault. I had let myself get too busy. What was I to do? You'd got a wrong slant at life. The only way to save you was to change your environment. It was a hard lesson. I know that. But you had to go up against something big that forced you to stop and think. I had to snatch you out of the puffing life you were leading. I had to prevent you from making an irretrievable mistake."

"That's it. You say it was a mistake. How do you know? You never met Beth."

"I'm behind the times. It's youth to the fore these days. You drive hard and fast to find amusement. I don't know how far you go. There's no such thing as propriety

any more. The more audacious a young woman is, the more popular. At least, I judge so from what I see and from your new novels. Morality is no longer a virtue. It is a symbol of mid-Victorian stodginess. I realise that socially I am a senescent, that I belong to the obsolete world created before nineteen-eighteen."

"That's all beside the point as far as Beth goes. She's the salt of the earth," Jim said coldly.

"I'm not saying anything against the young woman. I've no doubt she is charming. But I am quite sure she is not the right wife for my son. She is the product of her environment."

"That's just what she isn't. Beth is absolutely herself. There is no cant or conventionalism about her. It's idiotic to talk about her as though she was a flapper chorus girl. No wonder she wouldn't look at me. Any number of clever men admire her. She has brains." His energy subsided of a sudden. "But what's the use of talking? I'll probably never even be her friend again, though she's going to have the chance as soon as I can get to her."

Arthur Junior appeared on the hillside in front of the cottage. He cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted: "Din-ner!"

Father and son returned to the house. Nothing more was said. There was no need to put the situation more definitely into words. Jim intended to go his own way in the matter of Beth Lawrence. Aldous Grey accepted that as final. Nor did he in the least blame his son. He knew, too, that he was not forgiven, that only time could soften the resentment of the young man.

Mrs. Wilbur, sensitive to atmosphere, guessed that the Greys had joined in battle and that they had come, at best, to an armed truce. She tactfully steered the talk to subjects not likely to prove inflammable. But young Arthur, with the valor of ignorance, frustrated her good intentions.

"When is Beth coming back, Mother?" he demanded during a lull in the conversation. "Ose, a fellow can have good times with her."

His mother took the bull by the horns. "I'm not sure, Junior. When she left she expected to come back to-morrow. She thought she would ride back with Mr. Clark along the ranger's trail. But he can't go to meet her. There's a forest fire burning over Forked Butte way. I hope she won't start to ride across alone."

"I don't suppose anything would harm her if she did," Wilbur said. "She might lose the way, but probably not. Beth's a mighty level-headed young woman."

"Just the same, I think I'll telephone her in the morning," his wife said. Then, brightly to Aldous Grey, by way of changing the subject: "Have you ever travelled much in our Western woods, Mr. Grey?"

He said he had not, that he knew the West largely from the windows of express cars.

Having deflected his attention from a dangerous theme, Mrs. Wilbur breathed easier.

Aldous Grey's visit was a flying one. He had come to satisfy himself that he could depend on Wilbur to supply the ties he needed for the cutoff. That was the reason that appeared on the surface. But there had been an even more important one—the desire to find out whether his son had really gone to work or was sulking in his tent . . . and he was satisfied.

Jim was to ride down with his father in the car rented at Riverton. They started after breakfast. Wilbur went with them as far as the camp of the rear crew.

Here Jim saw Jack Sanger. The gear-jammer was filling the radiator of the truck he drove. He flung up a hand of greeting to his friend. Jim called the little man to the car and introduced him to his father. The formula completed, Sanger mentioned a bit of news that presently disturbed Jim a little.

"Say, son, better go along with us. You're always lookin' for trouble. Well, we got a-plenty with us now. There's a forest fire at Forked Butte that's raisin' Cain. Timber over there dry as a cork leg, an' the fire's sure hittin' her up lively."

"How do you know?"

"We just heard from Clark. He phoned for help. Says she's travellin' fast. We're going over to help fight it, a bunch of us."

"Just where is the fire?" Anywhere near the ranger's trail that comes from Brook's Lake?"

"Must be. It's at the foot of Forked Butte—right beside the trail."

Jim spoke to his father. "I'm a little worried about Miss Lawrence. Can you wait for me here? I'm going across to Fisher's to telephone Brook's Lake."

Aldous Grey nodded. "Take your time. I'll be here half an hour, anyhow."

Jim walked through a field of alfalfa to the ranch-house. Mrs. Fisher came to the door. The young man asked if he might use the telephone. She took him into the kitchen, where the box hung on the wall. He rang up the hotel at Brook's Lake.

"Is this Brook's Lake—the hotel?" he asked after a "Hello!" had come to him on the wire. "I want to find out about Miss Lawrence, who has been staying there a few days. Has she left yet? . . . This morning? With whom? I didn't catch the name . . . Hughes? How did they go? . . . How long since they started?"

He hung up and thanked Mrs. Fisher. He was uneasy in his mind. Beth had left with a Mr. Hughes on horseback to take the ranger trail to the tie camp. Probably it was Russell Hughes she was with. He had heard that Hughes was at the hotel at Brook's Lake. This was not reassuring. A local guide, one used to the woods, would know how to avoid the country being swept by the fire. Unfortunately Hughes was bull-headed, courageous, and ignorant of woodcraft. The combination was a dangerous one.

As he walked back to camp his worry increased. He went straight to his father. "Beth started this morning from Brook's Lake with Russell Hughes. On horseback. They've got to pass through the fire zone. I'm worried. I've been told he knows nothing about the woods. If they got into danger he wouldn't know what to do. I'm going on Sanger's truck with the other boys."

Aldous Grey did not argue with him. "We could make a lot better time in the car. Sanger can go along with us as a guide, and someone else drive the truck."

The father could have said or done nothing that would have touched Jim more closely. Tears prickled the back of the young fellow's eyes. He swallowed down a lump in his throat. If he had not been ashamed to express emotion, he would have gripped hard his father's hand. He had been cherishing resentment, nursing the affront that had been put upon him and holding it a legitimate cause for coldness. But this generous appreciation of his feeling warmed his heart. It was not only good sportsmanship. It was a declaration of intention to stand by Jim in any trouble that might distress him.

The chances are that the chauffeur at

ROARING RIVER

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the wheel had never taken such a wild ride as the one on which he was now engaged. The road was scarcely more than a trail, a rough, ungraded, rock-strewn adventure in rapid transit. Aldous Grey had guaranteed to pay any damage that might result to the car, but he had said nothing about injuring life and limb. Jim ached to get in the driver's seat. He felt sure he could get another mile or two an hour out of the machine, though even as it was he suspected that the springs had cracked a bit.

They plunged down hill and up, over outcropping boulders, through growths of very young aspens which beat a tattoo against the radiator as it charged upon them.

Aldous Grey was not used to this sort of thing. At the end of an hour and a half he shouted in Sanger's ear: "How much farther?"

"About five or six miles. Soon be there now."

They came out on the side of an open hill from which they could look across a sweep of forest on the opposite slope. For some time they had been aware of smoke in the air. Now they could see it billowing above a stretch of pines well to the north. Occasionally jets of flame burst forth, roared for a few minutes in the treetops, and died down to a smoke pall.

The hillside was sown with rocks. Somewhere, in the woods behind them, the road had gone. It had dwindled to a cow trail, and this had vanished. Jim had observed this peculiarity of mountain roads before, and in moments when his mind had been less occupied had wondered why one terminal should thus so vaguely disappear.

The car wound with unsteady lurches into the valley, gained momentum, and crashed into a rock. Its occupants were badly jolted, but not hurt. As soon as he discovered no bones were broken, the chauffeur examined the car.

"A fender and one tyre junked," he announced reproachfully.

"Put on your spare," ordered Grey. Jim and Sanger discussed the situation. "Can't get much nearer with a car, anyhow," the ex-cowpuncher said. "Might as well hoof it the rest of the way."

"Yes. You and I. Dad had better stay here and wait for the truck."

"Yep. I'll be hot over there where we're going."

Young Grey turned to his father a little anxiously. He did not know what views might be in his head. "Don't think you'd better try going with us, Dad. We're going to move fast."

Aldous Grey knew his limitations. He could do eighteen holes of golf very well, but this work called for the sap of youth.

"I'll stay here for the present," he said. And to Sanger he added: "You'll be careful where you go, won't you?"

"Y'betcha! I got only one skin, an' I'm awful particular about it." He understood the New Yorker's unspoken question and answered it. "Sure I'll look after him if I can. He's fed on raw meat, that boy, an' mighty high-heeled when he gets the bit in his teeth. But I reckon he wouldn't enjoy gettin' roasted any more'n me."

Sanger and Jim went up the park towards the timber. They crossed Mule Creek and followed the stream.

At a bend in the stream, Jim turned and waved a hand of farewell to his father.

"He's some worried, the ol' man is. I'll be a thousand years till he sees you again," Sanger said.

"Yes. Dad was in Minnesota just after those terrible fires a few years ago. I

expect he can't get out of his head the hundreds of poor people who were lost in them."

"The wind's blowin' right strong. I'll bet that fire's travellin' fast."

"How fast does a crown fire go?"

"Depends, son. Seven years ago I was down on Jackpot Creek when one passed me. The time was 2.7. Later I found out it passed a ranger fifteen miles up the creek at 1.20. Figure it out for yourself."

"Where is the trail from here—the Brook's Lake one?" Jim asked.

"Above the head of the park. We'd ought to make it there in a little better'n half an hour. If the wind don't change, folks on the trail ought to be all right."

They travelled fast. Sanger's short legs could not keep pace with his companion's long ones, but he fell into an occasional jog-trot whenever he dropped behind. In spite of the little man's reassurance, Jim was anxious. The fire was running parallel to them now, on the ridge above, a mile or more distant. It was a crown fire, leaping through the foliage of the pines. The tremendous heat was drying out the woods in front of it, and flying embers of birch bark and pitchy limbs were hurled ahead, to ignite the cones and branches a quarter of a mile away. Great billows of smoke, black with the resin of the pines, rolled forward in front of the flames. The picture silhouetted against the skyline was one Jim would never forget. It was terrifying.

Nothing in front of that furious, roaring monster could escape the destruction of its devouring tongue.

Again Sanger made use of the expression he had employed on the way over: "Hotter'n hell with the lid on." It was impossible not to be awed by the appalling force of the conflagration. Jim wondered how Clark could expect to check this moving wall of fire pressing like an irresistible army to the attack. He would try to pinch it out—a long, slow process. He might backfire. At all strategic points his men could clear fire-breaks. But what use would any of these be with a thirty-mile wind, flinging red brands half a mile at a stretch?

The rains of the past week had been general but local. This was one of the spots that had been missed. The woods were like a tinder-box, the resinous pines ready to roar at a spark.

Far up on the side of the ridge they caught sight of two or three moving figures.

"What I had glasses with me," Sanger said. "Likely Clark an' a couple key men."

The key men of the forest service are local residents, usually ranchmen, who co-operate with the rangers in spotting and reporting fires as well as in fighting them.

"They might know something about Hughes and Miss Lawrence," Jim suggested.

"Sure they might. We better drift over thataway. Say, she's certainly rip-roarin', son."

They climbed the scarred face of the hill. There was no danger of the fire running down into the valley. The rocky slope was not timbered, and the underbrush was too scant to sustain a blaze.

But even though the wind was not in their faces, the spreading smoke cloud rolled down and made it hard to breathe. Nostrils and throat became inflamed. The air was acrid from the resinous pitch.

Red-hot coals dropped like spent rockets as they moved closer. Sanger yelled his old cowboy, "Hi-yi!" at the men above. One turned and came towards them. It was Clark.

As he drew close they could see that his eyes were red and inflamed, his face streaked with charcoal. He looked like

the stoker of an ocean liner coming from work.

"Seen anything of Miss Lawrence?" Jim asked abruptly.

"No. What d'you mean? She's not lost, is she?"

"She started this morning from Brook's Lake with Hughes."

"By the ranger trail?"

"Yes—on horseback."

"Likely they turned back when they saw the fire."

"Maybe so. But you know Hughes. He's bull-headed, and he knows nothing about these woods. He might lead her into a trap."

Clark considered, and nodded agreement. "He might, but unless the wind shifts they ought to be safe. Seems to me it's changing some—coals an' smoke comin' down the hill."

"Yes, I noticed that. I'm worried. Is there much timber along the trail up above the park?"

"Quite some. Why don't you an' Sanger take our horses an' ride up that way. If you meet 'em, you can head 'em back to Brook's Lake."

"Where are the broncos?" Sanger asked.

"In the draw," Clark pointed to the right. "You want to look out if the wind changes."

"I'll say we do," agreed the little man. "How you comin' on this job? Looks like a class C fire all right." He grinned. In the vocabulary of the forest service a class C fire is one that covers more than ten acres.

"Not makin' a dent in it. I'm hopin' for a change of wind. Looks like it's comin', too. The valley is a natural fire-break. She'd die out if she tried to head this way. We could check it easy. Up above it might travel some. Likely would, but not a great ways."

Clark turned back to his men, and the other two walked along the hill to the draw indicated by the ranger. There was a spring in the draw, and the overflow from it nourished the grass below. The ground dipped sharply at the head of the pocket, and the smoke drifted above it, leaving the air still sweet. The hobbled horses grazed contentedly, not concerned about the furnace roaring half a mile distant.

The men tightened the loose cinches and mounted. They rode down the hill and turned sharply to the right toward the head of the valley.

"The wind is changing," Jim said anxiously.

"Yep. Some. But I don't reckon you need to worry. Hughes is no fool. He won't take chances. Soon as he finds out how bad the fire is he'll turn back."

"You think so. But you know Hughes. He doesn't like to admit he's beaten. He might try to circle round it. I don't suppose he ever saw a forest fire before. I've been figuring it out. They started just after breakfast. They'd be pretty close to here if they kept coming."

"That's a big if. Don't you worry, son. . . . I expect this hogback would be a good way for us to get outa the valley."

It became stiff going. The broncos clambered up the rocky spur like cats, their muscles standing out as they plunged at the ascent. Loose stones clattered down from the impact of their hoofs. Jim felt the straining of the animal between his knees as its feet reached for a grip on the disintegrated quartz of the hard ground.

They came up into the smoke. It enveloped them like a fog, so that they could scarcely see pine-trees a dozen yards away. Sanger rode close to his companion.

"We'll bear away to the left till we strike the foot of Forked Butte," he said. "We gotta get out of this smoke to see where we're at."

Jim followed the ex-cowpuncher. To make sure of not losing each other, they called back and forth whenever the smoke became too dense for sight. A wave of heat beat against the young man's cheek. He knew the fire which had run along the ridge and left this mesa untouched, was turning with the change in the wind to ravage new territory. It came to him that they would have to move fast to get out of its path.

He shouted to Sanger. From a distance of fifty yards the old-timer called back a warning. "Hit her up, son. She's comin' fast."

It was impossible for Jim, on account of the dense smoke, to see where he was going. His horse might at any moment plunge from a bluff and roll over him. But he had to take his chance. He dug his heels into the side of the animal and put it at a gallop.

His horse crashed downhill through a young growth. There must have been a deep wash at the bottom, for suddenly Jim lost his saddle. He knew he was flying through space. Then he knew nothing.

When he returned to consciousness, he did not at once realise where he was. The acrid taste of the smoke brought him back to the situation. He sat up, rose, took a few steps. No bones were broken. He had probably struck on his head and been badly jarred.

He shouted. No answer came to him. This was no surprise. Sanger and he had lost each other in the fog.

His horse was gone. Again he felt a wave of heat on his cheek. It brought with it a sinking of the stomach muscles; something of the same instinctive horror a child has at being left alone helpless in the dark surrounded by an unknown, menacing danger.

A bit of flying birch bark struck against him. It was slight and set his coat smoking. He climbed out of the wash and breasted the hill. He ran, panic in his heart, the small boy in him uppermost.

Out of the smoke he emerged and found himself on the summit of the rise. From the ridge above the line of fire was advancing. He could not retreat to the valley whence he and Sanger had come. It would not be possible to get through the timber in time. His instinct was to turn down the hill. But as he looked down, the forest stretched before him unbroken. He could never make it that way. In front was another hill. There might be a stretch of open country beyond. It was a chance, but he must take it.

He called again to Sanger. There came back what seemed almost an echo of his shout. But that faint cry set hope drumming in his heart. The old-timer would know what was best to do. He cupped his hands about his mouth for another "Hello!" and waited for the answer. It came, from beyond the next hill.

Once more he began to run.

Into a thick growth of aspens he plunged. They impeded his progress, clutching at him and beating upon him as he charged through the grove. His heart was filled with dread. If the fire struck the young trees before he was out of them, he would be shrivelled up as it licked its way down.

He won through to the open and labored up the hillside. As he neared the top a man came out of the pines and called to him.

The man was Russell Hughes.

It was the morning of the sixth day of Beth's stay at Brook's Lake. She did not want to fish or to take any of the saddle-horse trips to points of interest near Twogwotter Pass. She wanted to be alone, to feel free to read or dream or let thoughts drift through her mind.

She took the west-bound stage, and had the driver drop her at the Pass. Her footsteps took her uphill toward the buttes above, from the side of which she could look down on a tangle of forests, parks, and canyons, and could turn to the white and blue summits of the great Tetons. She was in sweater, knickers, and laced boots; and as she breasted the incline and her lungs filled with the cool untampered air she felt renewed in her a shadowy sense of the keen delight of living.

When she became tired of climbing, she sat on a flat rock in the sunshine and gazed at the sharp-toothed Tetons rising from the shadowy valley. Sometimes she read.

Beth became aware that she was not alone on the top of the world. A man was moving toward her across the shoulder of the bluff.

He called across to her cheerfully. "All well, friend?"

She answered: "All well."

The man was a guest at the Inn. She had noticed him at breakfast an hour or two before. Now Beth observed him more closely. He was a man of about thirty-seven or eight, she guessed, sure of himself, one who had to do with important affairs. His chin was square, his jaw strong, his eyes cold and perhaps a little too prominent. She classified him as a New Yorker, probably on his way to spend a vacation at one of the dude ranches in this part of the country.

"Is it quite safe for you to come alone so far out of the beaten road of travel?" he asked.

"I'm really no farther away than you are," she answered, a little gleam of laughter in her eyes. "Do you feel the need of a dude wrangler?"

"I suppose it's safe enough. My name is Hughes—from New York."

"Mine is Lawrence," she said.

He did not tell her that he knew that. He did not mention that he had noticed her as soon as she came into the dining-room and had not been content until the clerk had told him who she was.

The mention of his name had stirred her interest. He must be that Russell Hughes of whom Edith Wilbur had spoken, the man sent out to frustrate Aldous Grey's audacious railroad enterprise. She was curious to hear his side of the case, and she knew that given time she would be told the story from his point of view. A man bent on making an impression on a woman is always ready to talk of himself and his doings. With a little prompting he began to unfold himself to Beth.

"Business is war," he explained to her coolly.

"Yes, I suppose so," she admitted. "But I wish it were not so—so unscrupulous sometimes."

"How long do you think I'd last fighting Aldous Grey if I was what you call scrupulous, if I studied the Decalogue before I made every move?"

"But oughtn't you to lose? Isn't he right and you wrong?"

"There's no right and no wrong about it. It's a fight, and the best man wins. That's all there is to it."

They walked down into the Pass through the warm sunshine. It came out in the course of their talk that she was expecting

to leave on the ranger's trail next day for the tie camp.

"I'd like to go along. I'm travelling that way," he said at once.

This did not quite suit Beth, but she found no excuse handy. Therefore she evaded.

"Mr. Clark is going to take me back, but I don't know exactly when he'll get here. I don't think you'd better wait for us."

"I'm in no particular hurry. I'll wait," he decided.

At the hotel Beth found a telephone message waiting for her. It was from the storekeeper at the tie camp. When she got him on the wire, he explained that Clark could not come on account of a forest fire that had started near Forked Butte. His suggestion was that she should come by the stage as far as Dubois and be picked up there by a company car.

Hughes had heard her end of the conversation. He proposed at once to escort her over the trail in place of the ranger.

Beth hesitated—and consented.

As she and Russell Hughes took the ranger's trail for the tie camp, she found an interest in studying the man. He was, after all, a force, even though a destructive one in regard to Aldous Grey's enterprise. About many things which seemed to her important he knew nothing. He worshipped success, and his definition of this was the acquisition of money and power. His crass and ruthless philosophy was so naive it excited her to probe deeper.

A reference to the tie drive gave Beth her cue. She flashed her dark eyes at him in challenge.

"Of course, I'm against you," she said quietly. "I think what you're doing is atrocious—and I hope Aldous Grey wins. He will, too."

"Don't be too sure about that. We've a few cards to play yet. He'll get his ties to the railroad, but I'm not so sure he'll get them there in time. I don't believe he can build his cut-off, anyhow. I don't believe it's an engineering possibility."

"Why won't he get the ties down in time? The drive is moving every day."

"I've heard something about an injunction," he suggested with a flicker of a cynical smile.

"What do you mean—an injunction?"

"Since you seem so interested in ethics, why not lecture your friend Aldous Grey on the subject? He ignores the rights of others when it pleases him. The water he held at Trout Lake has flooded the land of the ranchers below. It has destroyed their fences and ruined their crops and drowned their cattle. So they are asking for an injunction to stop the drive. It's rather locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen, but that can't be helped now."

"It's absurd. You know it is," she said with decision. "There's not a word of truth in it. I mean about him being responsible for the damage. He had nothing to do with it. The Trout Lake water had passed down the river, and it was falling when the floods came. Everybody knows about the cloudbursts and how they swelled the rivers. Not here only—lots of places."

He smiled blandly. "That's a question of fact for the court to decide. If what you say is true, why, no doubt it will come out at the hearing. I'm merely telling you what the ranchers claim."

"I believe you put them up to it," she charged.

"My dear young woman!" he expostulated, with a grin.

"Maybe you think that's part of the game."

"Maybe I do, but by advice of counsel I admit nothing. I'll ask you one thing. Do I look like a man who would quit in the middle of a fight?"

"There's such a thing as fighting fair, isn't there?"

"H'm! This isn't that kind of a fight. Everything goes. Both sides can't win, and it's the devil take the hindmost."

His bulbous eyes rested on her face. From experience she knew that expression well, and she detested it. His next words confirmed her expectation. They were a sneer.

"Why are you so committed to the cause of the enemy? Not, of course, that it's any of my business."

"You're quite right. It's not," she answered quietly. "Besides, you wouldn't understand."

"Wouldn't I? You might try me."

"You think there must be a personal reason. It isn't enough that Mr. Grey is right and you are wrong, that he is trying to do a great thing for the mountain country the cutoff would open up and you're only an obstructionist standing in the way of progress?"

Her contemptuous tone stung him. He did not attempt to defend his policy, but struck back with the first weapon at hand. "I didn't know Aldous Grey was your angel godfather."

"I've never met him."

His mind jumped to another explanation. "Let's see. He has a son, hasn't he?"

Like the crack of a whip, his answer came. "You ought to know."

The trail narrowed. He fell back to let her horse take the lead. Presently he rejoined her and rode knee to knee.

"I don't get that. Why ought I to know?"

"I think you met him—on the dam at Trout Lake."

She had carried the war into the enemy's country. In her face he read derisive amusement. It was quite clear she knew what had taken place there. The story, then, was spreading. Anger began to burn in him.

"That young upstart—was that Grey's son?"

"The young man who foiled your plans? Yes, he was James Grey."

Hughes took the news bitterly. It was bad enough to have his campaign to spoil the tie drive ruined by a stubborn routabout. But it was worse to know that he had been frustrated by the son of Aldous Grey.

"Another friend of yours, I suppose."

"On the contrary, we are not on speaking terms," she said, and there was something in her quiet dignity that warned him not to go too far.

"Glad of that," he replied. "He's a pretty bad lot. Probably he had been up to some dirty work and found it best to leave New York for a while."

She looked straight in front of her between the horse's ears and said nothing. What could she say? It was the truth. Had he not come here to hide from the victim of his selfishness?

Over the brow of a hill the riders dropped into the thick pines of a forest. Faintly, on the breeze, there came to them a smell of smoke. Neither of them gave it any consideration.

"I suppose you think morality is for weaklings and for women," Beth said.

"The country's prosperity is made by the big business men," he explained. "If we let ourselves be stopped by all the foolish

laws incompetent clerks and legislators make, we'd never get anywhere. So we step out and let the laws catch up with us later."

The trail followed the edge of a ridge. Across the timbered valley they could see a great bluff shaped like a worn molar tooth.

"Must be Porked Butte," Beth surmised.

"Yes. Good deal of smoke, seems to me."

"Probably the forest fire that kept Mr. Clark from coming to meet me."

"Shouldn't be surprised."

It occurred to neither of them that they had better turn back.

The trail wound deeper into the woods. It took them along ridges, up and down hills, into small gulches, and always as they travelled the smoke grew denser.

Beth became vaguely alarmed. She pulled her horse up.

"I wonder if we hadn't better go back," she suggested.

"Go back! What for? Because there's some smoke from a fire?"

"There's so much of it. The fire must be a big one. Listen."

They stood, intent to catch any sound. There came to them, carried by the growing wind, a faint, menacing roar. Beth did not quite know what it was, but her anxiety increased.

"I'm going back to the hotel," she announced, and she turned her horse.

"That would be foolish," he protested.

"Say there is a fire. We can ride around it, can't we?"

"I don't know. But I'm going back, I'm afraid."

"We're all right, I tell you. No use getting panicky about nothing."

Beth listened again. It seemed to her that the roar had increased. She could tell now that it was fire.

"No, I'm going back," she said.

Her horse moved at a touch of the spur. Before it had covered a dozen yards, Beth pulled up with a little cry of fear. Out of the woods the fire had leaped and crossed the path in front of her.

UP till this time Beth had been ashamed of her apprehension. She had supposed that probably Hughes was right, but she had not been able to crush down her dread. Now, the sight of that leaping mass of flame was too appalling to leave room for pride.

The fire was running through the foliage overhead, and as it crossed the path a great spurt of red heat went into the air almost with the force of exploding gunpowder. The dry pine cones and branches had ignited and shut up furiously.

"Look!" exclaimed Hughes. "It's cut us off."

She turned on him a blanched face. It asked, without the need of words, what they could do. That appeal steadied him.

"This way," he said, and turned sharply to the left.

They rode with the wind. Volumes of smoke rolled over them. When Beth looked back she could see a streak of dull yellow in the black billows. She knew this was the reflection of the flames.

The horses travelled dangerously fast. Low-hung branches of trees snatched at the riders and almost dragged them from the saddles. The plunging animals missed trunks of firs and spruce, bruising the legs of those astride their backs. At one of these contacts Beth felt a sharp pain shoot through her, but in the panic of the flight she forgot it in another moment. The crackling of the devouring death at their heels absorbed her mind to the exclusion of everything else.

Beth saw Hughes, who was riding thirty yards in front of her, drag his horse to a halt. He flung up a hand to stop her. She pulled up on the edge of a rock-rim that fell sheer for thirty feet to a wooded slope below.

Hughes swung from the saddle. "We'll have to go down the cliff."

Beth joined him. "The horses—what will they do?" she asked.

He made an exasperated gesture of the hand. "It's us I'm thinking about."

Yet Beth, in spite of her tense excitement, could not leave them to be destroyed without an effort. She struck each of them a sharp cut on the flank with her riding-whip and sent them galloping along the rock-rim.

The rock-wall dropped almost straight. A stunted scrub pine grew out of it a few feet down. Hughes found a foothold in the angle between its trunk and the niche from which it drew sustenance. A projecting knob gave him another hold. Clinging to the pine, he dropped to a narrow ledge.

Beth followed. A wave of heat beat against her as she slid over the edge.

When they reached the level, Beth looked round for her companion. He came up panting.

It gave her a shock to see that the flames had leaped the rock barrier and had already spread among the tree tops.

"Look!" she called. "It's coming."

Some shift in the wind sent a cloud of smoke and gas pouring down upon them. Coughing and strangling, they ran to escape from it. Beth passed out of the gas cope, but the smoke was still thick about her. She lost sense of direction and called to Hughes.

No answer came back to her. She shouted again, in a panic of terror. The roar of the great furnace deadened her voice.

She ran, blindly, wildly, without plan or forethought.

A deer flew past, driven from its feeding ground. Directed by her instinct for safety, she followed the direction it had taken.

JIM and Hughes met face to face in a swirl of smoke, each begrimed and scorched man registering strain and shock.

"Where's Beth?" demanded Jim, leaving all other thoughts alone.

Hughes waved a despairing hand in the direction from which he had come. "Back there. Lost her in the smoke."

"How long ago?"

"Not long. I've been shouting and she doesn't answer. Which way can we go?"

Jim did not answer. He plunged straight ahead into the smoke. After a momentary hesitation Hughes followed.

"Tell you she's gone. We've got to look out for ourselves. What'll we do?" he shouted, his voice close to the high note of hysteria.

"Keep on to the next hill. We're gone unless we find open country." Jim stopped to lift from his lungs a shout. "Hello! Hello, Beth!"

No answer.

He headed deeper into the smoke cope. Hughes was no longer running with him. Jim guessed, without any interest in the matter, that he was legging it for the hill.

Again Jim shouted, and out of the grey inferno came a call that renewed life all through his jaded body. He ran toward the place from which it had come, calling wildly as he went. The ominous roar of the windswept fire was in his ears.

Out of the smoke she came to him, a wraith, exhausted and shaken with terror,

When she recognised him, "Jim!" she sobbed, and tumbled into his arms. "It's all right," he told her. "We'll make it. Come!"

And, strangely, he was sure they would. They were running through the grey veil up the hillside hand in hand. They stumbled over rocks and came up against tree trunks. Beth's exhaustion had been mental rather than physical, born of paralysing fear.

They came out upon the shoulder of the hill. The capricious wind had, for the moment, swept away the smoke, and they could visualise the situation. Above them a broad, red ribbon of flame was leaping downward. Below was a heavy growth of young reproduction, beyond which was open country and safety. Toward this the hill fell in a long slope. Just in front of them it pitched abruptly into a gulch through which a creek ran.

Out of the smoke from which they had just emerged a man staggered. He lurched like a drunkard as he took the stiff grade. The man was Hughes.

His haggard eyes swept the slope through the young growth to the green valley beyond. He stretched out a hand to indicate it.

"This way," he called hoarsely. Jim's eyes went up to that line of swift-moving flame in the tree-tops above, then measured with a glance the distance through the reproduction to the grassy valley. He knew that through this young growth the wind-driven fire would move at much greater speed than through the tree-tops. Obviously the way of escape lay down the hill, but they could never make it in time. They would be caught in the thick grove and strangled up.

The alternative was the creek. Jim made up his mind instantly. It would be a terrible ordeal probably. They might lose, but down the hill lay certain death.

"No," he said to Hughes. "We'd never make it. Get caught sure. We'll lie in the creek till it passes."

"Lie there and wait for it. That what you mean?" Hughes snarled, his nerves beyond control.

"I'll sweep this hill first. We'll come back up here after it's passed, before it strikes us in the creek."

"We'd never get through it alive." Jim did not answer him. He looked at Beth. "It's the only chance."

Her eyes met his steadily. She was not afraid now that he was here. At least, her fear was within control and was no longer the panic-stricken terror of a hunted animal. She put her hand in his again without a word. As long as he lived Jim would never forget that gesture of utter trust.

Together they went down into the gulch. The air in the gulch was still sweet and cool, though puffs of black smoke were already rolling down.

He took off his coat and his shirt. Beth removed her sweater. They waded out into the deepest place in the pool. The water was several inches above the knees. Hughes came slithering down the side of the gulch a hundred yards below them. He had taken several more looks at the racing fire and decided to follow the advice of young Grey. Already the smoke and gas were stifling.

Jim soaked his coat and shirt. "The air will be purer close to the water," he explained to Beth. "You'd better crouch down now."

He wrapped the shirt loosely around her head in such a way as to exclude the gas and smoke. He put the coat around his

own head. What Hughes might decide to do was just now a matter of minor importance to Jim. He was wholly preoccupied with their own prospects.

Black billows poured over the hillside into the canon. The pitch fumes rolled over them, though only the overflow was pushed into the gulch. They fought for breath. During that three minutes before the advancing fire flung back the poisonous gas there were times when Jim was afraid they would be suffocated. How they lived through he could never afterwards tell.

OUT of the gulch Russell Hughes crawled, brows crisped, face blistered, eyes blood-shot. Young Grey was moving down the hill, carrying in his arms the drooping body of the girl. Her eyes were closed. Hughes did not know whether she was dead or only unconscious. He lurched across to intercept Jim.

Beth's eyes flickered half open and closed again. She murmured something about being too heavy to carry.

"Don't worry," Jim told her gently. "I'm taking you to the valley. It'll be all right when we reach the creek."

Across the valley figures were moving. They waved a signal to the three on the hillside. Hughes answered it. Exhausted though he was, he began to prepare a defence against possible criticism.

"I tried to get her to stick to me. Don't know how she came to wander away from me in the fog. But you know how it was. You couldn't see a foot."

Jim saved his breath except for a grunt that might mean anything. What the man said might be true enough, but Jim suspected the fellow had been thinking only of his own skin. There was nothing to be gained by discussing it. Jim felt a queer sense of disgusted pity for the man.

It mingled with his shame. He did not want to talk about it. However much front or manner he might put on, Russell Hughes would never be anything to him again but a pricked bladder.

"Glad you found her when we were looking for her," the big man went on. "It was lucky you happened to come along. If you're tired I might carry her a little way."

"I'm not tired," Jim answered brusquely. "You didn't have as much of it as I did." From Hughes' throat came a hoarse groan of reminiscent self-pity. "It was awful. I wouldn't go through it again for all the money in the world."

It was characteristic of the man, Jim thought, that he measured the experience in terms of money. His standard of value was the dollar. Even now, just escaping from a horrible death, the shadow of his menace barely lifted, his mind could function only in the language of understood.

The young reproduction had been wholly destroyed. Nothing remained but the charred and burning limbs.

The ground was hot to the feet as the two men passed. At the lower end of the gulch the fire had died out for lack of fuel. Here and there it had destroyed small clumps of bunch grass, but had fallen back defeated because it could not find enough to feed upon.

Beth opened her eyes.

"Put me down now, please," she presently said in a low voice.

"We'll be down at the creek in a minute. Hadn't I better carry you?" Jim asked.

"No—please. I'm all right now."

The men they had seen from the hill

were coming down to the creek to meet them. Jim set Beth on her feet reluctantly.

The little readjustments of her clothes she made seemed to him significant. She was preparing to meet the world. Inevitably she was escaping from him. They had passed through the Valley of the Shadow together, no other human being on earth so far as they were concerned. For Hughes had not counted any more than if he had not been present. They had faced awful peril and endured suffering hand in hand, heart to heart. With complete trust she had given herself to his care. In him she had found hope and some degree of comfort. He had planned for her, fought for her, and at last saved her. Nothing could rob him of that. No matter what any other man might come to mean to her later, she would know that at the supreme crisis of her life it had been Jim Grey who had answered her helpless call and to whom she had turned as a hurt child does to its mother.

But it would be only a memory. Already he could see that the claims of society, of the multitudinous small and large interests of existence, were going to take her from him and shut him out.

Before he reached the creek, Jim could see that the approaching men were his father and the chauffeur. No doubt they had come up to the head of the valley where the car was, had crossed the divide, and dropped into this second valley while searching for them.

Aldous Grey splashed through the creek and came to his son. He put his hands on the young man's shoulders and said, not quite firmly: "Thank Heaven!"

Jim understood what he had been suffering. It had been a parallel experience to the one he had undergone while searching for Beth.

"It's all right, dad," he said gently. "Nip and tuck, but we made it. . . . Miss Lawrence, this is my father. Dad, Miss Lawrence."

"I've been hearing a great deal about you from your cousin, Miss Lawrence," the old man said. "May I tell you how much I am relieved to know that you are safe? We were worried. Jim started as soon as he learned you had left Brook's Lake."

"Started from where?" she asked. "From the camp down the river. He telephoned to the hotel and discovered you had gone. But you must be exhausted. Won't you sit down here? Perhaps if you bathed your face—"

"Thank you. I believe I will. I—I'm rather done."

She moved to a big rock. The hinges of her knees seemed to give way, and she slid down beside it, resting her head upon her arm on top of the boulder.

Aldous Grey had a collapsible cup in his pocket. He handed it to his son. Jim filled it at the creek and took it to the girl.

"Here, Beth," he said. "Drink this." She lifted her head, looked at him, and took the cup.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice, her eyes holding to his.

The old man spoke to the chauffeur. They took off their coats and spread them on the ground beside the rock. The wind had shifted, and there was no longer any smoke in the air. The sun shone warmly and pleasantly.

"Don't you think you could sleep a little, Miss Lawrence?" the railroad builder suggested. "We have to consider ways and means. It will be some time before we

can get away. I think you had better try to rest."

"Dad's right," Jim told her, and he arranged the coats.

"I might lie down a little while," she agreed. "I don't think I'll sleep."

The men moved away a short distance while she settled herself to rest. Jim came back for a moment.

"We'll not go far. Don't be afraid," he said.

"No," she promised.

She put her head on her hands and closed her eyes.

Jim went to the other men. Aldous Grey was talking stiffly with Hughes. He felt that, since they had been flung together in this adventure by some queer chance, they must make the best of it until at the first opportunity each could go his own way.

A question had been pressing for answer in Jim's mind ever since he had reached safety.

"Have you seen Sanger, Dad?" he asked.

"No. I was wondering about him."

"We lost each other in the smoke. I'm worried about him."

"When did you lose each other?"

"Before I found Beth. We were on Clark's horses. We got separated. My bronc fell and threw me. When I came to, the horse was gone."

"We'll have to look for him."

At that moment a hoarse shout came to them from farther up the creek. "Hi yippy yip!" Sanger, on horseback, waved a hand of greeting as he rode towards them.

He swung from the saddle and clamped a brown hand on Jim's shoulder. "I'm sure enough glad to see you, son. Where the devil you been at? I rode back and tried to locate you after we got separated. No luck. Buck certainly had to scratch gravel to get me outa there. Oh, boy, I was geared for fear you wouldn't make the grade. I mighta knowed you better. An' I see you found the lil' lady, too."

"Yes, soon after we were separated. I've been worried about you, too. We were just talking about a search party."

They asked and answered questions about each other's experiences. Sanger had passed a trying ten minutes looking for Jim, but he had escaped in time to miss the harrowing trail by fire the others had been forced to endure.

"You were sure born lucky, son," the old cowpuncher told Jim. "If you'd headed for that reproduction—well, it woulda been good-bye to all of you. Funny you knew about fire runnin' quicker through thick young stuff."

"I heard Clark say so once when you and he were talking."

"H'mp! You're a good listener."

Aldous Grey took charge of the party, because it was his temperament to lead. He made crisp suggestions that sounded like orders.

"Sanger, you and Mooney had better go back and tinker up the car so that it will get us back to the river camp. Miss Lawrence is asleep, I think. Best thing in the world for her. We'll let her rest a couple of hours. Jim and I will wait here with her. Then she can ride to the car on your horse."

He had disposed of everybody except Hughes. What that gentleman did with himself was immaterial to the railroad builder.

"Fine," Sanger agreed. He grinned at Jim affectionately and cheerfully. "Say, son, you sure look like you'd been through a manure war from A to Z. Well, see you later."

He and the chauffeur started down the valley.

Hughes followed them.

BETH woke to a world of sunshine, of chirruping birds, of water babbling merrily over round stones on its way riverward. The sky was blue as only a Rocky Mountain sky can be.

For a few minutes she lay quietly, pictures trooping to her mind. Her lungs hurt and her throat was raw. Her muscles ached. One of her legs pained where the horse had brushed it against the trunk of a tree. But the sleep had done her good. She no longer had a feeling of complete exhaustion.

She rose, found her handkerchief, and washed face and throat at the creek. When she had finished, she walked to the place a little further down the stream where Aldous Grey was sitting.

He came to meet her. "Are you feeling better, Miss Lawrence?" he asked.

She could speak only in a whisper through her inflamed throat. "Much better, thank you."

"Jim's asleep, too. But we'd better be moving. I'll wake him."

There was something she wanted to say, first, to his father.

"He saved my life . . . over and over again."

"Hughes and Jim?" asked Grey.

"No, Jim. I was lost when he found me. It was awful. Afterward, too."

The railroad builder patted her shoulder comfortingly. "Don't think about it. Not now. You got through—both of you. That's the big thing."

He went away to wake his son. Presently he came back alone.

"Jim is getting the horse," he explained.

"Sanger was here and left it."

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"To the car. We came over from the river camp in it."

Jim brought the horse.

"All right now?" he inquired of the girl.

"Yes, thanks. You?"

"Throat a bit raw," he croaked.

She was too stiff to make the mount alone. Jim gave her a lift to the saddle.

They followed the bed of the creek to the lower end of the valley, passed through a small box canon, and came into the other park.

"The car's gone," Jim said to his father.

"I told Mooney to take it back to the ridge. It's a stiff grade and no road. So I thought we'd better get in above."

Sanger did not return with the others to the river camp. "I'll drift over to the fire an' see how the boys are makin' it," he said. He dropped down by a diagonal trail into the valley and turned to wave a hand at them.

Jim hung back and let the others seat themselves in the car as they would. He took the place that was left. It was the one beside the driver. Beth sat in the tonneau between Aldous Grey and Hughes.

They were a silent party on that homeward drive. Hughes talked to Beth at first. He wanted her to see their adventure from his angle; to realise that he had not failed her at its crisis and deserted her to save himself.

"Well, we got through, didn't we?" he said, with an effect of cheerfulness. "Looked bad for a while. When I lost you and couldn't find you, I was worried. But it came out all right."

Beth did not answer. The roar of the engine justified silence, especially since it was so difficult for her to speak.

JIM had intended to return with Beth to the tie camp in the hope that she would give him an opportunity to see her when no others were present. In this he was disappointed. He was held at the river camp to straighten out trouble among the men that threatened to grow serious. Neither Wilbur nor Nelson was present, and the situation was one that demanded attention.

The trouble was not with the "bear cats," as Wilbur called his stalwart and tried Scandinavians. It was with the floaters who had come from the towns of Wyoming and Colorado. The regulars had been with the company several seasons, and knew that they would get fair play from it. The extra men were of a different stamp.

Back of their grumbling Jim believed he could see the hand of Hughes. Some of his agents had been stirring up the men again.

After supper Jim called a meeting in front of the bull fire.

"Well, boys, I hear you've got a kick coming," he said briskly. "Let's have it. Get it off your chests."

A dark foreigner from the south of Europe was drying his socks on pointed sticks before the fire. He voiced the complaint of the malcontents.

"The hours, they are too long. The pay, it ees too little."

"That's straight talk. What's the matter with the wages? I thought we were paying top prices."

"Olson and Johanson and these Swedes, they get half-dollar day morn' we do."

"Sure they do. Why not? They've been with the company for years. You'll get it, too, when you've earned it by long service."

"H'mp! We do the same work, don't we?" demanded a sour-faced fellow, whose name was on the books as Walsh.

Jim's eyes met the guile ones of the floater. With perfect good temper, the young man answered. "Well, no, Walsh, since you ask me. You don't. I'd say Olson and Johanson get half as much more done in a day than you do."

"If you don't like my work I'll quit."

"That's your privilege." Jim turned again to the little foreigner. "What's the matter with the hours, Martinez?"

"Too long."

"You're working a standard day."

"But this ees in the water."

"Of course it is. You knew that when you signed up. I can't change the hours. We've got to get these ties down. Tell you what I'll do. I'll call up Mr. Wilbur and see if he'll stand for another half-dollar a day from now on until the drive is over. That's the very best I can do."

The dissatisfied river men talked it over among themselves, and accepted this proposition. If Wilbur would raise their wages to the same as he was paying his other men they would stay.

Wilbur was at the county seat, where Hughes and Aldous Grey had also gone. The hearing on Duffy's application for an injunction against the company to pre-

vent it from running ties down the river was to be held next day.

Jim got Wilbur on the telephone and explained the situation.

Three or four of the men left next morning, but most of them stayed with the job as they had agreed. Jim donned his old working clothes and went again into the sloughs and the brush to reclaim the ties that had been washed out of the stream by the flood. He had not very much heart for the work. His thoughts were with Beth.

Beth was on the stage when it passed down next morning. He did not get a chance to have a word with her, for he was not near enough to stop the stage. Again the sense of desolation flooded him. She had gone, without a word to him, without a message of any kind.

During the day, while he was bosing the job, he bore up, in spite of the undercurrent of depression in his heart. But after night fell, when he could get away by himself and sit down at the river's brink, he wanted to give way to self-pity like a child.

He was on hand next day waiting for his mail when the truck arrived from Riverton. The driver gave him a magazine, a circular, and a note from his father.

"That all?" he asked, his heart sinking. "S all," the gearjammer answered. Jim did not know that a letter had slipped down inside the lining of the careless driver's coat pocket and was nestling there unnoticed.

The note from his father asked Jim to meet him next day at Riverton. The young man arranged to leave Johanson in charge of the crew while he was away, and went down in the battered car of the mail-carrier, finding his father in his room at the hotel, dictating letters to his secretary. After the work was finished, he turned to Jim.

"Judge Hanley refused to grant an injunction," he said. "So we're in the clear there. I think Hughes has fired his last gun. He left for Denver an hour ago."

"That's good. He's been tampering with my men again. I had some trouble, but it seems to have straightened out."

"You're to come to Denver with me. Wilbur wants you to gather some men and send them up here. . . . What about your friend, Miss Lawrence? Have you straightened out that tangle?"

"No," Jim's voice went dead. "She went away without a word to me."

Aldous Grey was puzzled. "That's odd. I don't understand it. She told me you had saved her life. You saved it over and over again. That was how she put it."

"Well, it doesn't matter now," Jim said bitterly. "She's off me for life. She couldn't possibly have made it plainer."

Aldous Grey was not satisfied, but he did not push the subject further. He did not, however, consider it a closed one. Mentally he reserved the right of independent action.

"I'm going down to the yard, Jim. Want to come along?" he suggested, to divert his mind from saturnine brooding.

They drove down to the river and were met by the yard superintendent. A great many ties had already drifted down and were caught in the finger boom strung across the channel of the river.

"When the main drive is down, the ties will be piled up for a mile and a quarter," the local manager explained.

The finger boom was made of cables in and above the water, with logs at right angles about five feet apart. Later the timbers would be taken out, the ties would

float through, and a sheer boom would divert them into the pond lower down the stream.

They walked along the bank and examined the conveyer that would hoist the ties and feed them into cross-conveyers extending a thousand feet on each side of the main one. The ties would be piled and dried. After a period of seasoning they would be taken on rounded cars into a great iron cylinder and treated with a preservative. For eight hours chlorate of lime would be pumped into them.

A few months earlier Jim would have been bored by this excursion into a detail of his father's large operations. Now he was much interested. The receiving and treating plant was not an isolated enterprise. It related itself to the romantic project of driving a railroad through the High Rockies, where both nature and big financial interests said one must not go. Jim had always taken his world for granted. He had never realised how intricate and interdependent are the cogs of a nation's industrial machinery. If he had slept on the job at Trout Lake, he might have changed the future of hundreds of farmers many miles away, none of whom he would ever meet or even learn the name of.

As the stage swept past the river tie camp Beth caught a glimpse of Jim. She wanted to cry out to the driver to stop. Her whole being longed to fly to her lover and cry: "Here I am—yours!" Yet something in her deeper than desire held fast her lips. She knew herself. If Jim Grey had done the selfish thing her judgment accused him of, it would not be possible for her to give herself to him.

The girl's courage waned, the soul died out in her. It was as though a spring had plucked a stopper from the bottom of her heart and drained its blood. Every turn of the wheels carried her farther from the man for whom she passionately yearned.

Surely he had been tried by fire. Surely their love had won its right of way. Had he not come to her through flaming hell to justify his claim?

And yet—she could not follow the craving that welled up in her. An inheritance of honor, perhaps of loyalty to her sex, bound her fast.

Beth knew she could not leave Jim without a word. All the way to Lander she was busy framing the letter she would write. Later, in the hotel, she put it on paper—not once, but half a dozen times. It was hard to say just what she ought. It would have been easy to pour out her feelings, to let herself go in swift, tumultuous love phrases.

At last she had to content herself with two lines that were colorless and inadequate. She dared not say more. She could not say less.

I'll never forget, Jim—never. But I can't talk about it now. I wish I could say more. I'll write—some day. She signed it "Beth."

After the letter was mailed, her mind felt easier. She was at least through with indecision, had burned the bridges behind her.

She reported for work at Denver, and found herself a pleasant place to board near the gardens. She met the members of the company, was assigned a part, and went into rehearsal with the others.

Returning to her dressing-room after the third act on the first night, Beth found a great bunch of roses. On the attached card was written: "Pussell Hughes."

There was no address given. She could not return the flowers, but she gave them to the stage carpenter to take to his wife.

More flowers appeared the second evening, and with them a request on the part of the donor to see her.

"Tell him I'll meet him in front of the theatre after the show," she told the usher. "I'll be there as soon as I have changed."

Hughes was waiting at the appointed place, and he came forward beaming, hand extended.

"Delighted to meet you again, Miss Lawrence," he said. "None the worse for our little adventure, I hope."

The bag she carried was excuse for avoiding the handshake.

"I'm very well, Mr. Hughes, thank you. It was good of you to send me flowers, but you must not do it again."

"Why not, if I like to send them?"

"Because I don't like to receive them. For one thing, it makes me conspicuous. I am not a leading member of the company, and I would rather not draw attention to myself."

"Well, we'll think about the flowers later," he said largely. "A more important matter now is a little supper. I have a car waiting outside the gate. We'll spin downtown to a good restaurant."

"My arrangements are already made," she said, looking steadily at him.

"You can change them, can't you?"

"I would rather not. The lady in whose house I stay has prepared a supper for me. It is exactly what I want, home-cooked food, simple and wholesome. I am tired, and I want to go to sleep as soon as I can. So I must ask you to excuse me."

"If I must," he conceded grudgingly.

"How about to-morrow, then?"

"The same reasons apply to-morrow as to-night."

"Well, luncheon?"

"I am too busy for social diversions, Mr. Hughes."

"Meaning that you won't go with me," he said, flaring into anger.

She let him interpret her silence as a tacit admission that he was right.

"Why?" he went on. "Because of that young puppy Grey. Is that it? Is that the reason?"

"I do not choose to give reasons, Mr. Hughes," she said, the tinkle of ice in her voice.

His vanity was outraged. Success had made him arrogant. He had good looks, audacity, money. What more could a man want in the pursuit of women? He was used to being courted, made much of. This was a man's world, and especially a Russell Hughes' world. So he visioned it, and when a member of the subjected sex looked him coolly over and said "No, thank you," his resentment burned. His impulse was to strike at once a bruising blow.

"You don't have to give any reason," he flung back. "You're crazy about that good-for-nothing scoundrel Grey. Think I don't know? Think I haven't watched you?"

Her quiet dignity seemed impervious to his coarse brutality. She did not tell him that she did not care to discuss this. She moved to pass him, in her eyes a look of remote inaccessibility.

He would not have it so, but blocked the way.

"Think I'm a born fool?" he said. "You're playing your cards for him. Anyone could see that. Fine line you pulled on me about not liking him; not being on speaking terms. I noticed when he came grandstanding in that you threw yourself at him."

"Will you let me pass, sir?" she asked.

"When I'm ready to. You're listening to me now. I'm going to tell you a thing or two

about young Grey. I don't suppose that when you followed him out here from New York you knew why he came and hid himself a hundred and fifty miles from a railroad. "Well, I'm going to tell you. It won't make any difference to you, because you're trying to land him for his father's money. But I'll tell you just the same. He came to dodge the law, so that he wouldn't have to marry a girl he had got into trouble. I took pains to find out why a bird like that was out here. Thought it was mighty funny. So I did some wiring to a detective agency, and now I know. The story is common talk on Broadway. I can tell you the girl's name, if you want to know."

"I don't care to know," she said quietly, her eyes bright and hard in a colorless face. "All I'm interested in just now is to learn whether I must call the Gardens policeman to keep you from annoying me further."

"She's a chorus girl in 'Eve, Adam, and the Apple.' Her name is Sylvia White."

"Now, if you're quite through," she suggested, and her eyes moved to the officer in uniform who stood in front of the dance-hall.

Hughes glared at her furiously, then turned on his heel and strode away.

What he had told Beth was not news to her. She had been aware of it ever since the day when Jim had left New York. It had come to her on the best authority, and Sylvia herself had refused to deny it, even though she stubbornly declined to admit the truth.

The knowledge of Jim's baseness had hit Beth hard. She had cared for him more than she had admitted even to herself. Indeed, she whipped herself with scorn because she still cared for him. But though she had not been able to avoid the heart-ache, she had controlled her actions and shown him how much she held him in contempt.

If it had been another girl! If he had been caught in a trap by some attractive siren! But Sylvia was such a helpless little thing. A man with any chivalry at all would have spared her. It was hard to reconcile such callous selfishness with the Jim Grey she knew with the Jim Grey who had done rather wonderful things in Wyoming. She knew the code of some men-about-town — to take whatever they could get. But Jim had not seemed a man-about-town. He had been more like a lovable boy running wild because of sheer animal spirits.

She had liked him because he was so much a boy. He had been a delightful companion with whom to play, so eager and unselfish. Complications had arisen, of course. The boy one plays with is not always the man one wants to marry. That side of Beth which was cool and critical and well poised knew that Jim Grey had not found himself; that as yet he had declined to accept the responsibilities of life. Therefore, she had told him she would not be the wife of a boy whose business was to play.

But even while she told him this she had known how very much she liked him.

Then he had gone away, and that very day she had learned of the evil thing he had done. It had been a stunning blow, for she had to face the fact that a man cannot be sweet and true and generous and at the same time callous and false and selfish.

Her soul had been in conflict ever since. She had told herself that the breath had gone out of beauty and that the dream had died. With this conviction she had fled, stricken, to the hills.

And, behold! at every turn his conduct

had denied it. The boy had found himself become a man. He had done his work more than well. He had shown qualities of leadership. Her tortured heart had approved and applauded him, even though conscience used her strong, young will to thrust him out of her life.

He had come to her through fire—and afterwards she had fled. For how could she meet him, the marks of that scorching hour burnt forever in her memory, without a song in her voice and gifts in her glad eyes?

WHILE at dinner on the first day of their stay in Denver, Aldous Grey proposed to his son that they spend the evening at the Gardens and see Miss Lawrence in the play the stock company was offering. His secretary, it appeared, had already obtained tickets for him.

The play was a comedy of modern manners. The leading woman was indolent, and had gone to the hills for a week's rest. To her surprise Beth had been chosen to take her place. Beth played the role of an extravagant young wife intent on keeping up with the pace set by the fast group in which she moved. The husband protests, and she gaily cajoles him to acquiescence in her wild follies. She scoffs at his warnings and dances on her way to financial ruin. Confronted with disaster, she is shocked into a realisation of what she has done. Her love for the man she has married becomes the dominant emotion in her, and by the use of her fundamental good sense she saves the situation.

The part was a good one. Beth played it not only with intelligence, but with a charm and sympathy born of personality. The nuances of character were brought out subtly, yet with sincerity.

Aldous Grey was surprised. He had not expected to see genuine acting, but the evening was not a happy one for Jim. His father was apparently blind to Jim's depression, but next day called Beth on the telephone. "I have something important to talk over with you," he explained. She was surprised at his request, but granted it at once.

"Let me see. It's about noon now. Would this afternoon suit you? Here at the Gardens. Say about five?"

"Five. At the Gardens. I'll be there, Miss Lawrence," he answered promptly, and found he was impatient.

Beth met him at the gate, and they walked through the old apple orchard to a secluded spot where they would not be interrupted. He told her of his pleasure in her acting. She thanked him, and presently turned the conversation to his affairs, but business was not what he had come to discuss.

"They found a rustic seat and sat down. Grey plunged at once into what he had come to say."

"First, Miss Lawrence, I owe you an apology for a note I once wrote you. I didn't understand. I took it for granted you were a chorus girl who wanted to marry my son for his money."

"Was it quite just to take that for granted?" she asked quietly.

"No, it wasn't. Jim asked me to withhold judgment till I had met you, but I didn't care to do that. I was wrong. Perhaps I may explain my reasons. I had no personal objection to you. What I disapproved of was the thing I thought you represented. Let me put my point of view positively instead of negatively. I wanted Jim to do his work in the world. When the time came for him to marry, I did not want him to choose a parasite, but a woman who accepted the obligations involved. I wanted her to be the mother

of healthy children whose interests would be in her family."

"And you thought no actress could be that kind of a woman?"

"As I said before, I didn't understand. I insulted you grossly. I am sorry. Without offering it as an excuse, perhaps you can see that I was trying to save my boy from the idle and useless way of life into which he had drifted."

"I can understand that," she said after a difficult pause.

"You can tell me what the trouble is," was his next remark.

"No, I can't do that."

He began patiently to rebuild his case. "Perhaps you do not understand why I came. He is unhappy, and I feel responsible. You remember that I forced the separation between you. May I not intervene again to bring you together?"

She was touched, but could only shake her head.

"If you do not care for him—well, there is nothing more to be said," he continued. "But I believe you do. I think you feel there is some sort of gulf between you. What is it? You've heard stories about him, perhaps—the one about his killing a man in a gambling house. I can nail that one for you. It isn't true. I had it framed against him myself to get him out of New York, to keep him away from you. It was necessary to make him think he dared not return, so I hired detectives to stage the affair. Nobody was killed, but Jim did not know it till the other day."

"The first I heard about that was when my cousin told me after I went to the tie camp."

"You mean you hadn't heard he was hiding in Wyoming on account of having killed a man?"

"No. I hadn't heard a word of it. And if I had, I hope I wouldn't have deserted him because he was in trouble."

She was moved deeply—perhaps too deeply for easy explanation of her feelings. He was beaten by her hurtful silence and after a little quiet advice that she listened to with respect, she nodded. "Perhaps," she said, "perhaps he—very well, tell him to come and see me—after the play."

A BELL-BOY brought to Jim in his room a special delivery letter. It was from Wilbur. Inside the envelope was another letter. Jim's heart thumped, for he recognised the handwriting of Beth.

Wilbur attached a footnote to his communication, explaining that the enclosure had not been delivered because it had slipped within the lining of the truck-driver's coat.

The inner envelope contained a single sheet of paper, on which was written a short note.

The reading of that note sent a glow of joy through Jim. It did not say much, yet it told him a great deal. "I'll never forget, Jim—never." This was Beth speaking, the Beth he knew—impulsive, warm-hearted, generous. She had come back to him, or at least she was calling a message of friendship to him. There was still some gulf of misunderstanding between them. She wrote that she could not talk about it now, that she wished she could say more, and that some day she would write.

He guessed that her soul was in conflict about him. This was good news. It was a long step forward from the chill disdain of a week or two ago. There would be a chance to bridge the chasm, an opportunity to sweep away the fogs that had obscured them from each other. He could go to her and make the contact she had refused him.

ROARING RIVER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

After that, at least they would know the truth.

Jim strode up and down the room with the vigor of new life pouring through all his veins. He would go to her—now. He would call up the Gardens—find where she lived. He would make her lay bare her mind to him.

Jim's eagerness took him to the telephone. He was looking for the number of the manager of the Gardens when his father came into the room.

"I've had word from Beth."

"Have you? So have I. Yours first."

The young man handed his father the letter. "It didn't reach me—got lost," he explained.

Aldous Grey read the note and handed it back. He smiled at his son. "My message is more recent. I've just had a talk with the young lady . . .

"You have? Where?"

"At the Gardens. By appointment."

"What did she say?"

"A good many things. The most important is that you are to meet her there to-night after the play."

"For the love of Mike! Did she really say that, Dad?"

"That's what I understood her to say. I don't think I could have been mistaken." The smile still lingered in the eyes of Aldous, a mocking one full of tenderness.

Jim had been making discoveries about his father of late. He had always highly respected him, even when he had thought him a stern, rock-ribbed taskmaster who drove indomitably to success. During the past week he had uncovered human qualities that made Aldous Grey a delightful companion and friend. For the first time in his life he was no longer afraid of his father's judgments.

"Gee! That's great!" He flung the telephone book away and wrung the older man's hand. "How did you do it?"

"We discussed the situation. She's got something up her sleeve, Jim. I hope you have a good defence."

"I'll make it good," the boy boasted.

He was in the mountain-tops of hope. Nothing could stop him now. He felt as eager and irresistible as he used to on the field before a big game.

"Don't be too sure," the father warned. Yet he shared Jim's confidence. He was sure Beth loved the boy. How would it be possible for her to stand out against him while he was in this conquering mood? Aldous Grey had been in too many fights himself not to know that most battles are won and lost before the antagonists join in combat.

Aldous and his son ate dinner together at the hotel. Jim was too excited to take any interest in food. He made a pretence of eating, but it was a matter which had to be done merely to keep up a front before his father.

As soon as he decently could get away, Jim announced that he was going.

"I have work to do to-night. I'll be up late. If you have anything you want to tell me, I'll be glad to hear it," Aldous said.

"I'll drop in," Jim promised.

The old man put a hand on Jim's shoulder and smiled.

"Skoll!" he said, using a word from the vocabulary of Wilbur's bear cats.

Jim nodded. A lump came into his throat. None of the fellows, he thought, had such a bully father as his.

The young man walked out of the hotel and hailed a taxi.

"Miltch Gardens," he said as he stepped inside.

He was, of course, hours too early. Arrived at the Gardens, he walked under the lights to the theatre. His watch showed a quarter to eight. Beth would be in her dressing-room now, making up. No chance to see her before the curtain went up. He might go back after the first act and see her. But he knew Beth of old. She did not like to have to entertain guests when her attention was divided. Moreover, he did not want to see her before a lot of other people. He wanted to get her alone. There was nothing to do but wait with what patience he could.

He watched the dancers. He strolled up and down the paths that ran between the rows of old apple trees. He made friends with an old French couple who had been picnicking with their son and grandchildren. To pass the time, and perhaps to propitiate Providence, he persuaded them to let him take the children through the old mill and on the roller coaster.

He had never seen a play drag so. The first act was interminable. Why did all the characters have to talk so much when everybody could see what they were driving at? It was treason, of course, but even Beth's lines were too long. Jim was not usually narrow-minded about such things, but the leading man in the role of husband did a good deal more love-making than seemed necessary.

The last curtain went down. Jim sent his name in to Beth by one of the stage hands. He gave the man a bill.

"Be sure she gets my card," he urged.

The man brought back a message that Jim was to wait in front of the theatre.

For three weeks Jim waited there. At last, it seemed to him that long. The playgoers dispersed. Members of the company appeared and disappeared. The lights at some of the concessions went out. At last came Beth.

They shook hands, not without embarrassment.

"Will you eat supper with me down town?" he asked.

"I bade my landlady make supper for two," she said. "It's only a little way."

That, he saw at once, was much better. He fell into step beside her. As they walked to the house he made talk designed to prevent any significant silences. He wondered if she could not hear his heart beat.

She moved light-footed beside him through the luminous night. He dared not look at her much lest he betray his emotion prematurely. What he saw in her was, of course, the product of his imagination in part. She was a woman, delightfully provocative, very much alive, one who lived with high spirit and a fine disdain of meanness. He saw this, but much more. In the half-lights of the deep Colorado sky she was a creature diaphanous, mysterious, and fragile in her delicacy, too rare for human nature's daily food. So love plays tricks with man's judgment, for Beth was wholly a woman, intent on fulfilling the destiny of her sex, eager for the fullest possible life.

A table was set for two in the breakfast nook. Beth peeled off her gloves and he seated her. His fingers inadvertently touched her shoulder as he pushed the chair in. A wave of emotion crashed through him.

She offered sandwiches. He ate, not knowing what he was eating. His certainty had vanished. They had come to a crisis. He knew that. What lay beyond? There drummed in him a mounting excitement.

To see her sitting opposite him, so quietly sure of herself, a little flag of color in the soft cheeks, he could not know that she, too, was at a high tide of feeling.

It was Jim who broached at last the question of the day.

"What is it, Beth? What is it I have done? Dad says it was not that business at Curly's."

"Don't you know?" she asked, and her steady eyes held his.

"I can't imagine. I thought at first it was because I had killed a man."

She said one word. "Sylvia."

"Sylvia who?"

"Sylvia White."

He looked puzzled. "What about her?"

"Can you ask that? Holloway told me."

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "Something I did to Sylvia?"

"Yes. I had just come from Sylvia. She wouldn't tell me the name of the man. I went back to her and asked if it was you. She wouldn't deny it. Oh, I've been a fool, Jim." Her voice broke. "Don't you see how it all fitted in? You had to leave hurriedly without a word. Mr. Holloway wouldn't tell me what the trouble was, but his manner implied it was something disgraceful."

"But I sent a letter by him to you."

"He didn't give me a letter from you."

"Why not? I don't get that."

"I don't know, unless—he didn't like me, Jim. I wouldn't put up with him. Once I had to insult him publicly. He never forgave me. He must have kept the letter to let me think you were running away and leaving poor little Sylvia in the lurch. It was his way of getting even, I suppose."

"If he did that—he'll be sorry for it when I meet him."

"I should have known better, Jim. But I knew you liked Sylvia, and when she wouldn't deny it—"

"Why wouldn't she deny it? Whom was she protecting?" His mind jumped to a conclusion. He brought his clenched fist slowly and heavily down on the table. "Holloway himself, the sneak! That's who. I had warned him to keep away from her. He didn't like it, but he had to swallow it. He must have got her to stand pat when you went to her."

"Yes . . . I believe he always hated you, too. Once or twice I had thought so."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Because you weren't like him, and he couldn't make you so. Because you were rich, and he wasn't. Because sometimes you rather treated him as though he were a servant. We don't have to find a reason. I know it was true."

"And all this time you've been thinking I was to blame."

"Yes, Jim." She was miserably contrite. "What a rotten friend I was! He told it to me so reluctantly, let me draw it out of him. And Sylvia's stubborn silence. And you did run away. Then afterwards, at the tie camp, when you tried to make up with me, you talked about your wild oats in New York and tried to pass them off lightly. Of course, I thought you meant Sylvia. Will you ever forgive me, Jim?"

He raised her out of the chair and swung her into his arms. They stood for a long moment looking at each other. Then they smiled.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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